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TRUE ROMANCES OF SCOTLAND

J. Pettie.

PRINCE CHARLES EDWARD

WITH LOCHIEL AND LORD PITSLIGO.

TRUE ROMANCES

OF

SCOTLAND

36102

BY

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AND

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INTRODUCTION BY PROFESSOR P. HUME BROWN

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS

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INTRODUCTION.

A DISTINGUISHED Scotsman has recently said that he abstains from reading the history of his native country for two sufficient reasons—first, because it is too painful; and, secondly, because it is not interesting. To the first objection it may be replied that, if we choose to dwell on the darker sides of it, all human history presents a subject of contemplation from which we should prefer to avert our eyes. But this is only to say, in other words, that history is not poetic creation, and that ideal men and ideal conditions never existed in human experience. It is true that in the records of mankind we find no flawless characters, and no cause, however noble, without some baser admixture; but is it not precisely by reason of this fact that, human nature being what it is, we find our chief interest and instruction in the record of the past?

In point of fact, moreover, it cannot be justly said that the history of Scotland is more "painful" than the histories of other countries. In Scottish history there are no such dark pages as may be found, for example, in the histories of France and Germany. France has had its Hundred Years' War, its rising of the Jacquerie, its exploitation of the people, issuing in its terrible Revolution—national experiences to which Scotland can present no parallel. Nor has Scotland any passages in its history that evoke such dismal reflections as the Peasants' War and the Thirty Years' War which devastated Germany. Neither can it be said that the leading actors in our national history have been pre-eminent in wickedness or folly, as compared with similar personages in other countries. If we are to abstain from reading the history of Scotland on the ground of its "painfulness," we must abstain from reading any record whatever of the lives and actions of our fellow-creatures.

As for the other objection to Scottish history —its lack of interest,—it calls for no comment. Whether a subject interests us or not depends on our own predilections, against which there can be no appeal. It is for persons—especially

the young—who desire to know something of the history of their native country, that this little book has been written,—written with the express purpose of presenting, in an interesting light, the most memorable events and the most notable characters in the national story. The Scots have always had the reputation of being a patriotic people, and the thistle is supposed to be a well-chosen symbol of the national sentiment. Yet the assertion may be hazarded that no civilised nation is more ignorant of its history than Scotsmen are of theirs. While in other countries the national history has the precedence of every other in early education, in Scotland, through the accident of her relation to a more powerful people, the national history has a merely subsidiary place. But it is in youth that facts are most readily acquired and make their deepest impression, and no subsequent study can compensate for the loss of that vivid and intimate contact with a subject which is only possible when the mind receives its first imprint from things.

It is matter of regret among Scotsmen of every shade of opinion that the national history does not receive the amount of attention it deserves. The regret is felt mainly because

national sentiment is thus impaired, and with it the native vigour that springs from an inspiring past. But this is only part, and not even the greater part, of our loss. By neglecting to communicate to our youth a full, an accurate, and a living knowledge of their nation's history, we are depriving them of a nutriment, both for soul and mind, which in the nature of things no other secular subject can in equal measure supply. It is to supply this nutriment that the authors of this book have undertaken their task; from their own point of view they have presented, in a simple and attractive fashion, such passages from the national history as were most likely to impress the mind of the young; and the child who reads this book will be provided at once with a store of sentiment and fact whose educational value can hardly be overestimated.

P. HUME BROWN.

University of Edinburgh.

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TRUE ROMANCES OF SCOTLAND.

MARGARET, QUEEN OF THE SCOTS.

[From about 1070 A.D. to 1093 A.D.]

CHAPTER I.

"Childhood's dreams are twined
In Memory's mystic band,
Like pilgrim's wither'd wreath of flowers
Pluck'd in a far-off land."

—LEWIS CARROLL.

HUNDREDS of years ago—eight hundred and fifty years to be exact—there lived in the land of Hungary a little English girl named Margaret. She was not alone in that far-off land: she lived with her father and mother, and one sister and one brother. The sister's name was Christina, and the brother's name was Edgar. It is likely that Margaret was much praised and petted by every one around her. In some ways she may have been a little self-willed, but she was so quiet and earnest about everything that it is not easy to imagine that any one found fault with her. Christina cannot have been such a favourite. When she grew up she was bad-tempered and disagreeable, and when power was given

to her she became very overbearing. Edgar was a handsome little boy with winning ways, and Margaret was very proud of her brother. Their father was Edward the Atheling. He was really an Englishman, the son of Edmund Ironside. But when quite a little boy he had been outlawed by King Cnut, the Dane, who conquered England for a time. He was sent to Hungary as a safe place of exile. He had a brother named Edwy, and the two children were together in their new home, far, far from England. Edwy died, and Edward was left alone. It is sad to think of him lonely and in exile. He grew up to speak most easily the language of Hungary, which is called Magyar, and the language called High Dutch which was spoken in lands not far away. But all the same you may be quite sure he thought a great deal about his own dear country, and in his boyhood and in his manhood he would love and honour the memory of his heroic father, King Edmund Ironside, who fought so bravely for England. And what he knew and felt himself he would talk of to his own children, so Margaret, from her earliest years, knew that Hungary was not her own country, and that her father belonged to the royal house of England.

Her mother was the Lady Agatha. She was related to the Emperor of the Western or Holy Roman Empire, and was therefore very important.

They all lived at the Court of King Andrew of Hungary. Whether any other English people lived there or not we do not know. England was such a long way off that the people of the Court may not have talked of it; but Margaret knew that its king, Edward the Confessor, was her great-uncle, and it may be that when she heard the ladies of the Court talk of the great Emperor Henry, she may have thought to herself, "My uncle, also, is a great king."

Edward the Atheling believed that one day his uncle would summon him to England as the next heir to the throne. Indeed an English bishop had started with the message, but war prevented him from reaching Hungary. To Margaret the message seemed a long time in coming, and she had to learn her first ideas of life in Hungary.

It was a land through which many pilgrims travelled on their way to and from Jerusalem, because the Danube flows through it and the course of that great river made an easy journey. From all countries these pilgrims came, and therefore the news they had to relate would be very varied. Naturally Margaret heard about Constantinople, the greatest city in the world. There an Empress was reigning over the Eastern or Greek Empire, and travellers never tired of describing the city's splendour and magnificence. If Margaret had asked, "Is London as splendid as Constantinople?" every one would have smiled at such a question, for London was in a remote part of the world, and nobody knew how great would be its future renown.

At last one day the message came from Edward the Confessor bidding the whole family come to England. Great must have been the excitement when the news was brought. Then there followed all the bustle of arrangement for the journey. There was packing to be done; good-byes had to be said; gifts had to be presented. At the end every one was perhaps a little sorry, but no one could be quite sad, for it was a joyful thing to go to England.

They had a long long journey before them,—over hills, across plains, by rivers, and through forests,—a journey of weeks and weeks. They had to travel on horseback or on mules. The children could, if necessary, ride in a litter: that was a kind of bed with a cover over it, placed on poles which were swung between two horses. Sometimes there would be fine weather, sometimes bad weather.

Margaret may often have been very tired, and may have wondered if they were to go on like this for always. But often also there must have been the enjoyable morning ride, when all the world seemed gay and full of happy surprises. So many new things were to be seen, that it is quite likely she had half-forgotten Hungary before she reached England.

North-west they travelled through the land of the Emperor, and the Emperor Henry III. was so powerful that under his protection they were safe from the perils of robbers. Then through Flanders they journeyed until they came to the seashore. To Margaret it was a first glimpse of the sea. They sailed to England. At last it was the river Thames, and then London, where Margaret and all of them landed. It was like a dream come true,—everybody was to be happy ever after.

But sorrow came all too quickly. Edward the Atheling died in London very soon after his arrival. The King never saw him. It is sad to think the long-exiled Atheling had come back only to die. He was about forty-one years old. The people of England lamented him, and a poet wrote his elegy in Anglo-Saxon verse. Here are some of the lines—

"Alas! that was a rueful case,
And harmful
For all this nation,
That he so soon
His life did end."

Thus Margaret knew about sorrow when she was quite a little girl, and all her life long she would treasure the memory of her dear father, and dwell in her heart upon his sad life.

The King was a very kind man, always gentle and mild; he never said a word of reproach to any one. He

was so very pious that he was called "the Confessor." He spoke Norman-French because he had spent all his youth in Normandy. He had flaxen-white hair. By this time he was growing to be an old man. Although his mildness was known to all his courtiers, they stood in awe of him.

The Queen's name was Edgitha. She was an English lady, a daughter of the powerful Earl Godwin, who had done so much to place Edward the Confessor on the English throne. She was friendly with everybody at Court; it may almost be said she was too plausible. But that would make her very pleasant to her little niece Margaret, who possibly was very fond of her.

But it is of more consequence that we should hear more about the King. He was an extraordinary man, because he had such unexpected qualities. One of the surprising things about him is that he was fond of "the chase." Here are the words a monk wrote about his love of hunting and hawking:—

"There was one secular enjoyment in which he chiefly delighted, which was hunting with fleet hounds whose baying in the wood he used with pleasure to encourage. And again the flying those birds whose nature it is to prey on their kindred species. In these exercises, after hearing divine service in the morning, he employed himself whole days."

He disliked display, but at times he wore kingly robes. The Anglo-Saxon crown was made of gold and silver, and decorated with gems. Three times yearly he wore it in state—at Easter, Whitsuntide, and Christmas. It was at these times placed on his head by the Archbishop of Canterbury. His royal robe was very beautiful: the Queen embroidered it. He wore it on these great occasions. He had a thoughtful manner, as if thinking of something known only to himself. His life had been

very sad. He had a much-loved brother named Alfred who died, and always in his mind there lingered suspicions about the cause of his brother's death. Then a great and long trial of his life was that his mother showed him no affection. She preferred other sons to him, and even showed this so much that she did not wish Edward to be king. Though so gentle, Edward was not forgiving, and later in life he remembered his mother's unkind and unfair actions.

A certain story is told of him which shows how different in some ways men were in those far-back days.

One Easter Day he was at Westminster, and seated at table with his nobles. He wore his crown and royal robes. The nobles were "making up for the long fast of Lent," but the King sat in deep thought. Suddenly he laughed, and laughed long. The nobles were all amazed, but no one dared to make any remark. However, Earl Harold, who was the Queen's brother, and an Abbot and a Bishop, were later alone with the King when he was disrobing, and they ventured to ask him why he laughed. The King at last told that he had seen something wonderful. It certainly sounds very wonderful to us nowadays, for what do you think he had seen? At the very hour of his laughter, he said, the Seven Sleepers of Mount Cœlius, after sleeping for "two hundred years on their right side, had turned upon their left"; and then he prophesied they should continue to lie on the left side for seventy-four years!

There is no doubt that the Earl, the Abbot, and the Bishop were very much impressed. It seems most extraordinary, for imagine what they did! They sent to inquire on the spot. Earl Harold sent a knight, the Bishop sent a clergyman, and the Abbot sent a monk. These three messengers travelled all the way to Constantinople, where they were received by the Greek Emperor. The Emperor gave them a letter to the Bishop

of Ephesus, with instructions that they were to see the vault of the "Seven Sleepers." And, most amazing thing of all, the Greeks declared King Edward of England was right, and that the Sleepers had turned! These Greeks said they had "always been told" the Sleepers were on the right side, and now it was proved they were on the left! Whether King Edward's prophecy about the seventy-four years came true or not we do not know. The story is interesting to show what men thought about more than eight hundred years ago. You may never have heard of the "Seven Sleepers." To us now their story sounds like a beautiful parable. They were believed to have been Christians in far-back times who were persecuted and shut in a cave where they slept miraculously for two hundred years. At the end of that time they awoke and walked into Ephesus, and found that Christianity was no longer persecuted, but that it had conquered the hearts of men. They died all on the same day. Many legends grew up round them, and in the days of Edward the Confessor it was thought quite reasonable, and also worthy of praise, that a king should see a vision regarding them.

Soon after Margaret came to England her education began in earnest. She would learn a great deal from her mother, the Lady Agatha, but very probably she was also taught by nuns. For a time she may even have lived with nuns: many of the royal and noble ladies of England received their education at famous convents, such as that of Wilton. Edgitha, a daughter of King Edgar, was trained, almost from infancy, at Wilton, and lived there as a nun until her death. Elgiva, a daughter of Alfred the Great, was Abbess of Shaftesbury. To Margaret, as she grew older, a long roll of royal and noble names would be unfolded. She may have been much interested in hearing of these ladies of bygone times; their learning

and their piety would alike appeal to her. At first the Saxon names naturally sounded strange to her ears. She would hear of the sisters Milburga and Mildritha, of noble birth, who, though long dead, were still reverently remembered. But perhaps she liked best to hear of the six daughters of King Edward the Elder. Their fame still lived, although it was about a hundred years since they died. Their training and education grew to be looked upon as a model training and education. From their childhood they were taught to read "and to give attention to literature," and as they grew older they were taught to be skilled with "distaff and needle." Their names all began with the same letter—"Edfleda, Edgiva, Ethelhilda, Ethilda, Edgitha, Elgiva." Margaret had a very precise and exact mind, so perhaps she remembered each one separate from the others, and lingered in thought over the lots of these royal ladies of long ago.

Margaret must have been very busy, she was taught so many "accomplishments." First of all she had to learn to read. And it was much more difficult to learn to read then than it is nowadays. Books were written, not printed, and therefore the letters in one book looked a little different from the letters in another book. Most of the books were written in Latin; all the Church books were in Latin. And very beautiful the books were sometimes, with ornamental letters in lovely colouring of blue or gold.

Then Margaret also learned to read and to speak Anglo-Saxon, for that was what the language of England was called before it grew into English. And two languages were not enough, for at the Court Margaret was required to know Norman-French.

It is rather curious to think of the way in which she would learn history: it must have seemed to her like a family story. The brave deeds of her grandfather, Edmund Ironside, would touch her imagination and thrill

her heart with the pride of race. Even then the great Anglo-Saxon hero-king was Alfred the Great, and Margaret doubtless read the same stories about him which you have often read. Only all the stories would seem so very real to Margaret. In England, people still knew the fear of the Danes, or were only just beginning to forget, so what King Alfred said and did was understood in a very real way. Probably the first thing that interested Margaret about King Alfred was that he had been taken a long journey to Rome when he was only four years old. But other kings were also interesting although not so heroic. Did she find out that Ethelred would do nothing but "yawn"?

Margaret was also trained in the home occupations of an English lady. The English ladies were famous for their embroideries: their work was talked about in far-off Germany, and even in Italy. They embroidered silk robes with gold thread. Sometimes a robe might have gold eagles embroidered all over it, and there were many other beautiful designs. The work required a great amount of time, and patience, and skill. Perhaps the Queen helped to teach Margaret how to do it, and it is likely that the Lady Agatha could embroider, although in rather a different way. She may have reminded Margaret of the beauty of the famous royal mantle of Hungary, and if so, Margaret would try to feel sure she remembered it. All the same, unless the Lady Agatha talked often about Hungary, Margaret would soon forget the things she had seen and heard of in the days when she was far from England.

Then we must not forget that Margaret learned a great deal by actually living amongst so much that was interesting. At the Court of King Edward there was sure to be much going on, although England at that time kept a little apart from the countries on the Con-

tinent. The foreigners at the Court were Normans, and, indeed, they were so many in number, and they were making themselves so much at home, that they were already not quite foreigners.

Margaret lived in the south of England chiefly, because it was the old homeland of the royal house. But all the same she saw many different places. London had become the most important city: its situation on the river Thames, and its situation at a meeting-place of the great roads of England, led in part to its importance. To Margaret the name of London was full of meaning, for it first played a great part in history when it fought on the side of her grandfather, Edmund Ironside. Doubtless she lived often at Westminster, for Edward the Confessor was building a church there, and he was very much interested in the work. It was a church of stone, built in the Norman style, which was new to England. The Court lived also at Winchester, as it had long been a favourite residence of the Anglo-Saxon kings. Its monastery was founded by Alfred the Great, and he was buried there. Oxford, and Gloucester, and York, and various other places, were also of importance.

Monasteries were important, although not so important as they were to be in a few years. The monks wrote every year of the chief events of that year, and the history they wrote in this way is called the Anglo-Saxon Chronicle. It may almost be said that all the learning of the country was within the monasteries. If a man wanted to do anything great he must be either a soldier or a monk: the soldier did the great deeds, and the monk wrote the history of them. It was all so different in those days. Every priest had to learn a handicraft, and a law of Edgar was that he must "teach the manual arts with diligence." The

monks were craftsmen. Bishop Dunstan was a mason and a carpenter: he could design, and draw, and paint; he could compose music, and play music, and make the instrument upon which he played. Margaret grew up hearing constantly that the Church was the centre of effort, and that to found an abbey was a beautiful and worthy deed. There were churches throughout the land. Even to this day there are between one hundred and two hundred places where remains of Anglo-Saxon architecture can be seen. There is, for one example, a church at Bishopstone, Sussex, where a great part of the building is Anglo-Saxon, and over the porch there is a sun-dial; it is wonderful to think how long the sun has shone upon that church and that dial. A sun-dial, the work of a parish priest, is still to be seen over the door of Kirkdale Church, Yorkshire.

But Margaret saw many other things. Some of them you can still see any day. She saw fields of wheat and barley and oats; she saw many flocks of sheep; she saw goats and geese and poultry. Horses and mules there were, but they were not used for farmwork, as the ploughing was done by oxen.

There were mills everywhere to grind the corn. There were weavers, and blacksmiths, and coppersmiths. It was a busy England, although it is all so long ago. There were carpenters and boat-builders; there were shoemakers and other workers in leather. There was buying and selling, especially at the great fairs, such as the one held at Winchester. Margaret, you may feel sure, loved the land, and grew familiar with its sights and sounds. It was

> "The dear realm
> Of Angle-land,"

as the poet sang.

While Margaret was little she ate fish, eggs, butter,

cheese, beans, herbs, and meat. There were, of course, no potatoes; the chief vegetable was cabbage. Meat was boiled, or baked, or broiled. There was no sugar, —honey had to do in its place. There was milk to drink, and there was also "mead," which is made chiefly from honey. Rich people ate wheaten bread—that is, bread made of flour.

The houses were built of wood and were draughty, so hangings were used to keep out the cold and also to look as grand as possible. The people liked an open-air life, but they apparently felt the cold when they were in their houses, for bed-coverings were sometimes of bears' skins and goats' skins. Nobody liked to take cold baths: a cold bath was looked upon as a kind of "penance," as if it were a punishment for doing something wrong. But hot baths were very much liked.

The favourite decoration in a palace was gold. There was not much furniture, but sometimes a table was adorned with gold. The cups used at the royal table were of gold or silver, but that is what we should expect.

The English ladies paid great attention as to how they dressed their hair. They wore "head-bands" made of gold, and set with precious stones. They liked jewels, and wore brooches, and bracelets, and neck-crosses, and other ornaments. They draped a "wimple" round the neck, and their favourite colours were red, or green, or blue.

So if you could have peeped into the King's palace you might have seen tables set with gold and silver dishes, and you might have watched ladies—their beautiful hair adorned with jewelled head-bands—moving about in their gold-embroidered robes.

Games were played something like chess and back-gammon. These sound rather serious games. But the "gleemen" also were everywhere, and they sang and danced and made merriment.

CHAPTER II.

"Old, unhappy, far-off things,
And battles long ago."
—WORDSWORTH.

When Margaret was about fifteen years old a great change came into her life: King Edward the Confessor died. He was not long ill. He usually kept Christmas at Gloucester, but he went to Westminster instead, in order to be present at the dedication of his new church. He was in failing health, but he was able to witness the dedication of the church to St Peter. For many years it had been his earnest wish that he might live to see this work completed. The church still stands in part, and adjoins Westminster Abbey. Edward became very ill soon after Christmas, and he died on the 5th of January. He was buried in the new church.

He was the last of the Anglo-Saxon kings, and partly because of that he won a long fame that was touched with pathos. People remembered only his best qualities, and years after his death Englishmen asked "the good laws of Edward the Confessor." The following lines are from a poem in the Anglo-Saxon Chronicle, and they show the place he held in the thoughts of his people:—

"Edward the noble:
The realm he guarded,
Land and people,
Until suddenly came
Death the bitter."

Before another Christmas Day much was changed in England. When King Edward died, Earl Harold was

crowned King. He was a great man and a true Englishman, and many people thought it was fitting that he should wear the crown. Margaret's brother Edgar was only a boy. It might all have been different if her father Edward the Atheling had lived.

But Harold was king for less than one year. A monk wrote these words about him in the Anglo-Saxon Chronicle: "And he with little quiet abode therein, the while that he wielded the realm." And no truer words could have been written.

Across the seas in Normandy there reigned a Duke William, and he claimed he had a right to the English throne. No one could have a right exactly to the English crown, but it was to be proved that the crown could be fought for, and won, and kept. William came over the sea with a very great army; a battle was fought at Hastings. The English lost the battle; King Harold was slain in the fight. It was the year 1066, one of the few dates we have all to remember. Duke William of Normandy marched on to London, and showed himself a man so much to be feared that in the end Margaret's brother, Edgar,—although he had been in the meantime elected king,—had to go with the chief men and offer to the Norman Duke the English crown. The sad words were written, "And they submitted for need."

The Norman Conquest turned out to be a very good thing in many ways for England. The Normans had great enterprise and great method. But every time we read of the Conquest—and it would be the same if we read of it a hundred times—we wish King Harold had not been killed; we wish he could have won the English crown.

At first many people thought that William the Conqueror could not conquer the whole of England.

Day and daily, almost for years, Margaret would hear that discussed. Her hope may have risen again, and she may have said to herself that one day Edgar might be king.

William could not have conquered if everybody had joined against him. But that was what people could not do. In those days Englishmen could not feel they were all alike. And it was nobody's fault. Men fight for a cause. But who was to have the crown if it could be taken from the Conqueror? Men answered that question very doubtfully. The North of England made some effort against King William, and perhaps in favour of Edgar. The King of the Scots also offered to be forward in the fight. But it all ended in disaster.

So at last we have come to the King of the Scots. Who was he?

His name was Malcolm. He was often called Malcolm Canmore, or "big head," to distinguish him from other kings of the same name. When he was a little boy his father, King Duncan, was slain in battle, and King Macbeth won the Scottish crown. Malcolm was sent to his mother's kinsman, the Earl of Northumbria, and then to the Court of the English King. During seventeen years he lived a great deal at the English Court; his training was therefore what we now call English. At heart he remained a Scot. He spoke the language of the Scots,—what we now call Gaelic,—and he also spoke Anglo-Saxon. Probably he knew Norman-French and also Latin. When he became a full-grown man he had the enterprise and the daring to win back his kingdom. His cause was helped by Siward, Earl of Northumbria; and then, when Malcolm was about twenty-three years of age, he won a battle in Scotland and King Macbeth was slain. Malcolm was crowned King of the Scots at Scone, on the "Stone of Destiny."

He is the first Scottish king of whom much is known in history.

It was not an easy task to be King of the Scots. Malcolm ruled over the country north of the Forth, where the people were Celts and spoke Gaelic. That part was really Malcolm's homeland,—the country which his ancestors had ruled for centuries. But he also ruled south of the Forth, over that part of Scotland which we now call the Lowlands. Lothian was then the name given to a great part of it. Now, this district called Lothian had been conquered and acquired by Kings of the Scots not long before Malcolm's time. So it was a new country for a Scottish king to govern. But Malcolm thought it of great value, and it was his earnest desire to extend this new land farther south into England,—at least as far as the river Tees. In this way he could make his kingdom more important and more secure. But no English king was likely to allow this, so there was much fighting over it.

In the far north of Scotland, and also in the islands of the Hebrides, Malcolm had another powerful enemy, for the King of Norway could interfere there, and it was not easy for Malcolm to use any real authority. Indeed Malcolm's brother, Donald Bane, was living in the Hebrides under the protection of the King of Norway. Caithness had been given, as a dowry, by a former king of the Scots, to a daughter on her marriage with a Norwegian. This had lessened the power of the Scottish king, but Malcolm had won back certain rights.

Thus, although the brave King Malcolm had won his throne, it was no easy task to keep all parts of his kingdom under control. But from the first he showed himself a ruler to be feared and loved, and all his life long he was a king who met his dangers undauntedly, and if he could not always win success, he could at least earn it.

He had the "king-becoming graces" of courage and fortitude.

He was now about thirty-five years old, and was with his army in Northumbria. One day the news was brought to him that Edgar the Atheling was close at hand, accompanied by his mother and sisters and a group of eminent Englishmen.

Malcolm had heard probably of Edgar's defeat, and he would meet him with warm sympathy. What was Edgar to do now? Three years had gone by, and William the Conqueror was now more really the King of England than he had been when he was first crowned. There seemed no longer any hope for Edgar. He was sailing northward, but almost undecided what to do. He was now at the mouth of the Wear, the little river that flows by Durham.

That part of the country was full of sacred memories of St Cuthbert and of Bede the historian. Once upon a time it had been a fair land of high hopes, and the home of learning and sanctity. But the Danes had wrought direful changes, and the glory of Northumbria had already passed. The memorials of the land would stir Margaret's heart. The name of St Cuthbert was reverenced throughout England. Though long dead, he still lived in the hearts of all pious people, and men still told how he had appeared to King Alfred the Great in a dream and had bidden him be of good courage. The little band of exiles may have had their hearts deeply moved as they lingered by the land of St Cuthbert. What was to be their future fate? All ways seemed perplexed and doubtful. One day their doubt was ended, for Malcolm came to offer a definite plan. He was decided, amid their perplexity. Let all of them come to Scotland and remain as his guests for as long as they chose.

It seemed the best thing to be done. The heartiness

of Malcolm's welcome must have come as a solace to the downcast exiles.

Malcolm was naturally interested in every member of the English royal house. He had left the English Court only a few months before Margaret arrived. Since then he had paid one visit south, but what he said or did during the visit we do not know.

Margaret sailed northward to Scotland, amid storm and tempest it is said. The ship arrived safely in the Firth of Forth, perhaps at the very spot near Queensferry which was later called St Margaret's Hope.

Malcolm continued the "harrying of Northumbria." He believed that a traitor had done him much harm, so he made great havoc over all that part of the country. When he reached home again he found his royal visitors awaiting him.

The favourite residence of the King was Dunfermline, and it is only a little way from the Forth.

Malcolm showed his guests every kindness in his power, and treated them with the highest honour. He would talk over all their disasters again and again, and bid them hope for better things. And all the time he would make them feel that whether they lost a throne or won a throne, he honoured them just the same.

To Malcolm it was the beginning of a new life. He asked Margaret to marry him, and to be Queen of the Scots. Margaret, at first, refused. She said she longed to dedicate her life to holy thoughts, and to give up all desire for worldly possessions.

But the King loved her very dearly, and he only grew the more determined to marry her. So in the end Margaret was persuaded, and the marriage took place at Dunfermline amid great magnificence.

Far and near throughout the land there was carried the news of Margaret and of her marriage to the King. The

royal exiles, naturally, had caused much talk and interest. We may well imagine that people thronged to Dunfermline to see Malcolm's Queen. The new magnificence aroused much curiosity. Neighbours doubtless talked together about the great new stir and excitement. And how the Queen looked, and what she said, would be on many lips. The southern lady, with the rich garments and courtly manner, was a new sight to many Scottish eyes. Margaret had also youth, beauty, and charm. Truly the King of the Scots had won a bride fit to rule in the hearts of his people.

We have always to remember that afterwards Scotland looked back upon Margaret's arrival as a very great event. When the first famous Scottish historian wrote an account of it in Latin long long after, he wished to show how important was the coming of Margaret. He reasoned to himself something like this:—

"The coming of Margaret was a great event. How can I make people, who read my history now, see that it really was a very great event? I must imagine exactly how it happened; I must imagine what the people said. Queen Margaret's name has become a household word, so I must write down a fitting description of her when first she set foot on Scottish soil."

So this is what he wrote:—

"An ambassador came to the King with this message: 'We saw a lady there, whom, by the bye, from the matchless beauty of her person and the ready flow of her pleasant eloquence, teeming moreover as she did with all the other qualities, I declare to thee, O King, whose admirable loveliness and gentleness one must admire, as I deem, rather than describe.'"

And a very grand description it is; and we feel sure it was all something like that. But the King required no one to tell him of Margaret's beauty and charm, for he

loved her far more than any ambassador could imagine or describe.

The same historian wrote also about King Malcolm, and it is only fair to give some of his words about the King: "He was a king very humble in heart, bold in spirit, exceeding strong in bodily strength, daring though not rash, and endowed with many other good qualities."

The first great public event after the marriage of Malcolm and Margaret was rather a terrible one, for it was a warlike visit from William the Conqueror. William was wrathful about Malcolm's invasion of England, so he came north with his army and laid Yorkshire waste, and then, marching farther north, came, it is said, as far as the Tay. Against such an enemy Malcolm could not make his own terms, and he was compelled to promise to be the Conqueror's "liegeman." But we must also read between the lines, and surmise that William found Malcolm quite a formidable foe, or the whole of Lothian might have been seized by the ambitious Conqueror. The havoc made by William in Yorkshire and the north of England was so fearful that all progress was long hindered. Many of the inhabitants fled to Scotland.

CHAPTER III.

"In the core of one pearl all the shade and the shine of the sea."
—R. BROWNING.

A good deal is known about Margaret's life as Queen of the Scots, for her life was written by her confessor, or chaplain, named Turgot. As history, the book is very valuable. Before this only one biography had been

written in Scotland, and it was long long ago, about St Columba. Turgot thought Queen Margaret a very beautiful character, and he wrote about her most eloquently. He praises her affability and her prudence. He says her silence was full of beautiful thoughts. The book is in Latin. Here is a sentence, which is a delight to read: "Nothing was firmer than her fidelity, steadier than her favour, or juster than her decisions; nothing was more enduring than her patience, graver than her advice, or more pleasant than her conversation."

Queen Margaret made many changes in her Scottish home. Soon a new beauty, and, considering the time, a magnificence, surrounded her. She had great charm as well as beauty and ability, and there was that something more about her presence which drew men and women to her, and won their devotion. Many of the Scottish ladies, no doubt, soon formed part of that band of devoted friends; but there were also at the Court English and Norman ladies who were her first intimate friends, and who thought all she said and did the right thing to be said and done. These ladies were the wives and sisters of Englishmen and Normans who had followed Edgar the Atheling to Scotland, or had come there because they knew of King Malcolm, and chose to be under his protection rather than under the protection of the Conqueror. To some of these Southerners Malcolm gave or sold grants of land. There was still in the Lowlands much waste or unclaimed land, and part of it could be given away. These Englishmen and Normans began new ways in the Lowlands, and helped to make wider the English-speaking part of the kingdom. Before that much Gaelic was spoken in part of the Lowlands, and many of the hills and rivers have Gaelic names to this day. The change came gradually, but it began under King Malcolm.

Margaret spent a part of her time in working at the

embroidery she had learned to do in England. A group of Court ladies worked with her. Their chief work consisted of vestments for the priests and altar-cloths for the churches. Margaret founded the Abbey of Dunfermline, and she presented beautiful work for its services.

But, doubtless, embroidered robes for Court use were also made in the Queen's workroom. Beautiful robes began to be worn, and as a fitting setting, gorgeous hangings would adorn the palace walls. The Queen encouraged foreign traders to come, and the country began to have quite a new look of prosperity. Margaret apparently thought that a humble heart might beat under rich apparel, and that pride might exist under mean clothing. These had been the sentiments of Edgitha, the daughter of King Edgar, who was renowned for her piety. Margaret may often have heard the following story about her: One day a bishop reproved her for her display and love of fine garments. She made him quite a little speech about humility, and ended with these spirited words, to the delight of the bishop, "My heart may be as humble under my rich apparel as yours is under your tattered furs."

Queen Margaret had very fixed ideas about having everything worthy of a Court. Metal-workers made vessels of gold and silver for the royal table, and the King's cups became all of gold, or at least "gilt and plated." Everything looked new and strange to Scottish eyes; and you can imagine how people talked of the new glitter and grandeur.

Margaret also introduced more ceremony into all the ways of daily life. Ceremony became a part of Court duty. When the King rode out, it was now a rule that he should be accompanied in state by high officials.

Margaret had the kind of mind that likes everything to be done in an exact way, and it is almost wonderful that

she was so implicitly obeyed. Even the clergy obeyed her. She explained to them some changes that she wished to be made in the old Celtic Church of Scotland, and they obeyed her. But that may have been because they were told that the King would insist on the Queen's wishes being followed. Malcolm was a man not easily disobeyed.

Thus the look of things changed a good deal, and the ways of doing things changed. The King and Queen rode out with a fine retinue, and we may picture the horses with splendid trappings, and with saddles and bridles set with precious stones. Scotland was indeed a fair land as frame to such a picture. When Margaret rode out from Dunfermline to St Andrews, or to Loch Leven, or to Scone, or to Edinburgh, or wherever she turned, there was beauty enough to fill her heart with love for her new home. Long ago people did not write descriptions of scenery: it may be they did not talk about scenery, but it is almost impossible to imagine they did not feel it. Hill and loch, glen and meadow, river and forest,—the beauty and the good comeliness,—were all there in our dear land. The gay jingling bridles would make music as the royal company rode, it may be, from Queensferry to Edinburgh, and hearts would thrill with the joy of life and the desire to live worthily. The Forth rolled there in its beauty,

> "For to behold it was a gloir to see,
> The stabylit windis and the calmit sea."

And if you hearken for a moment, you may imagine you hear the sound of cantering hoof and the merry hum of voices as horses and riders hurry to the Castle. And when Margaret drew rein by the little chapel which still bears her name, she must have felt the gladness of the far-stretching scene. Did King Malcolm stand by her and

tell her the story of north and south and east and west? He knew the land, as a land can be known when people walk or ride through it. He knew the Clyde and the Tweed, the Tay and the Forth; he knew Highland glen and far-off firth.

Malcolm had sympathy with both the north and the south, and this makes his reign very interesting. He joined hands, so to speak, with the old and the new. Malcolm was himself a Celt, and he kept the love of the Celtic north; but at the same time he won the affection of the Lowlanders, and they served him as loyally as if his rule over them had been an ancient heritage. His ambition to extend his kingdom south of the Tweed thrilled many eager and loyal hearts; and men, scornful of danger, were ready at the call of battle to cross the Tweed and carry fire and sword into Northumbria. Dunfermline is on the border of the north country, and thus Malcolm chose his chief home to be as far south as possible in his ancient kingdom. Highlander and Lowlander gathered there around a king who was king to both. It was the beginning of what we now call "Scotland."

Malcolm kept to many of the old customs. He could not read or write. We must remember that sounded quite different then, and that there was no necessity for a king of the Scots to read and write. There was little or nothing to read. The history was sung or recited by Highland bards; law was not written, but was known by tradition or custom. There were books of religion, but these could be read to the King. All this was soon to change, but not in Malcolm's time. A time was coming when "Charters" were to be written, and to be sealed, and signed, and witnessed. When Malcolm gave a grant to a church, there was a ceremony to impress it on the minds of the people and to make it law. The ceremony

Sir Noel Paton.

QUEEN MARGARET AND MALCOLM CANMORE.

might be of this kind. The King's horse in its full trappings was led up to the altar as "witness and token" that the King had completed the gift. You can picture how impressive it was. The chief men were assembled; the solemn moment came; a king's word was to be made true. Then up to the altar, bravely caparisoned and with proud pacing, came the King's charger: it stood there with arched neck, and impatient hoof, and haughty quiver of surprise, as a sign that the King had presented the gift and that the contract was now complete.

Malcolm had two sides to his nature. The English chroniclers wrote of him as a man given to war and to hardness of heart. But he was brave and generous when he was brought face to face with an enemy. Here is a well-known story about him.

One of his own lords came to the Court with a great retinue and plotted to kill him. Malcolm knew of this, and purposely met the traitor alone one day after a deer hunt.

"Now," said the King, unsheathing his sword, "we are alone, and armed alike; you seek my life,—take it."

The traitor flung himself at the feet of his king and begged to be forgiven. The generous Malcolm at once forgave him.

Malcolm showed an exceeding tenderness towards those he loved, and he could express that tenderness in the most beautiful ways. Margaret liked books, and she collected such books as could be found suitable for her. When she had a favourite book she kept it by her, and read it over and over again. Malcolm cared nothing for books, but any book that was liked by Margaret became, for her sake, precious to him. He would turn over its leaves because her hands had rested on the pages; he would kiss it because she had held it. And sometimes

he would send for a goldsmith and bid him adorn the book with gold and precious stones. The name Margaret means "Pearl," and Malcolm may have chosen pearls for the adornment. Pearls were found in Scottish streams, gems were found in Scottish hills, so we may picture a book adorned with purple and golden hues whose sparkle shone beside the quiet glimmer of the pearls. When the book had been made a thing of beauty, the King carried it to Margaret. Thus Margaret, when she sat quietly reading, handled a book that was a joy to look upon; and—what was of more worth—it filled her heart with thoughts of the King's love. One book had quite a wonderful story. It was a "Gospel Book" which she loved very much. A messenger, when crossing a ford one day, let this book fall into the water. Search was made for it, and it was found uninjured at the bottom of the stream. Turgot wrote about it in his book. The wonderful thing is that, not many years ago, a book was found of the very same description in an English library: it is believed to be Queen Margaret's "Gospel Book," and is now kept in safety at Oxford.

One of Margaret's most treasured possessions was a "Black Rood" or cross. The name was given to it because of the "black" case in which it was kept. It was a most beautiful cross of gold, and set with diamonds, and it held a portion of the true Cross.

Margaret had the grace of pity. It is a rarer gift than is generally supposed: it is so easy to be "sorry," and at the same time to do nothing. But Margaret had pity deep down in her heart, and she spent her life in trying to lessen the troubles of other people. How to do the best good was always in her thoughts. Often she sought out hermits, and, deeming them very holy men, asked counsel of them. No one asked help of her in vain. She

would have "given her very self away," Turgot wrote. She fed the poor, taking the little children on her knee. She built shelters for the pilgrims who flocked to St Andrews, and who had often to wait by the Forth; she provided ships to carry them across the water. All over the land there were slaves who had been brought as captives of war from Northumbria; she found out those among them who were cruelly treated, and ransomed them. Her pity never tired. When she rode or walked out in her queenly state she stopped and listened to any tale of distress, and she gave herself no rest until she had done something to help. Her good deeds were so many that the imagination of the people was touched. "She is a great Queen," one may have said. "She is more than a Queen," another may have said; "she is a saint."

Often there was hardship in the land. A bad harvest, or a very cold winter, brought great distress. There is no account of what the weather was like in Scotland, but it is written sometimes in the Anglo-Saxon Chronicle. This is what the weather was in England:—

"1086.—It was a very late year both as to corn and fruits of all kinds, so that many men reaped their corn about Martinmas, or even later."

"1089.—A very heavy year, . . . for there was a pestilence among the cattle, and the corn and fruits were checked; and the weather was worse than may easily be conceived."

We see from that description what the seasons may have been in Scotland.

Margaret often gave away all the money she had at the time, and sometimes she was obliged to take the King's money. The King kept some gold coins to give away on certain occasions. Margaret knew where they were kept, and sometimes she gave them away. The King knew this, and was much amused and also much

touched at her goodness of heart. One day she heard a sorrowful tale, and as she had no more money of her own she went to take the King's gold coins. She found them, and was turning to hurry away on her errand of pity when the King himself came forward. He knew what she had been doing, so he came up to her. He stopped her, and asked her to open her hand. And there were the gold coins!

"I must have you arrested, tried, and found guilty," said the King.

You can picture it all. Margaret would look up at him with her trustful eyes, her sweet face a little flushed with her hurry to do good. Then Malcolm, with a happy light on his face and laughter on his lips, would close her fingers once more over the gold coins. For a moment longer he may have lingered to caress the hand that took and gave, and then, when she had moved away, he may have stood to watch her out of sight.

By-and-by it grew evident that Edgar could never win the English throne: therefore by Malcolm's advice he in time submitted to William. He paid many visits to Malcolm and Margaret. Once when he left Scotland they presented him with beautiful gifts. Some of the gifts were "skins adorned with purple, sable skin, ermine skin pelisses, and gold and silver vessels." Unluckily, many of these presents were lost at sea. For a time Edgar lived in Normandy. Then he travelled farther to the East, and was well received at the Courts of the Western and Eastern Emperors. At the end he settled down in Hertfordshire, in England. A monk who wrote about him did not approve of this. He said, "For truly the love of their country deceives some men to such a degree. . . . Edgar, therefore, deluded by this foolish desire, returned to England." It seems to us very beautiful that the man who lost the English crown should

still love the country so much that he chose to live there in quiet contentment. We hope he found it "hearty, homely, loving Hertfordshire," as a famous writer has called it.

Christina remained some years in Scotland, and then she went to England. She became a nun, and was in time made Abbess of Romsey.

Malcolm and Margaret had eight children—six boys and two girls. Their names were Edward, Edmund, Ethelred, Edgar, Alexander, Editha, Mary, and David.

Margaret was very careful about their education and training, and taught them a great deal herself. Turgot says they were "affectionate and peaceable" among themselves. They were punished if they were naughty, "as frolicsome childhood will often be." Margaret spent many happy days with her children. She was not always thinking of the poor, she was not always riding out in state, she was not always reading or embroidering: often she was with her children at their work and at their play.

Could we watch them for a few moments? Let us try. Let us imagine a day on which it is a delight to be out-of-doors. Then, as now, there were

> "Days when daisies deck the ground,
> And blackbirds whistle clear."

They are all together to suit our fancy. Edward, quite a tall youth, is standing by his mother listening to what she is saying. The King comes to join them, and to tell the big boys, Edmund and Ethelred, that they may go out riding with him. Ethelred, with the quiet way, is pleased; but Edmund at first looks disappointed, and then brightens, and is eager to go. The two boys playing together are Alexander and Edgar. Was it Alexander of whom Turgot was thinking when he wrote that word "frolicsome"? He is the loudest; but Mary keeps beside

him and enjoys the fun. Edgar is much quieter, and seems always to give up his own way. "So like his uncle," Margaret may have said, as her eyes turned from Edward to watch the play. The girl playing with David is Editha. She is humming a tune to herself as she amuses her little brother. Soon she leads him to the King and Queen, and they watch his toddling steps as he comes up to them. The King takes him up in his arms for a moment before he hurries away with Edmund and Ethelred. Then Editha and Mary and David press close round Queen Margaret to hear and to tell their great "secrets," for mothers have a merry, tender way of

> "Stringing pretty words that make no sense,
> And kissing full sense into empty words."

CHAPTER IV.

> "Through love, through hope, and faith's transcendent dower."
> —WORDSWORTH.

Malcolm and Margaret had much happiness in their lives, but we must remember they had also disappointments and trials. It was not possible to please everybody, and some of the Scots disliked the new ways introduced by the Queen. If you could have crept behind the tapestry hangings in Dunfermline Palace, in the room where Margaret and her ladies worked at their embroideries, you would have thought that every one loved the noble queen, and had but one desire, and that was to please her. But suppose for a moment that there was another room where Queen Margaret was not present, and where the Highland ladies sat and talked. There

would be the ladies of Strathearn, of Buchan, of Athol, and many more. If you had been in that room it is possible you might have heard a Highland lady talk rather differently about the Queen. We will not imagine her name. She would talk about new customs, and then go on something like this: "I remember,"—for she was sure to be an old lady, or she would have been more afraid to speak out,—"I remember the Court of King Duncan, and a very feeble Court it was. And I knew well the Court of King Macbeth and Queen Gruoch, and their ways suited me. Who are all these Northumbrians, and English, and Normans? In this land the Scots are the ruling race, and newcomers should know their place. Every one is afraid of Queen Margaret. The Church is afraid. True, we have still a Scottish Bishop at St Andrews, but the Queen seeks advice from Canterbury. It is strange to me, who am old and know life, that a King of Scots should be taught religion by a Queen from the south. The Kings of the Scots were Christian when the Kings of the English were heathen."

Some one may have interrupted to say mildly, "But the Queen reveres the Celtic Church; she rebuilt the ruined monastery of Iona."

"Yes," another may have added; "but until she came, Dunfermline had not heard of the Order of the Benedictines."

But the old lady may not have been silenced.

"All Queen Margaret's sons have new names. You may count them off on your fingers, but not a Fergus, not a Malcolm, not a Kenneth among them. Strange names these new ones would sound on the lips of our bards at a coronation. Our Stone of Destiny never knew of such! But who knows what may come?"

Then many voices would say, "Hush! what will King Malcolm think?"

And that old lady must have paused and exclaimed, "Ah! our gracious King Malcolm." Perhaps her eyes grew moist as she thought of her brave generous King, and she, too, like the traitor, may have longed to throw herself before her King and ask forgiveness.

When Malcolm was growing to be an old man, nearly sixty years old, he had a quarrel with William Rufus, who was by this time the English king. The quarrel came about in this way. Some matters regarding "allegiance" and the possession of certain lands had to be settled, and William Rufus summoned Malcolm to Gloucester to conclude the arrangements. Malcolm set out on his long journey south, accompanied by a kingly retinue. He visited Durham on the way in order to be present at the dedication of a new church. Then, travelling south, he was met by Edgar the Atheling and some friends, who conducted him with becoming honour to the English Court. But by the time he arrived William Rufus was of quite a different mood: he had been ill, he was now well again, and he refused to see the Scottish king. Malcolm had come all the way from Scotland, and now he was not granted an interview; he was treated as a "vassal" of the English king.

We have to picture the English Court of that time. It was the Court of an overbearing and unruly king, surrounded by courtiers who also were overbearing when power was in their hands. Haughty Norman barons were there who delighted to display their arrogance and recklessness. The King's conduct stopped short at treachery, and Malcolm was allowed to return home in safety. On the journey north you may think how Malcolm and his friends talked of old fights: they were ready for battle once more.

When Malcolm arrived home he found Margaret in failing health and suffering a good deal. The heart of

the King must almost have failed him when he told her the sad news. She pleaded with him not to go with the army. But Malcolm had to listen to the call of his kingdom.

He set himself to make all possible arrangements for the Queen's comfort and safety. Then he prepared his fighting force. But deep in his thoughts there was another fear. Was it possible that discontent had been growing in the north of his kingdom? Unspoken the thought may have been, but it was there.

Margaret had been removed to Edinburgh Castle: it was a safer home for her if battle went against the King and if a revolt broke out north of the Forth. Malcolm thought of everything. Edmund and Ethelred were to remain in Scotland; Edward—who was the acknowledged heir to the throne—and Edgar were to go with the army.

The King rode away. He was sad, but he was undaunted; and, as he rode through Lothian, hope may have kept company with courage, and he may have seen victory before him and his troubles over.

What did he talk of to his sons as they rode together through the harvested land? He knew better than they knew how great might be the perils before them. Their youthful prowess would gladden his heart. Did Malcolm tell them stories of his own youth? One story must have been often in his memory. Did he tell it to them once more? It took him back to the days of his exile. He had to win his throne, he told them; but he might never have won it if he had not been helped by old Earl Siward of Northumbria. The remembrance of his brave kinsman would bring the glow of gratitude to Malcolm's face. Earl Siward lost his own son in a fight for him. When the sad news was told to Siward, men wondered how he would bear it.

"Did he die facing his foe?" asked Siward.

"Yes," they assured him.

"Then I ask no other end for him or for me."

Malcolm and his army besieged Alnwick Castle, it is said. Somewhere on the banks of the Alne the King was slain. It is not known in exact detail how he met his death, for it was the deed of a traitor. By some treachery he was found alone. One story said a man came forward to him pretending to offer him the keys of the castle, and Malcolm, not thinking of guile, was lured apart, and then murdered. Who actually struck the blow is in part a mystery. It was believed to be the deed of a man who professed friendship—Morel of Bamborough. Morel was Malcolm's "Godsib," which means that they had been godfathers together, and were therefore bound by a sacred tie of friendship. Two peasants found the slain King; they placed him on their cart and conveyed him to Tynemouth.

Without the King the Scottish army could do nothing. Many men fell as they were driven northward. Edward was killed in Jedburgh Forest. Edgar reached Edinburgh as the bearer of the sad tidings. Only a few days had passed since the King's death, but already the tragedy was known, for Donald Bane was preparing to besiege Edinburgh Castle. To Edgar calamity seemed everywhere; sorrow had followed upon sorrow.

But what of Margaret after the King rode away? Her health failed more and more. At first she had been too weak to ride out, but later she was often too weak to leave her bed. Even at the beginning of her illness she had thought her life might be drawing near its end; and her loving and unselfish heart, forgetful of pain and weariness, had turned with passionate tenderness to thoughts of her children and their welfare. She had charged those friends around her whom she trusted most to lavish

affection upon them, and to guide them when they needed guidance.

Latterly her thoughts were of the army and the fate of her dear ones. She constantly craved for some tidings. One day, when she lay very ill, she said—

"On this day a heavy calamity may befall the realm of Scotland."

It was the thirteenth of November, the day the King was slain.

Her piety never wavered. A priest who was much with her told how deeply he was moved by her piety.

On the fourth day after the day she had spoken of the "calamity" she asked that her "Black Cross" might be given to her. Her pain and weakness seemed very great, but she lay and held the Cross with both her hands and repeated the fifty-first psalm.

It was at this moment Edgar came into the room. Trouble was already deep in his heart, but the sight of his mother brought him yet deeper sorrow. Then suddenly she rallied, and knew him. She asked him about his father and brother. He could not tell her: he said it was well with them.

"I know it, my boy, I know it," she sighed. Then she implored him to tell her the whole truth.

He told her everything. She understood. But the dear heart could bear no more. With a prayer on her lips, she died.

What of her children during these sad days and hours? Editha, Mary, and David were still so young. For them

"Many a sad to-morrow came and went."

And Alexander, the impetuous boy, was still but a boy. The mother who had loved him, and understood him, had gone from him. Edgar had come from calamity to calamity, and was worn with grief. Edmund and

Ethelred, in their untried youth, were torn with sorrow and anxiety.

Margaret lay as though in the beauty of sleep, robed as became a queen. For her only one service of love remained to be done: it had been her wish to be buried in Dunfermline Abbey.

To fulfil her wish was a sacred trust, but the difficulties were great.

The gates of the Castle were watched by Donald Bane's army; none might pass. But there was to the west, it is said, a small postern unknown to the enemy, and it was through this postern that Queen Margaret was borne by Ethelred and a few chosen friends. It is said a thick mist covered them from view, and they passed through Donald Bane's host, none challenging them. In hushed quietness they reached the Forth. Evidently the mist, which had protected them, now cleared, for their passage was not hindered. The broad waters of the Forth had long ago borne Margaret to her Scottish home, and now they paid her their last tribute of service. Men, sad and loyal of heart, were with their Queen. Old men were there who pondered, remembering bygone days; and young men who mourned, but whose hearts beat high with thoughts of future daring and service to the memory of their dead Queen. The priest who had solaced the Queen's death-bed was there: he vowed to dedicate his life to her memory. To reach Dunfermline in safety with their honoured burden was the pressing need of these loyal hearts. Their faithfulness was rewarded. They arrived at Dunfermline. In the Abbey, with the sacred rites of the religion she loved so well, Queen Margaret was laid to rest.

Malcolm lay buried at Tynemouth. But many hearts thought of that far-off grave with sorrow and regret: the King of the Scots lay where none could do him honour.

Thus, when peace and good order again ruled the land, Dunfermline Abbey became the fitting burial-place of the noble King.

Scotland was no home for the younger children of King Malcolm and Queen Margaret. Doubtless many kind friends soothed their grief and comforted them in their sorrow. But enemies had, in the meantime, possession of the kingdom, and their best friend, their Uncle Edgar, "gathered them together," it is said, and took them to England. The life of Edgar the Atheling had been a sad failure so far as the gaining of worldly honour is a test; but his unselfish gentle life was its own reward. "May heaven grant him honour hereafter," wrote a pious chronicler. He had often visited Scotland, so the children knew him.

Edmund and Ethelred naturally remained in Scotland. It is likely that Edgar and Alexander left the country with the younger children, and they probably found a home with their uncle. Editha and Mary were sent to their Aunt Christina. She had been a nun, as you know, for some years, and was probably an abbess by this time. David, the youngest of all the children, was perhaps taken care of by some friend who had little children, and who, having known Malcolm and Margaret, may have wished to be kind to the little boy.

You may like to hear something of their future lives. Let us begin with the two girls.

Editha knew England a little, for she had, before this time, visited her Aunt Christina, and had been in part educated by her. The life of the convent was therefore somewhat familiar to her. She grew up there, but not happily. She was fond of music and of books, and she was pretty and very charming. Her aunt wished her to be a nun, but Editha, with much spirit, refused. She was very afraid of her aunt. When she was older

she told this to the Archbishop of Canterbury. "I never took the veil but when I was quite a young girl, trembling under the rod of my Aunt Christina. She used to place a little black hood on my head, and when I tore it off she would beat me cruelly. So, in her presence, I wore the black hood in tears and trembling."

That is a sad picture of the sweet girl. But better times came. Count Alan of Bretagne asked her hand in marriage, but as a suitor he was thought unsuitable. Then there came another suitor, ardent and worthy, none other than the English king.

Henry I. was the youngest son of William the Conqueror, and England was his native land. During his reign he did much to make Englishmen feel he was their own king. When the news became known that Editha of Scotland was to be queen there was joy over the whole land. To Englishmen she represented their Anglo-Saxon kings, and in her they saw the old line restored.

Editha had much happiness. Her name was changed to Matilda, in memory perhaps of the King's mother; but the name was shortened by the English people, and she was spoken of as "Good Queen Maud." Her brother David lived with her, and Edgar and Alexander were, naturally, often about the Court.

But she never forgot Scotland and her dear parents. She wrote to Turgot, who, you remember, had been her mother's chaplain, and asked him to write for her a book about her mother. The book was written and sent to her. The little Editha, whom Turgot had known, was now very important, so he began his book, "To the honourable and excellent Matilda, Queen of the English." But it was Margaret's "Editha," all the same, who read the book, and who thought with love and longing of her dear mother.

And now what of Mary? Of her we do not know

so much. We may hope her Aunt Christina had grown milder. After Editha married the English King it is probable that Mary lived part of the time at the Court. By-and-by Mary went to a home of her own. She married Eustace, Count of Boulogne. She was not very far from England in her new life, and the two sisters may often have had the joy of meeting.

We must hear now of the sons of Margaret.

Ethelred was evidently of a quiet nature, one of those men who avoid stirring up strife. Amid the turmoil which followed his father's death he made no claim to the throne. He became Earl of Fife, and Lord of the Abbacy of Dunkeld.

Of Edmund it is said that he was "the only unworthy son of his mother." These are sad words. He separated himself from the rest of his family, and consented to share the Scottish throne with his uncle, Donald Bane. By an ancient Celtic custom, Donald Bane was held by some people to have a right to the throne; but he could not keep the crown against the southern part of his kingdom, so he asked Edmund to join with him. They united their forces, and their kinsman Duncan — who also claimed the throne and who had ruled for a short time—was defeated and slain.

Some years had now gone by since King Malcolm died. Edgar was about twenty-three years of age. The civil war of Scotland was watched by Englishmen. Edgar the Atheling determined that the land he loved should have peace and good government, so, by his advice, an English army helped to place Edgar on the throne. Edmund was banished from Scotland. He died in an English cloister, stricken with regret and grief. His dying request was that he might be buried in chains.

Edgar was thus crowned King. He had a gentle, peaceable nature. In England he had been thought like

Edward the Confessor. Under his rule Scotland rested from turmoil and trouble. A hatred of war was deep in Edgar's nature. Many of his ways were English. He was the first Scottish king to use a "Great Seal": he copied the idea from England. When he came back to Scotland his mind must have been full of old memories, happy and sad. The welfare of the country lay very near his heart. He died while he was still young, and when he had reigned only ten years. His brother Alexander succeeded him.

Alexander had great energy, and was a wise and good ruler. He founded the Abbey at Scone, and gave many gifts to churches. One day he was driven by a storm to the little island of Inchcolm in the Forth. There he lived for some days with a hermit, sharing his simple fare. In gratitude for his safety he founded a monastery on the island. But although he was a very pious man he did not yield up his will at the bidding of the Church. He quarrelled with Turgot, and refused to give in when he thought the honour of his Crown depended on the decision.

After his death David inherited the throne. It was a most unusual thing that three brothers should rule. David married Matilda, the grand-daughter of Siward of Northumbria. He was about forty years of age when he became king; but he had long held a very important place in Scotland. He continued the work of his brothers, and his long reign of thirty years completed much that was before only begun. Men could now look around them and see a new realm of Scotland. Monasteries arose in their stately beauty. The people were bound together by new social ties. Towns sprang up, trade prospered. Agriculture flourished, and orchards and gardens made a new loveliness. David founded the Abbey of "Holy Rood," and gave the "Church of the

Castle"—which means "St Margaret's Chapel"—to the monks. He had a dwelling at Edinburgh Castle, and a garden under the Castle Rock.

David was, in many ways, very like his mother: in reading of him she is constantly brought to mind. His own remembrance of her could only be slight. But David was in Scotland during the whole of Alexander's reign, and the two brothers were very good friends. It is natural to think they were often together, and that Ethelred also was often with them. The two older brothers would tell David of much that he could not remember. When he was an old man he used to tell the story of King Malcolm and the traitor who was so generously forgiven. Was it Ethelred who first told him that story? David told his own children of King Malcolm and Queen Margaret, and his son gave a grant to Durham to their memory.

Our story has come to an end.

These three Kings—Edgar, Alexander, and David—were renowned for their virtues and their good rule; and one of the influences, deep and abiding, which guided their lives, was the memory of Queen Margaret.

ROBERT THE BRUCE.

[Born 1274. Crowned King of the Scots 1306. Died 1329.]

CHAPTER I.

"To know the change and feel it,
When there is none to heal it,
Nor numbèd sense to steal it,
Was never said in rhyme."

—KEATS.

ONE afternoon in March 1286 King Alexander III. left Edinburgh to go to Kinghorn, in Fife. A tempest came on; at Queensferry the boatman urged the King not to cross the Forth, but Alexander would not listen. It was dark by the time the boat reached the farther shore. Again the King pressed on, determined to reach the end of his journey. Three knights were with him. As he mounted his horse he asked for two guides. The road was difficult to follow; it was a mere bridle-path, and the darkness and the storm made it very dangerous. The horse missed the road and stumbled over a cliff. The King was killed.

He was only forty-three years of age. He had been a wise and good king, and was much mourned. His two sons were dead, so only a short time before his own death he had asked the chief men of Scotland to be loyal to his little granddaughter, Margaret of Nor-

way. They promised; but we can imagine how Earl, and Bishop, and Baron looked at each other and thought strange thoughts about such a future. But the promise, after all, was easy, for they thought their good king was likely to live for many years. "He will live to see me long in my grave," old Sir Robert de Bruce may have thought.

And now he was dead, and there was mourning over the land. The nobles of Scotland turned for sympathy to the King of England. In his youth Alexander had married a sister of Edward I. of England. She had been dead for some years, but there had always been a strong friendship between the two royal brothers-in-law. In Scotland men were accustomed to esteem Edward very highly. Many of the Scottish barons had land in England, and therefore these barons owed "allegiance" to Edward as well as to Alexander. The Bruces and the Balliols served both kings as landowners in both countries.

Edward was no longer a young man, but he was still full of vigour. He looked north to Scotland and noted the perplexity of the kingdom. How necessary was wise rule, he thought to himself. So he turned over in his mind some very far-reaching plans. The little "Maid of Norway" was his own grand-niece; her mother was dead; she was only a little child, and in the meantime her country must be wisely guided. So he turned to plans for her safety and happiness, and even to plans of a farther-off time when she should marry his son, and England and Scotland should own the same king and queen.

A great ship sailed from Yarmouth to Norway, and with it Edward sent raisins and figs and ginger-bread for the little Margaret. Her subjects were apt to remember only, that a "queen" was sailing to Scotland

in that ship. But although Edward's mind dwelt on "politics," he remembered a little motherless child was coming, and he may have thought to himself, some one can coax and pet her and make her feel less lonely when she leaves her father and her dear familiar home. But the "Maid of Norway" died on the voyage, at Orkney. She was taken back to Norway, dead, to her father, King Eric. Scotland grieved for "Our Lady the Queen," as a bishop called her. Her death was a blow also to Edward of England. Hopes had centred round her. Must all these fair hopes be forgotten?

Who was now the heir to the Scottish throne? Important men, who thought their opinion counted for much, argued about it. Some thought one way, some thought another way: it always came back to the one perplexing fact that there was no near heir to the Scottish throne. To everybody it seemed quite natural that King Edward should give advice. After some time it was decided to hold a council on the borders of England and Scotland; there, the heirs were to bring forward their claims, and a decision was to be made. One condition was, that the judgment of Edward of England must be accepted. There were several claimants for the crown, but all claims could be dismissed except those of two men. These two men were—Sir John de Balliol, Lord of Galloway, and Sir Robert de Bruce, Lord of Annandale. They were both descended from David, Earl of Huntingdon, who was a grandson of David, King of the Scots. This David, Earl of Huntingdon, has become interesting to us nowadays, partly because he is the hero of Sir Walter Scott's novel 'The Talisman.' He was never a king: he was younger brother of King William the Lion.

Sir John Balliol said, "I am the grandson of Margaret, the eldest daughter of David of Huntingdon." Sir Robert

Bruce said, "I am the son of Isabel, the second daughter of David of Huntingdon."

According to the modern laws of succession Balliol was the nearest heir, but in those days there was a strong argument in favour of Bruce. Before Edward gave any judgment, he said it must be understood that he was "over-lord" of Scotland, and that the crown was therefore granted by him. At the moment it seemed impossible to do anything but agree to this condition. The Scottish crown was therefore to be held from Edward as "over-lord." It was the memory of this that first impressed Scotsmen with the belief that Edward was working for his own ends. In years to come they called him "that old framer of wiles."

Edward chose John Balliol to be king. Robert Bruce was an old man, with a long life of service behind him, and part of that service had been under the English king. He agreed that the crown should be held from Edward. But Scotland soon forgot that, and preferred to think that no man of the name of Bruce could have worn a crown at the good pleasure of the King of England. Before long men told quite a different story. They said the bishop of Durham asked King Edward a question on the day he awarded the crown to John Balliol. This was the question—it sounds like a riddle: "If Robert the Bruce were King of the Scots, where would the King of England be?"

But no man composed Edward's answer!

Edward was well pleased with his decision. At the back of his mind—although hidden from himself, for he thought himself a very just man—was, perhaps, the hope that events had turned in his favour.

King John was a failure as a king. He was called the "toom tabard," or "empty gown." Was he a failure also to King Edward? He was summoned to England

to give an account of his rule in Scotland. He refused to do Edward's bidding. Did Edward know he was likely to refuse? Edward was well instructed in law, and knew exactly the "rights" he could demand. He had a habit of thinking himself always in the right. So he said the Scottish king was acting illegally, and must change his ways or abide the consequences. King John suffered the consequences; Edward claimed Scotland by the feudal law as a "forfeited" estate. So a day came when the Scottish king surrendered his "staff and baton" to Edward. Holding a white wand in his hand, he was stripped of his kingly ornaments, as a sign to all men that there was no longer a king in Scotland.

Here was a new condition of things. Men looked on in perplexity. Daring thoughts rushed into many minds, but a stern necessity kept men from action. What could be done? From whence could help come? Edward marched over a great part of Scotland, even as far north as Elgin. There is a diary of his journeyings, the first diary of any journey in Scotland. In twenty-one weeks he had completed his conquest. It was almost without the excitement of a conquest: it was a tour of pleasure to see the country. Perhaps that is why Edward made a blunder,—did something that men, who knew nothing about feudal law, could see and understand. King John had signed his abdication! Well, then, he was but the "toom tabard." Edward had received the homage of the Scottish barons, clergy, and people! To many men that sounded far-off and vague. But he took away the "Stone of Destiny" from Scone and the "Black Rood" from Edinburgh. They were symbols, but they were also very real. The "Black Cross" had been brought to Scotland by Queen Margaret, and for two hundred years the Scottish kings and the Scottish people had held it in love and reverence. And the "Stone

of Destiny"—what of it? Imagination and mystery clung round it. In the minds of men of those days extraordinary histories gathered round certain cherished objects. This stone was surrounded by imaginings that were holy, and fond, and proud. It had served Jacob as a pillow; Scota, the foundress of the kingdom of the Scots, had possessed it. The far, far past appealed to people in those days in the most sure and real way. With quiet certainty a historian was to trace back the ancestry of the Scottish kings to Noah. So men never doubted the long history of the "Stone of Destiny." To us its real history seems wonderful enough, for the kings of the Scots had been crowned upon it for eight hundred years. A prophecy said that where the "Stone" went, the Scottish crown must follow. To look at, it was only a block of red sandstone with some pebbles in it. But can you see its removal? At Scone it was lifted from its place. Men saw the deed done; no lightning flash struck the spoilers. It was carried away. Men saw it. Was it gone from Scotland for ever?

At Berwick, then a very important town, Edward called a council. Leading men of the kingdom, two thousand of them, gave their names as loyal subjects of the King of England. In the list there are two Bruces —a father and a son. The old Lord of Annandale is dead, and the names are therefore those of his son and grandson.

Three Englishmen were left in Scotland to rule the land for the English king.

To Scotland "drear-nighted December" had come. Had the "summer look" gone for ever? There was no king in the land, there was no symbol of the ancient royal heritage. Instead, there was this new tyranny.

The barons paused and considered. Many of them had helped to make kingship impossible to Balliol. Now,

Edward of England was in fact and in name their overlord, and he meant to use his power. Did each baron say to himself, "Well, after all, I must consider my own interests"? And yet there crept in a new thought not easy to put into words. To us nowadays the thought of our native land brings feelings which generations of men have cherished and fostered. But six hundred years ago it was different. Nations had not learned that they were nations. A Scottish baron could change his allegiance from one king to another king, and continue to think his life worth the living. But we must understand that men already loved their own homestead; they were now to learn to love their country, and the love took their hearts captive almost before they knew of its presence.

But it was not a great baron who first discovered patriotism in Scotland: the glory was left to William Wallace, who was but a "laird's" son. The soldiers who fought with him volunteered their services, they were not his retainers. Wallace failed: it was not possible that he could conquer. But he showed men how to turn their murmuring into daring. It took Edward of England years to conquer Scotland this time. Wallace received no mercy. He was hanged and beheaded. But a man dies only once. The King of England ordered the head of the "Traitor" to be fixed on London Bridge, and the limbs to be sent to Stirling and Perth. But the King of England could not kill the memory of Wallace. His heroic deeds held a place in the imagination of men for many generations.

Many Scotsmen fought against Wallace. It is needless to blame them. The minds of men are not so nimble as to follow new ways all at once. Many men were undecided: they wavered, they changed, in their hearts they were doubtful. The difficulties were very

great. Every important stronghold was held for Edward. The land was "stuffed"—that is the old word used—with Englishmen. Discontent and hatred remained discontent and hatred. Who will save the land?

Let us turn in hope to the Bruces, the rival family of the Balliols. But who were the Bruces?

The Bruces had been Lords of Annandale (in Dumfriesshire) for nearly two hundred years. They were very powerful, and on two different occasions had married kinswomen of the royal family of Scotland. They held land in England, both in the north and in the south of the country. In those days men of their class spoke Norman-French. But it is the greatest mistake to think of them as French. It is also a mistake to lay too much stress on their Norman origin. True, their ancestors had come with the Conqueror to England, and were even then so important that their own followers numbered 200 men. Later they received grants of land from David of Scotland, and thus became Lords of Annandale. And although it is true to say that love of country was only beginning to be understood, it is also necessary to remember that by this time the Bruces had ruled in Annandale for many generations, and the men around them looked on them as a fixed condition of life. We must not picture a time of disorder when the land had its own king. Daily life went on in a most settled way. People worked at their handicraft or tilled their land, and had their friends and neighbours. They talked quite naturally about what went on around them. They often heard a great deal of "gossip" about things that had never happened at all, for they liked very well to hear of marvellous doings that made them feel they were listening to something that was well worth the hearing. They did not talk about "Scotland," and say they would die for their country; but they looked up

and down their pleasant dale, with its hills and streams, its corn and pasture, and they felt it was the home they knew, the home they cherished,—

> "Our heart's where they rocked our cradle,
> Our love where we spent our toil."

And old Sir Robert the Bruce, who spoke Norman-French amongst other knights, was also a local man who spoke to the men of Annandale as they spoke to him. We miss out the best part of him if we think of him only as a knight who paid court to the King of England. Lochmaben Castle was the chief seat of the Bruces, but it is wonderful how much men travelled. They did not stay always at home, as we are so apt to imagine. Up and down they journeyed. A knight and his horse were almost inseparable.

But the Bruces ruled more than Annandale. Old Sir Robert had a son named Robert; Robert was the family name, and we almost wish they had not kept to it so faithfully; the Lords of Annandale require to be numbered like kings. Fortunately this Robert soon had a new title. He had been a crusader with Edward of England, and when he came home to Scotland he married. His wife was a great heiress; she was Marjory, Countess of Carrick. So this Robert the Bruce became, by right of his wife, Earl of Carrick, and went to live on his new property in Ayrshire. The name of the castle was Turnberry, a great stronghold of whinstone overlooking the Firth of Clyde. The Earl and Countess of Carrick had many sons and daughters. Their names make quite a list. The boys were Robert, Edward, Nigel, Thomas, and Alexander. The girls were Isobel, Margaret, Matilda, Elizabeth, Christina, and Mary. It is about *Robert* we have to hear.

Robert the Bruce was twelve years old when the

troubles began in Scotland. He may have heard a great deal about the kingdom, but his thoughts would run chiefly on other matters. It was doubtless a very happy home at Turnberry. The affection of the family circle, in manhood and womanhood, is quite beautiful to watch. It must have been the result of a love that went back to the earliest days of childhood, when the land of Carrick was the family home.

There is a word often used by the archdeacon who wrote, in verse, the first life of Bruce, and that word is "hardy." It means full of courage and daring. Well, then, the boys were all "hardy"; Edward, indeed, was "outrageous hardy." But Robert was so clearly the natural leader of all of them when he became a man, that it is easy for us to suppose that, even in boyhood, he led in plans of sport or adventure. The boys learned to be good riders. There was a great level park round the castle for their first canter on their Galloway ponies, and then later there was all the wide country offering long, long rides for sport or adventure. The Scottish barons were not always on friendly terms with each other even in peaceable times, but that state of things meant that each baron had his own particular friends. Doubtless the Earl of Carrick often rode to Lochmaben, his old home, and took his boys with him. They may have travelled sometimes by the land of Douglas. If so, did a small boy named James of Douglas see them and long to join their company? That boy was a friend worth the having, and he was "hardy" as the best, although he lisped when he spoke and had gentle ways. The Bruces naturally never travelled home by Galloway, at least not by way of the Balliols. The Balliols were the most powerful family in Galloway. The Macdoualls were also very important, but they were in a sense outsiders. But there were many other journeys

to make,—visits to the Earl of Mar or the Earl of Athol, to the land of Lennox, to the homes of the Boyds and the Hays. But oftener still there was play or work at home. The castle looked over the sea. Robert and his brothers loved the sea, and many a day their little craft would be on the waters. Then in the woods there were deer. Who more skilled with bow and arrow than the sons of the Earl of Carrick? And salmon, and pike, and eels, and trout, and minnows were in the rivers. These must be caught by "snares," and by every device of river-craft. If you had been a traveller in the land of Carrick you would have heard many stories of these boys. They were the great people of the place, but great people are seen and known by less important people. Five boys naturally made a stir. And men would laugh and relate their adventures, and what happened last week, and what, if they did not take care, would happen next week. And so on the talk would go. And one man had taught them how to catch the eels; and another man had trained their ponies; and a third man had feathered their arrows and had shown them how to draw their bows—the arrow to the ear—in right good English fashion. The people of Carrick probably listened to such tales as these, and felt that they too had part in the drama which went on around them.

But Robert the Bruce had also to be taught book-learning. He knew Latin and Norman-French. The English which he spoke was a delight to hear. At that time Gaelic was the chief language of Carrick. His mother was of the Celtic race, and therefore it was her natural speech. Probably the first words Robert the Bruce understood were the endearing words spoken to him in Gaelic by his mother.

You can therefore understand that the life in Carrick was not a narrow one: it lay open to many influences.

One more influence must be remembered. Robert the Bruce knew the Court of the English king. He made journeys south, and was a subject, not a foreigner, at the Court of King Edward. Edward was a wise ruler, and had made great changes in England. He was a thorough Englishman, proud of his country, and he craved for the love of his people. Bruce, after he grew to manhood, understood the great part Edward had taken in the development of England. But he saw also the smaller side of Edward's nature, saw how unyielding he was, and how strictly he kept to the letter of the law. A story went that once when he demanded that all his landowners should have "title-deeds," one baron, for answer, flung his sword on the table, exclaiming, "With that my fathers won the land, and with that I keep it." King Edward gave Bruce his knighthood. Knighthood was not an empty form: the belt and spurs were the symbols which made the poorest knight the equal of the greatest landowner. The King himself was "Sir Edward." Doubtless Bruce saw the gatherings of fashion at the King's tournaments, and knew many of England's greatest knights,—Marmaduke de Twenge, the youthful Aylmer de Valence, and the great De Argentine, famous throughout Christendom. Scottish knights were also often at the Court: Bruce naturally met old friends there,—Robert Boyd, Gilbert Hay, Neil Campbell, and Christopher Seton. Every one at the English Court was impressed by King Edward. He avoided all personal display, and wore no special distinction of dress; since the day of his coronation he had not once worn his crown. In his old age he was still hale and strong. He was tall, thin, and erect; his hair had been black in middle life, but was now silvery white; his eyes were dark and soft, but they could flash with anger. No man could look upon him and not feel he was a king.

He had a slight stammer in his speech, but nevertheless his eloquence could move men to tears. His son, Edward of Carnarvon, was ten years younger than Bruce. He was a contrast to the King: he was led by other men; he could never be a leader. Bruce did not learn all this during one visit to the Court, but during many visits.

The Countess of Carrick died when Bruce was eighteen years of age. Her death was the first great sorrow at Turnberry.

The years went on; changes came. Bruce married young; his wife was Isabel, daughter of the Earl of Mar. But this lady lived only a very short time, and he was left alone with one little daughter. This little girl was named Marjory. It is most likely that she was cared for at Turnberry by her aunts.

After some years Bruce's father died. He was a mild-tempered man. For a time he had been Governor of Carlisle, but when troubled days came a stronger ruler was required, and the Bishop of Carlisle was appointed Governor. Bishops were barons as well as bishops in those days, and some of them entered with great zest into that part of their duties which might be called a baron's life. So we may hope the Bishop of Carlisle thought himself well suited to his task.

Other changes took place at Turnberry. There were many marriages. Isobel married Randolph of Stranith, Christina married Sir Christopher Seton, Mary married Sir Neil Campbell. By-and-by Robert the Bruce married again: his wife was Elizabeth, daughter of an English noble who was Earl of Ulster.

As for the state of Scotland at that time, it may be said discontent was everywhere. It was remembered afterwards as a time of "insults," "stripes," and "slaughter." Old friendliness amongst neighbouring barons was blighted by watchful mistrust King Edward was most exact

about claiming and receiving proofs of loyalty. Could men give their word and then break it?

Some time after the death of the Earl of Carrick Bruce journeyed south to receive his estates from the English king. He was apparently loyal to King Edward; if Edward suspected him he showed no sign. Bruce had talked over the state of Scotland with many important men, especially with the Bishop of St Andrews. Had the crisis come? One of the leading men in Scotland at this time was Balliol's nephew, John Comyn, Lord of Badenoch. Could Comyn and Bruce act together? A story says that Comyn betrayed Bruce to King Edward. Bruce was at the Court, and any day Edward could make him a prisoner. It is said that the Earl of Gloucester—who was kinsman to Bruce—sent a messenger one day to his lodgings with a pair of spurs and twelve pence. The message was, "My lord sends these to you in return for what he got from you yesterday." Bruce at once read the riddle of the spurs. He gave the twelve pence to the messenger, and bade him take a message of thanks to the Earl.

In the morning he took the advice that "spurs" meant —he rode off northward. It is said that there was snow on the ground, and that he asked the farrier to shoe his horse with the "toes" looking backward, so as to make it appear that a horseman had arrived and not that a horseman had left. Bruce rode north to Lochmaben, and reached it, it is said, in seven days. The English Court had probably been in residence at Winchester, so his daily ride was fifty miles or more. He had with him, as retinue, only his secretary and a groom. One day they met a suspicious-looking traveller. They searched him, and it is said they found a letter to the English king, from John Comyn, advising the death or capture of Bruce.

From Lochmaben Bruce rode to Dumfries. It was an

important town, and he was likely to meet friends there. John Comyn was probably living at Dalswinton, a few miles up the Nith. Bruce and Comyn met. John Comyn was generally known as the "Red Comyn," to distinguish him from other members of his family. Was this meeting with the "Red Comyn" arranged? We do not know. They met in the church of the Grey Friars. We cannot see into the hearts of these two men. We truly know nothing. Hot words passed between them. What follows fills us with dismay and sorrow when we read of it. Bruce slew the "Red Comyn" before the altar, and then passed out of the church. Friends of both men were by the door. Bruce was deeply moved. Some one asked him how he felt.

"Ill," said he. "I doubt I have slain the Comyn."

"You doubt!" cried a comrade, and rushed into the church to make the deed certain.

Bruce rode again to Lochmaben. What was in his thoughts we do not know. He once said, "I had great cause to slay Comyn."

From Lochmaben he caused letters to be sent to Bishop Wishart of Glasgow and to Bishop Lamberton of St Andrews. In a short time he determined to go to Glasgow. He set out with a gallant company of friends. But before he left Annandale behind him he met the man who was to be his greatest friend, the young James of Douglas. Douglas came forward to him, offered him his services, saying he would take the fate of Robert the Bruce as his fate, be it good or ill. Bruce looked at the broad-shouldered, black-haired youth, and saw his worth. He gave him men and arms. They rode on, and Bruce listened to the sorrowful tale of his young comrade.

The father of James of Douglas was dead; he had died in prison. An English Clifford now owned his land.

Bishop Lamberton had taken James of Douglas to King Edward at Stirling to claim his heritage. "Speak to me of no such matter," said Edward. "He shall have no lands from me; let him find them where he may. Clifford has served my majesty right loyally, and he shall have the reward."

Men liked to be of the company of James of Douglas; they liked his lisp, they liked his blitheness, they liked his "meek and sweet" ways. So Robert the Bruce and he rode on together: a friendship had begun which every year was to find stronger and nobler.

But how would a bishop greet the Bruce? Surely the greeting must be condemnation and excommunication. Is the dread sentence of the Church to be read in the Cathedral? Are the candles to be solemnly lighted and then as solemnly extinguished?

It is not so, it is far otherwise. The Bishop awaited Bruce's confesson, and gave him absolution, forgiveness. His devotion to Bruce, his trust in his cause, made a new horizon. Who was afraid? Not the Bishop. Friends of Bruce? They were everywhere. Who had the best right to the throne of Scotland? The Scottish throne was waiting for Robert the Bruce. Find one contented man in the whole Barony of Renfrew! True, of the twelve Scottish earls only three were yet for Bruce. But let a king arise who could prove himself fit to rule, and with patience and boldness they were won.

This was no new matter in the Bishop's heart; he was ready to consecrate Bruce, the King of the Scots. The Bishop of St Andrews was also ready, and so was the Abbot of Scone. Robes! Why, robes could be made where church vestments were made. Here was the banner of Scotland, kept safely during many years! Dangers were great, but the Bishop's hero feared no danger.

"King Edward of England," was the thought of the Bishop,—"King Edward of England to rule our ancient realm! I will use, to war against him, the very timber he gave me himself for the new belfry."

Bruce was crowned "Robert, King of the Scots," at Scone on March 29, 1306. The Earl of Fife had the time-honoured privilege of placing the crown on the head of the Scottish king. But the Earl of Fife acknowledged Edward of England as king, and could not crown Bruce. So there came in his stead a lady, his sister, Isabella Countess of Buchan. She took the crown and placed it on the King's head. It was a dramatic moment. Her brother, the head of the family, was against Bruce; her husband, a relative of the "Red Comyn," was against Bruce. She dared to use the privilege of a Macduff, and to crown Robert the Bruce, King of the Scots.

CHAPTER II.

"Were I not stirred by Scotland's olden bliss,
Not for earth's empire would I bear all this."
—*A Saying of Robert the Bruce.*

Edward of England rose in righteous wrath against the King of the Scots. The sentence of excommunication was read in St Paul's Cathedral. What is excommunication? Here is a description from Sir Walter Scott's Poem, "The Lord of the Isles"—

"Expels thee from the Church's care,
And deafens Heaven against thy prayer;
Arms every hand against thy life;
Bans all who aid thee in the strife."

Then Edward disinherited Bruce. He gave Turnberry Castle and the Earldom of Carrick to Sir Henry de Percy; he gave Lochmaben Castle and Annandale to Sir Humphrey de Bohun, Earl of Hereford; and the estates in England he gave to other English knights. Sir Aylmer de Valence was appointed the commander of Edward's armies in Scotland.

Bruce had now taken the troubles of Scotland as his own personal fate. Those who loved him also trusted him. A group of men stood round him who had full confidence in him; they knew Bruce would save the land if any man could save it. Who were some of these friends? First of all we must remember his four brothers, especially Edward. His brothers-in-law were also devoted to his service. Outside his family circle his greatest friend, as you know, was James of Douglas. True and faithful also were the Earl of Lennox, Sir Robert Boyd, and Sir Gilbert Hay.

Edward sent an army north to Scotland; a battle was fought at Methven, about six miles from Perth. The English, led by Aylmer de Valence, won the battle. Bruce had a very narrow escape. Sir Philip de Mowbray, an English knight, unhorsed him, and shouted, "Help! help! I have the new-made king." But the valorous Sir Christopher Seton was at hand, and rushed forward with another kind of help, and saved the King.

For some time after Methven, Bruce and his friends moved about among the hills. At first the Queen and little Marjory, and two of his sisters, were with him. Other ladies were with the little band of fugitives, and we are told that these noble ladies, for love of their husbands, gladly shared danger and distress. For about three months this went on, and then it was found impossible to face the autumn weather. The cold, the

hunger, the want of rest, became unbearable. Food was very difficult to find, although James of Douglas did marvels in the way of providing food for the ladies. He it was who often brought home the venison; he it was who made the snares and caught the pike and salmon. But at last it was arranged that the ladies should be taken for safety to Kildrummy Castle by Nigel Bruce. All the horses were to be given to them, so that their journey might be as easy as possible. Sad and tearful farewells were spoken. Each parting was a parting the bitterest the heart could feel. And to meet again, when? The ladies rode away to supposed shelter. Then Bruce and his companions turned towards the West, and began, on foot, their journey to some lonely hiding-place. Dangers were always near them. Was any one dismayed? Bruce, we are told, was "glad and dauntless" of heart. He gave courage and even cheerfulness to his comrades. Altogether they were a band of about 200 men.

One day they came to Loch Lomond. The only safe plan was to cross the loch, for danger lay in going round its shores. They were near the land of an enemy, John of Lorn. But how to cross? James of Douglas, ever ready in any difficulty, found a little sunken boat. But it could only carry "threesome." The first man to be rowed across was naturally the King, the comrade with him was James of Douglas. Again and again the little boat crossed from shore to shore. During a day and a night the oars never rested on Loch Lomond. Those of the men who were strong swimmers grew impatient; some news from the farther shore may have made them more impatient. They took their spears, bows, and battle-axes and tied them on their shoulders; then they stripped themselves of some of their clothes, tied them with their weapons, and plunged into the water. What was the

King doing during this long time of waiting? Enemies were near him; he was landless, his throne seemed lost; he must wait during the long winter before any further action was possible. What was he doing? The little company seems quite enviable as the curtain is lifted and we watch, for a moment, a scene of six hundred years ago. The King was reading to his comrades the romance of 'Ferumbras and Oliver.' Who would not have heard it?

These old romances are very dull reading to us nowadays, but for the moment we forget all that, and remember only that these men, by the side of Loch Lomond, entered with delight into the tale. Perhaps they exclaimed that either Ferumbras or Oliver would be welcome among them provided he raided the land of the enemy.

"Or brought us something to eat," some one may have laughed.

Woods were near, and therefore venison could not be far from hungry men. Bows and arrows were plentiful, and so were good marksmen. The King would lead one company, James of Douglas would lead another company. To whom did the woods belong? They took no pains to be quiet; they found little in the woods, but soon there was such a "blaw and cry" that the owner must hear. The owner was Malcolm of Lennox. He heard the noise, he came upon the men, and, lo! he found his King.

Malcolm had heard no news since the battle of Methven; he had feared the King was dead. The King was here in his own woods, alive and well; the gladness was almost more than could be borne. Tears of joy filled the eyes of King and earl.

But danger was too near to permit of a long visit in the land of Lennox, so farther west Bruce and his men journeyed. The place of safety chosen was the Isle of Rathlin, off the coast of Ireland and not very far

from the Mull of Cantyre. In time ships were provided to make the voyage, and at last Bruce and his followers arrived safely in Rathlin.

They were safer there than in any of the western isles of Scotland. English galleys searched and watched, but Bruce and his men were not found. A rumour spread that Bruce was dead.

The privations which had to be endured on that bleak little island were very great. The islanders were afraid when the ships sailed in with the armed strangers, but they soon understood this strange thing that had happened, and became eager to offer their services. The scarcity of food and the poor shelter might well have dismayed less dauntless hearts. It is possible that Neil Campbell, with the help of the Lord of the Isles, may have procured some food from the western islands or the mainland of Argyleshire. We must remember that it was winter; the days were short and cold, and rain, sleet, wind, or mist might be their gift. The long dark evenings made employment of any kind all but impossible. It was a situation to cool the courage and wear out the hearts of men who, above all things, loved action and daring. But that band of heroes stood the test. They did not quarrel among themselves for pastime, neither did they upbraid one another. Friendship grew stronger; loyalty and service became firmer and nobler. There was no place where Bruce was more of a hero than in the Isle of Rathlin during the six winter months when his fortune was at its lowest ebb. There was a power in Bruce which drew men to him; the flash and sparkle of his blue eyes held them faithful to him; the tones of his voice governed them as by a spell. His comrades loved Bruce. Why? Because the more they saw of him the better they trusted him.

How did the time pass? Doubtless groups talked

together, and made many plans for the coming spring. They were warriors, so they probably talked of battles,—of the great battle of Courtrai, perhaps, where the Flemings had defeated the knighthood of France. They would talk of the English king, and one by one his great generals would be discussed. They knew the men who would lead armies against them; they knew the renown of English knights, and they knew of the fame of English archers. They had plenty of time to count the cost in the Isle of Rathlin. Some one may have mentioned the son of Edward of England. "It were greater honour," exclaimed Bruce, "to win a foot of land from Edward, than a kingdom from his son."

But lighter thoughts, doubtless, often supplied their talks. Did James of Douglas tell his favourite story of "The Fisher and the Fox"? When he talked—for he talked so well—a group around the fire must needs grow silent and listen to the merry tale. Then some romantic knight was sure to recall lines from a romance to amuse the company. Did Edward Bruce sing out the lines?—

> "We have," he said, "life but one;
> Sell we it, both flesh and bone,
> For to claim our heritage."

The martial ring would send the blood coursing gaily through the veins of Douglas. He was weary of Rathlin. What may he have quoted?—

> "They rowed hard and sung thereto
> With hevelow and rumbeloo,
> With hevelow and rumbeloo!"

When the long spring days came, Douglas felt his little sea-girt home could hold him no longer. He and Sir Robert Boyd, and a small company, received permission to sail to Arran. They arrived there, and cap-

tured clothing and arms which belonged to the garrison of Brodick Castle.

A message was sent to the King, and in a few days they expected him to join them.

One day Douglas and Sir Robert Boyd were startled by the sound of a horn. A second time the sound rang through the woods.

"Why, that is the King," cried Douglas. "From langsyne I know his horn."

The third blast came.

"Of a surety it is the King," said Robert Boyd, "and a quick step will soon take us to him."

It was a happy meeting.

Across the Firth of Clyde from Arran lies the land of Carrick. Turnberry Castle, as you know, stood overlooking the waters. Bruce turned with longing eyes to the Carrick shore: it was his old home, but a Percy ruled within Turnberry. A plan was made. A man named Cuthbert, trustworthy and cautious, was sent to Carrick to go up and down among the people and to find out who was on the side of Bruce and freedom. If the land offered well, a fire was to be lighted near Turnberry, as a signal to the King in Arran. Cuthbert found the land full of Englishmen, and the people cautious, or afraid, or indifferent, so he thought there was little hope in Carrick. But one night, to his dismay, he noticed a fire burning near Turnberry: he hastened to the shore to await the King and to warn him not to land.

Bruce and his men had seen the fire, and naturally had mistaken it for Cuthbert's signal. They crossed the firth by night, steering always towards the fire. Cuthbert stood on the shore to give his sad warning.

What was to be done? A hurried plan had to be discussed.

"Who goes back?" exclaimed Edward Bruce. "I go forward to take my adventure as it comes."

No man was afraid; all were ready. The winter, the enforced idleness, and the sea were behind them; forward lay the summer days, the great adventures, and the country of Scotland.

About 300 men were now with Bruce. They surprised Percy's garrison at Turnberry and carried off booty. Then they waited for a time in the neighbourhood of the castle. It was at this time that Bruce met a lady who had much to tell him. She was his cousin, so he had probably known her all his life. She was "blithe" over his arrival, and came to see him. She was evidently a lady with power in her own hands, for forty retainers came with her to offer their services to the King of the Scots. Bruce eagerly asked for news of the Queen, of Marjory, and of his sisters. The lady had a sad tale to tell. She told it with sobs and tears. The Queen and Marjory and his sisters were prisoners of the English king; the Queen was imprisoned in the Tower of London, Marjory and his sisters and the Countess of Buchan were close captives in caged turrets of Berwick Castle. But the sad tale was not yet ended. To Berwick Nigel Bruce had been taken as a prisoner, and there put to death. Sir Christopher Seton, "so noble and of such renown," was dead; he had been hanged at Dumfries. The Earl of Athol had been captured, and he too had been put to death. Bishop Wishart of Glasgow, Bishop Lamberton of St Andrews, and the Abbot of Scone were in English prisons. Bruce heard the dread tidings of those who were so dear to him; his sorrow sank into his heart.

Soon after this Bruce moved south toward Galloway. Galloway was not a safe place. The Balliols, as you know, were very powerful there, and the "Red Comyn"

had been regarded as one of the chief representatives of the family: his murder at Dumfries had doubtless raised a local hatred of Bruce. And about this time Thomas and Alexander Bruce were captured by the Macdoualls, and given up to the English king. The English king ordered them to be put to death, and bade the Macdoualls be rewarded. Bruce, when he heard this, knew that Galloway was no place of shelter for him. Indeed it looked as if he must be caught as in a trap. In time no fewer than seven detachments of soldiers—in some cases quite armies—hemmed him in on every side. There seemed no way of escape by sea or land. One army was led by De Valence. It is needless to name all the generals; one leader was an old enemy of Bruce, John of Lorn. It seemed as though King Edward had found his foe, and that the only event remaining now was the detail of how he was to be taken.

Battle, in the ordinary sense of the word, was impossible. Bruce had with him about 150 men. He recognised how desperate the situation had become, and although he could entrap detachments of soldiers the daily risk became very great. So he advised that his men should separate for a time into three companies, to meet again on a hill beyond Loch Dee. Galloway is the Highlands in the Lowlands; loch and glen are there, and long stretches of lonely moor.

John of Lorn fell upon a plan. He had a bloodhound which had been fed by Bruce, and could be trusted to track its old master. With which party did Bruce go? The hound was watched and followed. But Bruce guessed the danger, and he was alone save for his foster-brother. The two travelled on together, but both were wearied and worn out, and at last, when they were passing through a wood, Bruce lay down to rest. He could go no farther. If he were tracked, then he

must yield to fate; but the foster-brother, Bruce used to recall, urged him to make one more effort. A stream was heard not far away; they turned toward it and waded down its waters, and then, leaving it behind, journeyed to the hills. The pursuers came to the water; the hound missed the track, tried in vain to find it, and ran aimlessly here and there. The pursuers knew they were baffled for this time. The hound had not found its master.

But the capture of Bruce seemed still sure. He and his companion soon met three men. Bruce at once suspected them. One of the men carried a sheep on his shoulders. A meeting, on a Galloway moor, demanded some word of greeting.

"You are going—where?" asked the King.

"We are looking for Robert the Bruce," they answered.

"Then I think I can show him to you," said the King.

He bade them turn with him and walk on in front. By-and-bye the men halted at a house. When we think of this house we must picture a kind of shed. The sheep was for their meal, but the strangers might sit by the fire and share the food. The mutton was roasted. The guests were now invited to the fire. But no! they preferred to eat apart. So another fire was kindled, and Bruce and his foster-brother sat down by it alone. They were both exhausted from fatigue and want of food. Bruce ate his meal, thankful at the moment for food and warmth and rest. But a little way off the three men sat by their fire. Bruce looked toward them. It was not necessary to put a plan into many words. With short low whisper, with look and gesture, Bruce and his foster-brother agreed that it was necessary to keep watch. The foster-brother promised to keep awake until the King had a short sleep.

Oh, the weariness of the King! He was tired and heavy with sleep, but he could not sleep. He closed

his eyes for a minute or two, and then suddenly opened them; nothing but snatches of sleeping came to relieve his fatigue.

Then it grew very quiet and still. The fires burned lower. The figures across by the other fire grew less distinct. The foster-brother fell into a deep sleep. Quieter and quieter was the hut, and then the three men rose from beside their fire. Their plan was long made. They had waited until they were sure that the King was asleep.

Suddenly Bruce opens his eyes. In another moment he springs to his feet, his hand on his sword. He steps heavily against his foster-brother to rouse and save him. Already the men are close to Bruce, with their swords drawn. The foster-brother rises "dizzily." Bruce is fighting three men. The foster-brother is slain. Bruce is in part protected by his armour. His nerve and skill do not fail him; the three base traitors lie dead at his feet.

But Bruce's heart is sad. He stands and mourns his foster-brother. "He saved my life," is his thought, "and now he is dead, slain by cruel treachery."

Bruce must now go forth among the hills. Doubtless he remembered his own brave men, and longed for news of them. He had a gentle kind of irony in his nature, and as he journeyed on alone he may have said to himself, "This looks like winning freedom for Scotland." But yet again there must have arisen in his heart that dauntless mood which was his very life. Scotland, in due time, would trust him, would follow him.

He walked on until he came to a house on the moors. The mistress of the house was seated within on a bench. She asked of him where he was going.

"I am a wayfarer," said Bruce.

"Then, come in! for all wayfarers are welcome."

"And why may that be?" asked Bruce.

"For the sake of the King of the Scots," answered the housewife. "He is driven from his kingdom now, but a day comes when he wins his own again."

"Ay! You hold him in love? You now see the King."

So the mistress of this humble house received a wayfarer and entertained her king. She prepared food for him; something to appease his hunger was all he asked. It was a bustle of talk to the good woman. Where were his men? She had sons, famed marksmen; the King must see them and judge if they were worthy. No day was ever like this day. She asked the King to sit down to his meal.

Suddenly there is a great "stamping" round the cottage. The King rises to his feet, ready to defend his hostess and the house which had given him shelter. But who is it? Ah! the familiar voices. The next moment Edward Bruce and James of Douglas are with the King. A band of gallant men stand round and watch the group; true hearts throb with joy. The King is safe. What more can the heart of man desire?

After that, Bruce had some surprising successes. Each success was not very important in itself, but the resource of Bruce, and the skill, were shown in every case. He planned his movements as a man would to whom every mile of the country was familiar. He was hemmed in by armies. But he left Galloway, all the same, and went back to Ayrshire. It was a wonderful feat, but it was done.

Aylmer de Valence had to acknowledge himself outwitted, but he was a brave knight who could admire honour and bravery in his foe. He was a young man, eager to add to his renown; he had fought at Methven, as you may remember, but he saw now that he had found

in Bruce more than his match. He spoke to his men one day in words something like these—

"We have sought for Robert the Bruce, and we have not found him; we have hemmed him in, but he has escaped. A strong and noble heart is not easily discomfited: we have done our worst against him, but he is not vanquished."

Not long after this he challenged Bruce to battle at Loudonhill in Ayrshire. Bruce accepted the challenge. It is natural to suppose that De Valence saw success at last in his grasp. Bruce could not meet him, he thought, in array of battle.

But Bruce laid his plans with the greatest skill, knowing exactly the kind of army he had to fight. It is said that De Valence had five times as many men as Bruce.

So Bruce cut trenches, and relied upon his pikemen. The archers and the cavalry of England were rendered useless, and by night the English army had fled from the field. De Valence took refuge in Ayr Castle. From hamlet to hamlet men told the tale; Loudonhill had avenged Methven.

CHAPTER III.

"Wha, for Scotland's king and law,
Freedom's sword will strongly draw,
Freeman stand, or freeman fa',—
Let him follow me!"

—BURNS.

But we must turn again to Edward of England. While Bruce was in the Isle of Rathlin Edward was residing at the Austin Priory of Carlisle. He was waiting for three things,—for his business with his leading

man to be finished, for his health to mend, and for the spring to come. When news came to him that Bruce was again in Scotland, his haughty spirit flashed forth with something of the old energy. He would lead his army to Scotland, seize this traitor, and teach the Scots who was master. He had not mounted his horse for some time owing to his failing health, but he would go forth as a knight and not as a sick man. The "litter" on which he had been carried was to be of no further service: it was left in Carlisle Cathedral as a thank-offering for his restored health. So the brave old king, who would not be beaten, mounted his war-horse, gathered up his reins, and, at the head of his troops, left the city.

But age and sickness could not be set aside, even by King Edward. We cannot think of the old king without admiration in our hearts. He had done so well for England! And now in his old age he was fired with only one thought, and that thought was, hatred of the Scots. His own sister had for years been Queen in Scotland; friendship had united the two countries. It is sad to think that one of England's noblest kings was the man who divided England and Scotland. We watch the white-headed figure ride out from Carlisle, we note the feebleness of the once strong frame, and we look and look again. But then we remember the rage in Edward's heart, and that it is this rage which has for the time lent to him the excitement which keeps him in his saddle. But already his strength is spent; by the fourth day he has ridden only six miles. He asks the name of the little village; he is told it is Burgh-on-Sands. Across the Solway he looks toward Scotland. But he can go no farther. In sight of the land of his wrath he must lie down to die.

On his deathbed Edward thought only of two things.

He was, we must remember, a pious knight, so he hoped that a hundred of his knights would bear his heart to the Holy Land. But he was also a haughty conqueror, with anger in his thoughts. He ordered that his bones should be carried before his army to Scotland, that in death he might lead against his hated foes.

He died on a day in July 1309. He led, in death, no triumphant army into Scotland. Instead, he was borne to his grave in Westminster Abbey. On his tomb there was written—

"Eduardus Primus, Scotorum Malleus, hic est. Pactum serva."

It means—

"Here is the first Edward, the Hammer of the Scots. Keep troth."

The death of Edward made the task of Bruce easier. The tidings of his death must have brought to Bruce's mind a rush of new hopes, and also a rush of old memories. In Sir Walter Scott's poem, "The Lord of the Isles," there are some lines which describe the thoughts of Bruce when he heard of Edward's death:—

"I took my knighthood at his hand,
And lordship held of him, and land,
And well may vouch it here,
That, blot the story from his page,
Of Scotland ruin'd in his rage,
You read a monarch brave and sage,
And to his people dear."

The success of Bruce went on steadily. It began to be seen that he was a king worthy of the greatest confidence. It was not the work of months but of years. Eight years came and went from the time Bruce was crowned at Scone until he was in reality, as well as in name, the King of the Scots.

Not long after the victory of Loudonhill Bruce became very ill in Aberdeenshire. He was carried on a "litter" to a district where there was a chance of quiet and safety. His illness gave great anxiety to his friends. They watched over his recovery with throbbing hearts. Great was their joy when one day they saw his old dauntless spirit show itself once more. One by one the strongholds of Scotland were conquered by him or by his comrades. The tenants of Aylmer de Valence went over to Bruce. His fame, and the fame of his brave knights, spread throughout the land.

One day James of Douglas brought a present to his King. The present was a right brave one, for it was two men. The one man was a cousin of Douglas; the other was Randolph, the nephew of the King of the Scots. To Bruce it would seem only yesterday that the pleasant-faced youth had been a high-spirited little boy.

"You are now reconciled to me!" the King said. Very likely he was smiling.

"No, I am not reconciled to you. You seem to expect penitence from me, but I ask penitence from you," Randolph answered.

Doubtless the King admired the boldness of his headstrong nephew. He kept him captive for a time. When Randolph was brought into close intimacy with his uncle, he saw how mistaken he had been, and he soon became one of Bruce's most devoted followers.

About every stronghold there is a story. Have you heard how Randolph and a band of thirty men offered to climb the castle rock of Edinburgh, and succeeded in their task? It was a dark night. As they stopped to take breath on a little platform of rock a stone from the castle wall was flung over their heads, and the voice of a sentry called out, "I see you!" He did not see them, but in the hurry of the moment they thought they were

discovered. But not a man moved. After a little, with their rope ladders, it was possible to scale the wall and to surprise the garrison.

A man named William Bunnock was the hero of the capture of Linlithgow Castle. He had looked around him, and had seen the country side led and governed by Englishmen. When he set himself to do a thing he was not easily beaten. He asked for an ambush of men to be near the castle, on a day when he meant to lead in a waggon-load of hay. He rose very early one morning, and by sunrise had his waggon ready. Meantime he waited a little until he saw some of the soldiers leave the castle to work in the harvest field. He took a driver with him; his own task was to saunter idly by the side of his waggon. The castle gate was opened; the hay passed through it. Then from the hay there sprang eight armed men. The surprise was complete and the castle was won.

James of Douglas fell upon a very curious plan at Roxburgh Castle. This castle commanded Teviotdale, and was of great importance. Unless you have heard the story you are not likely to guess how he surprised the garrison. It was an evening in spring. It was likely to be dull and dark. He picked out about threescore of his men, and gave them strange instructions. They were to hide their armour with something black —anything would do. Then down on their hands they must go, and as "kye or oxen" stray toward the castle wall. Ladders of rope were easy to carry. The wall could be scaled, and the battle-cry of "Douglas!" could be in the ears of the garrison before there was any suspicion that a foe was near. The plan was a complete success.

But one of the best stories is about Perth. Bruce himself was there. He besieged the castle, but saw

it was to be a long and difficult task. So one day he appeared to withdraw his men from the place. The garrison thought he had given up hope, so no special care was taken to keep watch. One night Bruce and his men came quietly back to Perth. It was the middle of a night in January. With his spear Bruce tested the depth of the water in the moat, and finding the shallowest part, he stepped into it, up to his neck. A French knight who was with him was startled at this sudden drama. He saw with his own eyes one of the greatest knights of Christendom risk his life to win a "wretched hamlet." What enthusiasm! what knightly service! was his thought, and the next minute he too proved worthy of his belt and spurs and waded into the water. Many gallant men were ready for the adventure: the garrison was surprised, and one more stronghold was won. Bruce reminded his men that the Commander of Perth was a Scot and that many of the garrison were Scots, and there was to be as little bloodshed as possible, because the men were their kindred.

You can understand how the fame of Bruce grew in Scotland. The Bishop of Moray dared to say that to fight with Bruce was better than to go on a crusade. Deeds of daring followed deeds of daring, and still valour never tired. Patience and skill crowned the bravery.

We must now picture a new Scotland. Men looked round them with a glad surmise in their hearts. It was this: "Our country is here; it is our ancient heritage, and it shall be free."

At last a time came when Stirling Castle and Bothwell Castle were the only important strongholds retained by England. One spring Edward Bruce, in his "outrageous hardy" way, brought matters to a crisis by making an agreement with the Governor of Stirling that the fate of the castle should be decided by the next summer. If

not "relieved" by an English army it was to yield to the King of the Scots.

A decisive battle was the natural outcome of this plan. Edward II. of England thought that now all his troubles in Scotland could be brought to an end,—for preparations were to be made on a lavish scale, and Scotland was to be crushed at one blow. The flower of England's chivalry, the might of a great army,—all that wealth could give, and all that bravery could accomplish,—were at the service of the English king.

Edward came north with his army as light of heart as if he were on some pleasant pilgrimage. He brought in his train a poet to celebrate his victory. Never had such an army marched into Scotland. Edward, gay of mood, apportioned the land of his foes to his gallant knights. It was a triumphal march; words of menace might be flung to a conquered people. The bright sunbeams of the June days glanced on burnished armour and weapon until the whole land seemed as in a flame of fire. Banners and pennons waved in the light breeze. The army moved on to victory, the poet composed his song to the glory of England's king and England's knights.

Bruce prepared himself to meet his foe. He summoned Scotland. He faced the danger without lessening it in his own mind. But he was cheerful and friendly with all his comrades. He had great faith in his army. His heart was set on one thing, and that was that his men should fight full of courage and hope. Edward Bruce was in command of a "hardy" well-armed company; Walter the Steward led men who looked "noble" for the fight, and with him was James of Douglas and his undismayed warriors. Randolph's men looked ready to maintain their "might." These were the great leaders. Bruce saw and approved also the men of Carrick, of Argyle, of Cantyre, and of the Isles. The King gave

a "joyful welcome" to all; his courage rose high; men of "so great will" must be hard to beat.

Bruce pondered the fearful odds against him. Nothing could dismay him, and nothing could lessen his wise energy. He chose his battle-ground, near Stirling, with the greatest prudence and forethought. His plan was to await the English attack. The cavalry and knighthood of England — yes! he knew their might. So during a whole night—for a June night can be a working day—he helped at the making of little "pits" in the field near the Bannock burn. These pits were the depth of a man's knee, and they were so close together that the ground was honeycombed with them. Light brushwood was spread over them, and the green sods replaced. That was to hamper and entrap the English cavalry: Bruce knew want of space must be the chief difficulty of the vast English army. The archers—yes! no Scottish bowmen could equal them. They would be fatal. Then they must be met some other way. He had a small detachment of cavalry; his cavalry could rush the bowmen if time were well chosen and nerve did not fail. Then his pikemen must do brave service. Edward Bruce was given the command to the right, Randolph was to lead the centre, and the generous-hearted Douglas was to share the left with his young cousin Walter the Steward. The King's place was behind with the reserve, and farther to the rear the baggage-carriers could wait on the knoll.

But when England's vast array was full in the sight of the Scottish army, did Bruce fear his men might lose heart? He rode up and down on his palfrey, before his own ranks, with every sign of easy courage. Hearts warmed at the sight of their King.

Suddenly from the English ranks a knight challenged him to combat. The knight was Henry de Bohun. He

was on his war-horse, and rushed straight on the Scottish King. Ah! Men held their breath. With his army looking on was Bruce to die? But the palfrey, light of movement with its peerless rider, swerved to the side, and for the moment Bruce was safe. Then rising in his stirrups, and with the might of do or die in his arm, he swung his battle-axe, and with one blow De Bohun was dead.

Men see it. True and faithful knights gather round the King; hearts beat quickly after the newly escaped danger. The excitement of Bruce is great, but his self-control is greater. For answer he holds up his battle-axe and says quietly, "I have broken my good hand-axe."

The effect on the Scottish army was extraordinary. And now they hear also that Randolph has fought an English detachment near Stirling, and has won. They were eager for the fight. Bruce gave instructions about levelled spears, gave emphatic advice about order and discipline, and thought of everything. His knights answered him they would "refuse no pain," so that they might "free their country." By daybreak on the morrow they would be ready for the battle.

Bruce still spoke to his men. Many things were in their favour, he told his brave army. They had right on their side; they were in their own country, and their opponents fought only for conquest.

"Who will fight for life? for home? for freedom?"

Hark to the shout that answers the King.

The enthusiasm of the Scots was joined to all that is sacred in the human heart. Life and death were noble, they were allied alike to noble ends. By three o'clock on that June morning the day had begun. An Abbot, with the solemn rites of his faith, consecrated the Scottish army; he passed in front of the kneeling ranks bearing the Crucifix.

"Will those Scots fight against the might of England?" The question was put to an English knight by King Edward. "See, they kneel to ask mercy."

"They ask mercy, but not from England; those men will win or die."

"So be it!" was the English King's disdainful reply.

The Royal banner of England was unfurled; the trumpets sounded the "Advance."

The chief English generals were the Earl of Gloucester and Sir Aylmer de Valence. A famous knight bore Edward's shield; the renowned De Argentine was given charge of his bridle rein.

The battle raged. Bruce had laid his plans right manfully. He watched and noted every movement. He saw his cavalry were dispersing the famous English bowmen. "Press on them, faster, and they are vanquished!" he cried.

The battle raged. The English cavalry became one wild mass of confusion. "On them! on them! they fail, they fail!" was the Scottish shout.

And then there came the moment when De Argentine turned his monarch's rein and bade him ride to some place of safety. "As for me, I choose to die," and rushing into the fight, shouting his battle-cry "De Argentine!" he was slain.

Edward II. reached Stirling Castle, but he was urged to seek some safer place. So he and his retinue fled to the east coast, with the Douglas in hot pursuit. Edward reached Dunbar in safety, and escaped by sea to England.

On the morrow, at daybreak, Bruce walked over the field of his great victory. An English knight rose from among some bushes. Strange emotions must have filled the hearts of both men as the knight knelt to the King of the Scots. "Sir Marmaduke de Twenge!" ex-

claimed Bruce, as he recognised an old friend; "and to whom are you prisoner?"

"To no man but to you, Sir King," was the knight's answer. Bruce treated him with knightly courtesy. "You shall go home to England without ransom," was his generous judgment.

The King was dwelling for some little time at Stirling, and the knight accompanied him to the town.

The shield-bearer of King Edward was also a prisoner, and he was set free without a ransom.

It is not surprising that many of the English knights had changed thoughts about the King of the Scots after Bannockburn; their enmity was turned to admiration and esteem. The Governor of Stirling Castle joined the cause of Bruce; he was Sir Philip de Mowbray, the same knight who unhorsed Bruce at Methven. Many an English knight and many an English noble lay dead. The body of the great Earl of Gloucester was borne to a church, and then sent to England for burial. Lord Clifford was dead; honourable burial awaited him also. But the list of names of honour who found their death at Bannockburn is a long and sad one. It is said that 200 pairs of gilded knightly spurs lay on the battle-field. The knights were buried with knightly honours, and those slain of less noble rank received fitting burial.

The loss among the Scots was as nothing compared to the losses of England. Only two knights of fame fell on the field of Bannockburn; and the whole brave army lost comparatively a small number of men.

Among the prisoners was the English poet. He paid his ransom by changing his Latin verses from an English to a Scottish victory!

Noble prisoners were exchanged for Scottish prisoners who had been long in England. The Queen and Mar-

jory, and the sisters of Bruce, were now set free. There was another prisoner who now came back to Scotland, and whom we must remember. That prisoner was Bishop Wishart of Glasgow, *blind* from his captivity. Bruce had always felt in his heart "the imprisonment and chains" which the Bishop had endured for Scotland's sake. His kind and generous heart must have beat high with tender emotion when he knelt to receive the blessing of the Bishop, who could no longer see the face that looked up at him with affection and gratitude.

CHAPTER IV.

"Peace hath her Victories
No less renowned than War."
—MILTON.

Robert, King of the Scots, was now established on his throne. Many difficulties had still to be met, but he had the gift of sweet reasonableness, and was tactful and prudent.

Even after Bannockburn the King of the Scots was not acknowledged as a lawful king by the King of England or by the Pope of Rome. Let us first take the Pope of Rome. In the struggle between England and Scotland the Pope had at first taken the side of Scotland, and had tried to turn Edward I. from his line of policy. But Edward refused to listen or to allow any interference between him and Scotland. So the matter rested with a trial of strength in favour of Edward I. But on the death of the "Red Comyn" there was a change in the view of the Pope. Bruce

was an outlaw and excommunicated. Not that the Pope knew much about Comyn; in the papal Bull, Dumfries is written "Dynifis." But it became a difficult question for the Pope, because Bruce was determined to maintain his right as a lawful king. In the end a Bishop and an Archdeacon came to Scotland to see what could be done. They bore letters from the Pope addressed to "Sir Robert the Bruce," and these were meant to be presented to the King. The King listened while an open letter was read to him, but the sealed letters he would not allow to be opened. He was quite pleasant about it, but he was also very firm. These letters were not for him, he said. Among his knights, the Bishop and the Archdeacon might find one of that name, he said, and when that knight was found the letters were for him. It was really rather an uneasy position. The ecclesiastics grew confused and a little apologetic. Before them was the King of the Scots surrounded, if ever man was, by loyalty and affection. How could they persist, under the glance of these sparkling blue eyes, that they stood in the presence of a knight, Robert the Bruce? They could do nothing but go home again. Then a Friar came, but he fared worse. He never saw the King. On his journey southward somebody robbed him of his letters: among loyal subjects there was sure to be a man who could not resist the little adventure.

So there was an end of the matter in the meantime. But we must remember Bruce wished to be reconciled with the Pope, although he was determined Scotland should be acknowledged as an independent country. By-and-by politic letters passed between the Pope and the English king, and at last Bruce won the day. An appeal to Christendom had been sent from Scotland. It set forth the praises of the ancient kingdom, and of the reigning "lord and sovereign." One sentence was,

"Whilst there exist a hundred of us, we will never submit to England." At last the Pope acknowledged Robert the Bruce as a lawful king, and authorised the "anointing" of the next King of the Scots.

Fourteen years from the date of Bannockburn were to pass before the English king deigned to acknowledge Robert the Bruce as a lawful sovereign. The natural consequence was, that there was a good deal of warfare between England and Scotland. The Scots made raids over the border. Berwick was seized. Great deeds of daring continued to fill the minds of the "hardy" Scots. The best loved hero after the King was James of Douglas. People said he was a "brave hammerer" of the English. His exploits were endless. It was said he was thirteen times defeated and fifty-seven times victorious. His face was without a scar. When he was asked about this one day he answered, in his "blithe" way, that his hands could always save his head. His shield, known everywhere, bore three silver stars on an azure ground. To the Scots he became "the good Sir James." But to the English he showed another countenance. His grey face, framed in the black hair, could in battle show a look of wrath, and to his enemies he was therefore known as "the Black Douglas."

Scotland became a land where many tales of bravery were told. Ladies sang of the deeds of Bruce. The songs were so well known that nobody wrote them, so we do not know the words. They sometimes sang, in a different strain, of England. One song began—

"Maidens of England, sore may ye mourn."

It was perhaps natural that the Scots should use their wit against England. The Scottish soldiers were unused to comfort, and made light of all kinds of hardships.

Each soldier carried with him some oatmeal with which to make his own bread, or "oatcake." A Frenchman wrote a description of how the Scot made his oatcake; the manner has not changed much in 600 years; the Frenchman rightly called it, like "a cracknel or biscuit." Also, the Scot was not used to the sight of the gay "liveries" of the great Barons of the south of England. The beflowered gaiety was the cause of a sarcastic rhyme—

"Painted hoods witless,
Gay coats graceless,
Make England thriftless!"

When the English raided the Lothians they fared very badly. By the advice of Bruce all the cattle were driven away from the district where invasion was expected. Once an English army came to Edinburgh. Ships had been sent with provisions, but these ships did not appear in the Forth at their proper time. Three days the army remained about Edinburgh. Provisions were scarce. The English soldier had no little bag of oatmeal slung to his saddle. Men were sent to look for food. No cattle were to be seen. But at last a poor lame animal was found near Tranent. An English earl, the Earl of Warenne, looked at it. Then he said, "Poor beast, you are very dear! You have cost us a thousand pounds or more." The English army went home.

You can imagine many people liked to tell that story. But there were steadfast hearts who remembered only the one great purpose, the independence of Scotland, and who did not require to dwell on little incidents. James of Douglas, we are told, was never "over glad for winning," and never "over sad for tineing" (losing). That was the spirit in which to secure freedom.

A sad fate befell Edward Bruce. He went to Ireland,

in his own adventurous fashion, to break the power of the English nobles in that country. He had some success and was crowned King, but disaster soon followed, and he was slain.

Year after year Bruce worked for the unity and good order of his kingdom. He took advice from his Barons, and he also summoned what we now call "Parliaments." It is to his honour that he asked the Royal Burghs to send representatives so that he might consult with the people as well as with the nobles and clergy. Doubtless Bruce remembered the policy of Edward I. and his great example of an English "Parliament."

Let us think of Bruce in his prosperity. The home he liked best was Cardross Castle, on the east shore of the Clyde in Dumbartonshire. But he resided also at other castles. Perth was, perhaps, his chief town; there was no town called "the capital." It must have been a great joy to him to have the Queen and Marjory again after all the years of separation. During the long years of captivity Marjory had left her girlhood behind her. She soon married. Her husband was Walter the Steward, the noble representative of a family that for long had been important in Scotland. Who so worthy of the hand of the King's daughter? The girl, who had early known sorrow, now found happiness.

The Queen, we can fancy, often talked of the dreary time she spent in prison. Did she laugh as she told that the strict order was that "her waiting-woman should be advanced in life, sedate, and of good conversation." She remembered James of Douglas, and Sir Robert Boyd, and many other knights. Their wanderings in the Highlands, we may imagine, were often recalled. Hardships are viewed lightly when the good end has come.

We are so apt to think that there was nothing but war going on because we read so much about battles. If we

could suddenly find ourselves in Scotland after the year of Bannockburn, we might be surprised at the good order of the land. There was a feeling of blitheness everywhere. Men had done brave deeds and were proud of them. Neighbours looked at each other with a great friendliness. Together they had won their freedom.

Fields were cultivated; cattle and sheep grazed quietly amid the pasture. Craftsmen plied their handicrafts. It is a little strange to remember that if we had walked through a Burgh in those days we should have known by each man's dress whether he made his living as a trader or a craftsmen; for each there was a distinct rule and fashion. Men worked at their trades in full view of every passer-by, so we could have watched them. Booths there were in plenty where we could have bought cooking-pans, or furs, or linen thread, or cloth, or spices, or other things our fancy demanded. Then in every Burgh there was the Market Cross where prices were fixed. It may be that as "good Sir James" and Sir Robert Boyd passed along a street in Stirling, or Perth, or Edinburgh, they reminded each other of the old days in the Isle of Rathlin.

The King spent some of his leisure on the Clyde. He loved its waters. His accounts may still be read. He paid 40 shillings for a net to catch great and small fish. Then hawking also was a very favourite pursuit. He put a new roof on his falcon house, and the cost of it may still be seen. He also kept a lion,—why, we do not know.

But we must not forget that Bruce had many sorrows. His daughter Marjory died young. She left one little boy named Robert who, long after, became the first Stewart king in Scotland.

Bruce had other daughters now, but they were much younger, quite little children. They were too young to

feel the sadness of Marjory's death. But as Bruce watched them at their play he must often have remembered his motherless daughter, who had been separated from him in her childhood, and who had grown up in captivity, and who had been given such a short time of happiness. He had one son, the youngest of his children, named David. The Queen died before David was four years old. Bruce was thus left very lonely. The future of his children was often in his mind.

It was another grief when Walter the Steward, Marjory's husband, died. Bruce was not an old man, but in some ways his fate was the fate of an old man. He was the last of that band of brothers who had played together at Turnberry. Many faithful comrades were still around him. But many were dead. The Earl of Athol and Sir Christopher Seton were, as you know, dead long ago. Sir Neil Campbell died the year after Bannockburn. Bishop Wishart was also dead.

Bruce had a great affection for his nephew, Randolph Earl of Moray. And we must always remember his faithful friend James of Douglas. The "good Sir James" now owned his father's heritage, and Bruce had also given him grants of land in Teviotdale and Lauderdale, and grants of the Forests of Selkirk, Ettrick, and Traquair. But one day—it was a winter day of 1324, and it was at Berwick, the town where the father of Douglas had suffered in prison—Bruce gave a different grant. It was not of land this time. It was a charter giving Sir James of Douglas right of "jurisdiction" or law on his different lands. Douglas had consented that some French knights, who had been taken prisoners, should be sent home without ransom. Bruce wished to thank Douglas for this generosity. But after all a charter seemed cold and formal. The monarch who gave and the knight who accepted were bound to each other by

years of mutual love and friendship. How did Bruce make the charter a gift of love? He took from his own hand a ring set with an emerald, and put it on the hand of James of Douglas. As the hands touched we can imagine these two men looked at each other with hearts too full for words. The charter became known as the "Emerald Charter."

The ill-health of Bruce began to give alarm to his friends. The great privations he had endured so cheerfully had told on his strength. In his last days there was much to reassure him that Scotland was saved.

The chances of time had brought another Edward to the English throne, Edward III. It was found to be the best policy to acknowledge Scotland was an independent country. Edward gave back to Scotland the "Black Cross," and he promised to return the "Stone of Destiny." A treaty was made between the two countries, and Scotland was declared to be free and independent with a lawful and rightful king. It was further arranged that the little sister of Edward III., "Joan of the Tower," should be betrothed to David of Scotland. Edward III. was the grandson of the king who had treated Bruce as a rebel, but other times had come and another Edward addressed him now as his "dearest friend," "the King of the Scots."

The little English girl came to Scotland to grow up in the country where she was one day to be Queen. James of Douglas and Randolph of Moray met her at Berwick. The Scots soon found her a new name: they called her "Joan makepeace." It was hoped that a "perpetual peace" had now begun, but, alas! that hope was to prove mistaken.

Bruce was too ill to go to Berwick to meet the little English princess. He knew he could not live long; his task was accomplished, his days were ended.

It was one of the dreams of his later years to go on a crusade to the Holy Land. Many "sakless" (innocent) men had died in the war of independence; he thought the death of the foes of Christendom would atone for the bloodshed. He longed for one more adventure, one more great fight, and this time against the Saracens. He was a faithful and true knight; every knight when hearing the Gospel read was bound to hold the point of his sword before him as a sign that he was willing to die for his faith. The great glory of the crusades had gone by; a crusade was no longer an Eastern conquest, but it remained the pious duty of a Christian knight. There grew up in the mind of Bruce a wish that his heart might be borne by one of his knights to the Holy Land.

The men around Bruce knew of this wish. Who was worthy? One name rose to their lips; it was "James of Douglas," the "dear and gallant friend."

It all happened long ago, but we see the Douglas and his King. We hear the fond words on either side. We listen to that charge and that promise. We watch the two faces as the low words are spoken. We feel the pauses and the tears.

To Randolph of Moray there was also given a solemn charge. He was appointed guardian of the boy king, David.

Bruce died at Cardross Castle on June 7, 1329. He was fifty-five years old. From homestead to homestead the tidings were borne. The King was dead. Strong men wrung their hands and burst into tears. Scotland was bereaved. What was Bruce to these men? He was, they said, their strength and their solace, their joy and their pride. Good men remained in the land, but he was "*the best.*"

The King of the Scots was buried in Dunfermline

Abbey, Scotland's royal resting-place. A tomb, splendid as craftsmen could fashion it, rose over his grave.

His heart was encased in silver and enamel, and James of Douglas wore it round his neck, the King's heart on his heart. He set forth with a band of knights to fight for the Cross; but he never reached Palestine. He journeyed by way of Spain, and there was slain, fighting against the Moors. His bones and the heart of Bruce were brought home to Scotland. The heart of Bruce was buried in Melrose Abbey.

The "good Sir James" was buried in the Church of Douglas. His effigy, or likeness, in stone was placed on his tomb. He lay like a warrior, his right arm grasping his sword, his left arm bearing his shield. On the Douglas shield, under the three stars, there was now added the likeness of a heart. The tomb may still be seen, with the figure of the knight, much broken now, resting upon it.

The grave of Bruce is still known, but of his tomb nothing remains. Melrose Abbey is a ruin, but it holds the grave of the heart of the great king.

Of Cardross Castle not a stone remains. Turnberry Castle is long a ruin. The "Earl of Carrick" is one of the proud titles of the Prince of Wales.

Only one king of the Scots keeps his uncrowned name, and that king is Robert the Bruce. It is not because he was less than a king: he was of royal blood, and his throne was ancient and honourable. But it is because he was more than a king. He was "the best who lived in his day." It was long remembered that he was sought for throughout Scotland "like some lost or stolen thing." The love of his people atoned for the woes that he suffered.

The "Stone of Destiny" was never returned to the Scots. To this day it is in Westminster Abbey. It has

found a place of high honour, for it is under the coronation chair of the British sovereign. That sovereign is a descendant of Edward I., and also of Robert the Bruce. England no longer vexes and hinders Scotland, and Scotland no longer vexes and hinders England. For long the two countries have been united, and, with love and mutual esteem, they share the same great destiny.

MARY, QUEEN OF SCOTS.

[1542–1587.]

CHAPTER I.

"No man ever saw her without love, or will read her history without pity."—BRANTÔME.

THE King lay dying at Falkland. The hunting palace, set in the midst of the woods of Fife and remote from the stir of cities, had always been his chosen retreat. Many a time he had sought his pleasure there, and now he came to it for shelter, to die there in such peace as his torn spirit might find. King James V. was young still. He had known life in many aspects. Gay, gallant, generous, beloved of his people, the sorrows that befell him were crowded into his last five years,—beginning with the death of his young bride, the gentle Magdaleine of France; then after his marriage to another daughter of France, Mary of Guise, and the birth of his two sons, the fulfilment of his dearest hopes, he had to suffer the cruel bereavement of losing both these children within a few hours of each other. Face to face with a desolate home and a throne without an heir, a deep melancholy possessed him. Even then his fortitude might have returned; but a worse blow was to follow, for in the disaster of Solway Moss he judged his kingly honour

touched. His was not a nature fitted to rise above misfortune. It may be truly said that he died of a broken heart.

Now even anxiety was at an end; the worst had befallen, and he waited with patience for death. Yet in these last dark days the greatest event of his reign was to befall. As he lay, surrounded by a very few chosen friends, upon the bed from which he was never to rise, there came the sound of horsemen riding into the courtyard of the palace. They came in haste, in joyful haste, to where the King lay, for they had great news to tell. They had ridden from Linlithgow—the palace that lay on the other side of the waters of the Forth—to tell the King that a child was born to him. The King asked if the baby "were a man-child or a woman." The messenger said, "It is a fair daughter." "Adieu! farewell!" was the King's reply; "it came with a lass, and it will go with a lass"—and so "he recommended himself to the mercy of Almighty God, and spake little from that time forth, but turned his back unto his lords, and his face to the wall."

He was thinking of the crown of Scotland, and of how a woman, Marjory Bruce, had brought it to the Stewarts; and perhaps he thought, too, how little chance a girl would have of holding to her rights in these bitter times. A hundred and sixty years later his prophecy was fulfilled, for the last Stewart to wear the crown was a woman.

James V. never saw his little daughter, for he only survived a few days, and at Linlithgow Palace the baby princess became the Queen of Scots,—to be in due time the most charming and the most unfortunate queen in all history. But the days of her sorrows were as yet very far off, and we can first think of her as bringing consolation and joy to the widowed queen, her mother.

Mary was born on December 8, 1542. The contests which began about her cradle brought war upon the nation almost at once. She came in the midst of disaster, when the country was throbbing with indignation at the national disgrace of Solway Moss, and sorrowing for the loss of the young King. She should have come as a herald of hope, of prosperity, of peace; she was received with joy, it is true, but instantly became the centre of bitter contention. No one ever had a stormier entrance on the scene of life. To Mary of Guise, the mother, who at twenty-seven years old was brought face to face with most complicated and difficult situations, the care of the child was charged with perplexities and pressing anxiety. The Governor of Linlithgow was the Earl of Arran, and it so happened that he was the next heir to the throne; only the frail life of the baby Mary stood between him and the dazzling prize of the crown of Scotland. Next in value to the crown was the office of the Regency, and this he succeeded in obtaining, for it was the ancient custom of the country to make the next prince of the blood regent during a monarch's minority. Still, he did not obtain it without a severe struggle with Cardinal Beaton and his party, who put forward the late King's warrant for their claim. All the hectoring and wrangling went on about the palace, where the mother jealously guarded her treasure,—not in these early days caring very much who was regent, as long as no attempt was made to separate her from the child. The Earl of Arran had a son, Lord Hamilton, at this time a boy of seven. Unwilling to let the hope of the crown pass away from his family, he proposed a treaty of marriage between his boy and the infant Mary, when she was but eight days old. The mother, afraid to refuse outright and offend so powerful a kinsman, received the suggestion as cordially as she could. Perhaps in her deal-

ings she was often more clever than sincere, but it must be remembered that she was in a defenceless position, and had before her the most difficult of tasks—that of keeping friendship with various powerful nobles, all opposed in aims and ambitions. Beyond all the perils and perplexities one great danger threatened. Henry VIII., King of England, had long cast covetous eyes upon the neighbouring realm of Scotland. The death of his nephew James V., and the birth of the child Mary, suggested the possibility of possessing himself of the country, breaking the power of the Scottish chiefs, and turning Scotland into a dependency. This had long been his dream, and now the way seemed easy. Ambassadors were sent to demand the hand of Mary in marriage for his son Edward. The consternation of Mary of Guise can be imagined. Henry was a dangerous enemy and a treacherous friend. To refuse openly and promptly would bring wrath and war upon the realm. Again the mother temporised, held long interviews with Sir Ralph Sadler, the King's ambassador, and seemed indeed to consent to the marriage treaty. Then came a worse demand—that the person of the baby Queen should be confided to Henry. Here the queen-mother stood firm, absolutely declining to let her daughter pass out of Scotland. She knew that here she dared to be firm, for had she wavered the whole nation would have risen in arms. Though few of her subjects had ever seen the little baby in her close retreat at Linlithgow, she represented to them the royal family that had ruled Scotland for one hundred and seventy years; her person was sacred, her rights divine. The reply that Sir George Douglas gave to Sir Ralph Sadler when he urged that the care of the infant should be confided to Henry, shows the temper of her people. "There is not a boy so little but he would hurl stones at the abettors of it; the women would do battle against it with their distaffs; the com-

mons universally would rather die in the quarrel than permit it."

Henry knew that the Castle of Linlithgow was capable of only the feeblest defence; he had an army on the borders. So when the marriage negotiations seemed strained to breaking-point he became peremptory, and, as if he were already King of Scotland, ordered the instant removal of the child from its mother to the dark fortress of Tantallon.

Then the nobles and gentlemen of Scotland knew that the time had come for action, that the affair could no longer be left in the hands of the queen-mother. There had been a great deal of quarrelling amongst them until this grave danger threatened the little Queen; now they became united in one object. The Earl of Lennox had once supported Prince Edward of England in his claims, yet he now joined in forming a scheme for rescuing the Queen from her defenceless position at Linlithgow, and removing her to the safety of the fortress of Stirling Castle.

It was in July 1543 that Mary the Queen undertook her first journey. Many and many a journey was she fated to make in the years that were coming,—perilous enterprises, gay adventures, pleasurable, miserable, sometimes as a soldier, sometimes as a captive,—but this first adventure makes a gallant picture. Ten thousand armed men formed the first escort of her babyhood. Round her gathered the best blood and the loyallest hearts of Scotland, all rivalries, feuds, and ancient enmities put aside in the strong sentiment that stirred them to action. With one hope and one determination the cavalcade poured out of the town of Linlithgow across the rough roads to where the great castle on its mighty rock at Stirling offered security and peace.

In new safety, and with her chief anxiety removed,

the queen-mother was obliged to entertain still further plans for the obnoxious marriage,—indeed only a month passed before the little Queen was betrothed to her cousin Edward of England. Furthermore, it was agreed that she should be sent to England when she had reached the age of ten years. The engagement lasted one fortnight. To increase King Henry's rage at the breaking of the treaty, the coronation of the Queen was held at Stirling, she being then nine months old. She cried during the whole ceremony: no doubt any baby would have objected to the crown held on its head, the sceptre in its hand, and the Sword of State girded at its side. The coronation brought war on the country, inflaming the rage of King Henry, who again ordered her to be seized, and being told that the castle was an impregnable fortress, he took revenge by invading Scotland. He devastated the Lowlands, burnt Edinburgh, sacked Holyrood, destroyed Leith, Granton, and many villages, with fearful barbarities. The war lasted five years, while the innocent cause of so much bloodshed and disaster grew and prospered in the shelter of the rocky fortress. In the midst of the political turmoil of the day we lose sight of the little Queen. Very few stories of her childhood have been chronicled, but one is told of her when she was only three years old—a mere baby indeed. It must have happened at Stirling. Cardinal Beaton, dressed in his red robes, entered the room where the child was. In a sudden terror she cried out, "Kill Redeaton! kill Redeaton! He will take me away." What she meant is clear enough: her nurses must have sung to her the old Scottish nursery rhyme—

"The *red Etin* of Ireland
He lived in Ballygan,
He stole King Malcolm's daughter,
The King of fair Scotland;

He beats her, he binds her,
He lays on her a band,
And every day he dings her
With a bright silver wand."

Red Etin was the old Scottish and Irish "Bogey-man" of nursery tales.

If Henry hoped to force the Scottish people to yield their Queen, he took a mistaken course. The effect of the war was not to subdue the country, but to engage the sympathies of France, who, entering into a new alliance with Scotland, proposed that the eldest son of Henry II., the Dauphin Francis, should marry Queen Mary. Henry VIII. died between his defeat of Ancrum Moor and the victory of Pinkie, but neither victory nor defeat affected the fate of the Queen. The birth of the Dauphin had finally ended the hopes both of Edward of England and of Lord Arran,—for in the thoughts of Mary of Guise, herself a Frenchwoman, no marriage seemed so desirable and brilliant for her child as that with the eldest son of France, although he was but a delicate baby, a year younger than Mary.

It was at this time that Mary was removed from Stirling Castle to the island of Inchmahome, in the Lake of Menteith, for further safety, and perhaps also for the sake of her health. She was five years old, and is described as a "very goodly child." Her companions on the island were her mother, her old nurse, and the four little girls who come so often into her story, the Queen's Maries—Mary Beaton, Mary Seton, Mary Livingston, and Mary Fleming. Besides these, more than one tutor and a governess were there, so there must have been work as well as play for the Queen and the Maries. Lessons could not have been troublesome to Mary, whose intellect was always of the brightest, and who had a natural love of learning, even

C. Martin Hardie, R.S.A.

AN UNRECORDED CORONATION.

From the picture in the possession of Sir Oliver Riddell.

in these very early days. Half French by birth, she spoke the language as naturally and fluently as English, and she learnt History, Geography, and Latin. We hear also of embroidery and tapestry work,—hard tasks for such tiny fingers, but the taste for needlework remained with her all her life, and was to be a solace to her through many a dreary day. Here is a picture of her dress as she appeared at Inchmahome: "Her shining hair, which in childhood was of bright golden yellow, was bound with a rose-coloured satin snood; and she wore a tartan scarf over her black silk, fastened with a golden agrafe, engraved with the united arms of Scotland and Lorraine." The happy child, the centre of all interest in the simple life of the island convent, was adored by all her little court; probably her first recollections in after life would be of the "happy play in grassy places" at Inchmahome,—though it was only her shelter for a very few months. Her garden is still shown on the island, but as she was only there during that one winter, even if she busied herself in planting flowers, she never could have seen them blossom.

All that winter her anxious mother was busy with the marriage plans with the Dauphin Francis. The Scots Parliament had consented, not only to the marriage, but that the little Queen should be taken away to be brought up in France, so that in February 1548 she was carried away to Dumbarton, on the west coast, which was then one of the most important fortresses in Scotland, there to await an escort from France. The escort never came for five months, but it must be supposed it would not seem a time of waiting to her, for the four Maries and her tutors and governesses were with her, and the same studies and plays would go on. One great source of pleasure was the companionship of her three half-brothers — Lord James, Lord John, and Lord Robert

Stewart. The eldest of these, Lord James, then a boy of fourteen, made so deep an impression on her childish mind, that in after years his influence never ceased to count for a great deal.

We can fancy the excitement among the group of children when they saw the French escort coming at last, and the galleys of the convoy came sailing up the Clyde. It was on the 7th of August, and no doubt in the summer weather all were joyously expecting a delightful journey to the French coast. Mary went on board with her four Maries, her three brothers, her two Lord Keepers, and a hundred followers of all sorts. But one friend, the best and most loving of all, was left behind. Mary of Guise did not go with her little daughter into her new life. To our present ideas such a separation seems cruel and needless; but royal families in these old times were expected to bear such trials with fortitude, and nothing is more surprising than to find how constantly it was the custom for royal children to be brought up apart from their parents. Mary of Guise judged that her duty lay in Scotland, to keep the kingdom as best she could for her child.

Mary's first sea voyage proved perilous and long. Fortunately the English ships of war which had been sent to capture her chose the east coast, and were seen off St Abb's Head at the time the French convoy was bearing her safely away. But winds were high and the weather wretched. The children and their protectors were sea-sick—those who have experienced the misery can sympathise with poor unreasonable Lady Fleming, who repeatedly begged to be put on shore. The unfortunate French captain was driven to forget his native politeness, and told her that "she should go to France or drown by the way."

The miserable journey came to an end at last, after

many days of tossing off the coast of Bretagne, and the galleys touched at the rocky village of Roscoff. There Mary and her hundred followers landed on August 20.

Thus Mary came to France at five years old, and there she remained till she was eighteen — passing thirteen happy years.

From Roscoff Mary was conducted to the ancient city of Morlaix. She was met with all honour by the Lord of Rohan and all the nobility of the district, and her first act was to go to the great church there to render thanks for her escape from the perils of the sea. The whole party remained two days at Morlaix to recover the effects of the voyage, and then took ship again and sailed up the Loire to Orleans, travelling ultimately to the palace of St Germain-en-Saye, where the French Court was then established. The journey occupied two months. The cavalcade, no doubt, would make a gallant sight, riding through the pleasant land of France in the summer weather, — the happy party of children in the midst, grouped round the little Queen of Scots. She was received with delight, and the joyful event of her coming was celebrated at each town on the way in a manner that no doubt gave her pleasure, though nowadays it would be thought a doubtful benefit,—all the prisoners in the town jails were set free.

The palace of St Germain, on the banks of the Seine, and within easy reach of Paris, would no doubt seem very splendid to Mary and her companions after the rugged simplicity of Stirling and Dumbarton. Even to a child of five the change must have seemed very great. The sense of impending danger had always hung over the little northern Court—a stern shadow. The grey skies and the grey monotony of a Court that had neither the means nor the security to be able to flash forth into the grace of culture or of ceremonial could not yet have

set its sombre seal on the childish heart, yet even a child would in a measure feel the transition to the most brilliant, the richest, the most powerful Court of Europe, where France, nearly at the height of her splendour, gathered round her king a circle of genius, beauty, and wealth beyond anything that Europe had known. Mary of Guise well knew how alien and alluring a world beckoned her daughter away from wild Scotland,—what a radiant life of laughter, music, and poetry was to be exchanged for the perilous days she had known. Under the suns of France Mary would learn happiness, the joy of life, that seemed so easily shadowed in the mists of her own grey kingdom.

Yet to France and to her French training Mary owed the dark consequences that were to embitter her life, and to end only in her tragic death. The lessons that French royalty had to teach were ill suited to the traditions of her Scottish subjects. She might have reigned brilliantly as Queen of France,—her sorrow lay in the fact that she was fated to reign as Queen of Scotland.

But the sad years were yet far distant, and when Mary came to France, bringing the light heart and eager intellect that were to make her beloved of so many, the pleasures of the new life thronged upon her from the first.

The King of France, Henri II., was most anxious the little Scottish Queen should be received with all honour. His own order for the preparations at St Germain are quaint: the Castle was to be *cleaned*, and all persons with any infectious disease were to be removed from all the villages near. Her own apartments were to be under those of the King and Queen. He also arranged for the rank she was to take: "I wish her to walk before my daughters. For the marriage of her with my son is settled. And besides, she is a crowned queen; as such I wish her to be honoured and served."

Probably Mary did not trouble herself with any questions of the kind. Her eagerness would be to see the little children who were to be for so long her playfellows and schoolfellows; and the Dauphin Francis would specially attract her, for, though more than a year younger, he was the nearest to her in age. This little prince, now four years old, was waiting at St Germain to welcome his future bride. The other royal children were there too—Elizabeth, three years old at this time, and Claude, not yet one year. Elizabeth became Mary's great friend and chief comrade as they grew up side by side, but the little Dauphin was always a welcome companion too. A very delicate boy, his weakness and timidity awoke in the spirited and healthful Mary a sense of protecting love—a love which, through all his short and suffering life, was to be a solace and a strength. In 1547 he had an attack of smallpox, and, in truth, never got over its effects. His perpetual ailments and want of vitality were at last attributed by the baffled doctors to the fact that he did not blow his nose often enough! His parents were always moving him about hopefully from one place to another, but he continued very weakly and undeveloped. Yet he had a certain fineness of nature—a great deal of tenderness for those whom he loved, and for animals. His instincts were noble. Mary with her resplendent health, her abounding vitality, was a fascinating companion. Loving horses and sport of all kinds, she made him love them too. Four Shetland ponies had been sent from Scotland as a present to the little boy, with four black velvet saddles, and perhaps he and Mary may have learnt to ride on these little ponies. While in France Mary became a splendid horsewoman.

When King Henri II. first saw the little Scottish Queen he said, "It is the most perfect child I ever

saw." Her beauty, her cleverness, her unfailing spirits made her, even at this very early age, the life of the Court. Her four Maries were at this time removed from her for a while and sent to a convent to be educated—"that they may forget Scotland," the King said; but many of her Scottish followers remained in her service, and she seems to have lived in the midst of a large concourse of playfellows and courtiers.

There had been only three royal children of France to greet her when she came, but the family group grew larger. Louis was born in 1548: he only lived two years, but three little brothers followed—Charles, Henri, and Francois, and another little girl, Marguerite. Besides the royal family, thirty-seven children lived at Court, and acted as "children of honour." There was no lack of playfellows, and no lack of excitement and change. It is astonishing how the Court was moved about from one palace to another. The household was enormous: an incredible number of dependents, confessors, tutors, chaplains, chamberlains, gentlemen-in-waiting, secretaries, doctors, barbers, valets, porters,—a host of servants of all degrees. There was one water-carrier for this army,—but the free use of water was then considered dangerous. Also there were but two washerwomen. The amount of luggage, when the Court made its perpetual moves, was appalling, for furniture as well as wearing-apparel was carted about, and the cavalcades must have been miles long, proceeding heavily over the bad roads from one castle to another. It was never thought safe to remain long in one building, and no wonder, for there was no sanitation of any kind, and there was constant fear of epidemics of illness. The food procured in the neighbourhood would also quickly be consumed. In one year, Mary was in residence at sixteen different palaces.

Besides the crowds of human beings and their belongings, in every place were assembled a variety of animals of all kinds. In 1551 four large dogs (muzzled) were kept at one castle, and twenty-two little house dogs; horses and ponies there were, of course,—an increasing store, as the children constantly received presents of horses,—tame birds, packs of hounds, and falcons. There were African snakes, wolves, ostriches, wild boars, and at least four bears. Wandering actors, acrobats, mummers, and maskers all found welcome at the court of the children. They lived in a whirl of amusement and interest. It is a matter of wonder how time was found for education, yet this was a great point at the French Court, and as she grew older, Mary must have spent many hours a-day with her tutors and governesses. A historian of that time tells us of her acquirements. She spoke French, Spanish, and Italian, and could both speak and write in Latin. She wrote verses and sang. She played the cittern, the harp, and the harpsichord. She danced beautifully, and was a good rider. She continued to embroider and learnt to knit. In accordance with the old French fashion she learnt to cook, and could make sweets of cinnamon and violets.

Two of Mary's young uncles, one a great cardinal, the other a great soldier, had a great deal to do with her education,—they were both devoted to their brilliant young niece. The Cardinal of Lorraine was much beloved by her, and the Duke of Lorraine used to come and carry her away from her lessons to go hunting and hawking with him, for he thought she studied too much. She was the most charming companion in the world. The King never tired of her society,—her only enemy was the wicked Catherine de Medici, his wife, who bore her an undying grudge. But Mary had so many friends that she was loved and petted to her heart's content,

"La petite Reinette d'Ecosse," who enchanted every one with her grace, her wit, her growing beauty. The accounts have been found for Mary's dress for one year, in 1551, when she was nine years old. She had sixteen new dresses, six fronts of petticoats, three petticoats, three head-dresses, cloaks, bodices, muffs, gold and silver ribbons, furs, embroideries, jewels of finest workmanship. These were for great occasions. In her daily life she dressed simply, as became her love of open-air exercise and sport. Sometimes we catch a glimpse of her in her simple everyday life,—we see her reading with the Dauphin the old heroic tales of France, stirring stories of knightly adventure that must have appealed strongly to her nature. Or we see her riding with him about the pleasant ways and meadows. She had her own riding-horses, given her by the King,—their names were Bravane and Madame de Reale. The Dauphin's favourites were called Fontaine and Enghien: delicate as he was, he always loved to be in the saddle, and his happiest hours were spent in these long rides with Mary. They both understood the management of horses and dogs, and were fond of pets of all kinds. The favourite sport was hawking, and in this Mary attained extraordinary skill.

But the life of the Court of Catherine de Medici could have left little time for childish pleasures and pursuits. It was the continual scene of magnificent displays, a moving transformation from splendour to splendour. Tournaments and reviews, balls, masques, concerts, comedies, dancing, archery, tennis,—all were made the occasion for sumptuous pageants, and in all of them the royal children bore a part. The splendour of the Renaissance—the awakening of art in all its branches—filled the Court with light and beauty. Poets were held in high honour. Catherine and her ladies sat at their embroidery frames and gave audience to the great wits,

the great intellects of all France. Thither came Ronsard, the poet, to read his matchless verses; thither came the most perfect musicians, the most profound philosophers. The Court was the home of everything that was great, beautiful, or interesting. Men of thought and men of action were alike welcome. The treasures of the arts of Europe were there: furniture, tapestries, silver and gold plate, exquisite jewellery, paintings, and sculptures were collected. An extraordinary luxury prevailed, for France was at peace.

And all this glitter, this wonderful pageant, this light of the intellect, skill of the hand, beauty of the senses, had part in the forming of the mind of Mary: she who was by nature open to the influence of anything beautiful, and to whom music and poetry were a living joy, passed thirteen years in the glamour of this atmosphere, while she grew from childhood to a gracious and exquisite womanhood.

In 1550 Mary of Guise came from Scotland to see her daughter. The meeting took place in presence of the French and Scottish Courts. Poor Mary, then eight years old, was not allowed to rush to her mother as soon as she saw her,—she had to deliver a speech of welcome, and to inquire in set phrases after the Church and State of Scotland: it was her first public appearance, and she astonished every one by her art, her grace, and perfect composure. Mary of Guise stayed a little while with her daughter in France, and then went back to her duties in Scotland. Mother and daughter never met again.

Queen Mary had her troubles at the gay and brilliant Court. The governess chosen for her, Madame de Paroy, seems to have been a very disagreeable person, jealous and ill-tempered. Mary, who was all her life of a very generous disposition, wished at one time to give away

some of the rich dresses in her possession. To this the governess objected, no doubt considering that anything to be given away should fall to her own lot. It appeared, in the discussions which followed, that Madame de Paroy had in no way sought to make her royal charge happy. Mary at last begged for a change, and another lady was appointed to the post.

In appearance Mary was tall and very graceful. Her hair was of a chestnut colour, her complexion of a clear white; her eyes, sometimes described as grey, seem from her portraits to have been hazel brown. Perhaps, like all the most beautiful eyes, they changed colour. Her hands were long and perfect in shape,—wonderful hands, sung by the poets, and the joy of the painters. The superb dignity of her carriage was truly queenly. This lovely girl married Francis, the Dauphin, in April 1558. She was not yet sixteen. He had never got over his early delicacy, and must have looked like a puny child beside the tall imperial figure of his bride, as they stood together before the altar in the great Cathedral of Notre Dame in Paris. "She was dressed in a robe whiter than the lily, but so glorious in its fashion and decorations that it would be difficult, nay, impossible, for any pen to do it justice. Her royal mantle and train were of bluish-grey cut velvet, embroidered with white silk and pearls. It was of a marvellous length, full six *toises*, covered with precious stones, and was supported by young ladies." She wore a Crown Royal on her head. All the French royalties and many of her Scottish nobility were present. It must have been a gorgeous scene, and the music was magnificent. The usual ceremonies of a royal wedding were of course observed,—handfuls of gold and silver were flung among the crowds. The ceremony in church was followed by costly fêtes and a splendid ball, ending with a masque,—the favourite form of entertainment.

"Twelve artificial horses" took part in this exhibition. Six ships, borne by artificial waves with sails of silver cloth, floated about, oddly enough, no doubt, among the guests. On the deck of each ship stood a prince,—when passing the ladies each man chose one and sailed away. The bridegroom of course chose Mary, and there was a great deal of laughter and light-hearted jesting as each man made his choice. Mary was very happy on her wedding-day; she loved Francis as the child-comrade she had protected and played with as long as she could remember. Their married life, which lasted only a little more than two years, was quietly happy, though the dreadful ill-health of the Dauphin caused Mary great anxiety, and she spent most of her time in nursing him.

The seeds of all the troubles of her life were sown, however, during these few short months. Henri II. acted a most unwise and dangerous part in advising the Dauphin and his wife to assume the arms of England,—it was an act of hostility to Elizabeth of England which was never forgotten or forgiven. Mary, whose once fine health had by now been undermined by the unhealthy conditions of French life, was subject to repeated attacks of illness. Between this and her duties in the Dauphin's sick-room she did not perhaps trouble to give much attention to affairs of state,—at any rate, she would most naturally be guided by her father-in-law's advice. In the eyes of the French Catholics, Mary was the rightful Queen of England as well as of Scotland, and it was a clear assertion of her right to have the royal arms of England woven in her tapestries, emblazoned on the panels of her coach, and engraved upon her silver. The indiscretion cost her in years to come her peace of mind, and even her life. Henri II., although he really loved his daughter-

in-law, had already imposed upon her confidence. He had privately caused her at the time of the formal betrothal to sign three papers, all most injurious to her realm of Scotland. In one she gifted to him and his heirs the royal succession in Scotland, in case she died without heirs herself; in another she signed away a huge sum of money in his favour; in a third she undertook to do nothing in the future to make these documents useless. Though she was only fifteen when these signatures were extracted from her, it is surprising, in view of the capacity of her intellect, and her extraordinary grasp of affairs in general, that she should have thought it possible to sign away her native kingdom to a foreign power. But she had been brought up to think of Scotland as her dowry, as much her own possession as the ring upon her hand. In the same way she thought little of giving the crown matrimonial to her boy-husband, though in the event of her own death it would have turned Scotland into a dependency of France. Henry II. did not live to realise the cruel mischief he had done. In July 1559 he held a great tournament in front of his Palace of Tournelles, in Paris. Mary was present and was received as usual with enthusiasm by the vast crowd of spectators. Scottish heralds walked before her crying "Room! Room! for the Queen of England!" and the cry was taken up by the people, "Long live the Queen of England." It is easy to imagine that the story of the triumphal entry would drive Elizabeth of England to fury. But it was probably the last occasion on which Mary was hailed by the title, for within four days she was Queen of France.

Henri II. himself entered the lists, and was by an accident mortally wounded in the head by a splinter from the lance of the Count de Montgomery. He died at the palace on July 10.

The Dauphin was now Francis II., King of France. A mass of new duties and responsibilities were thrown upon the young boy, who had long been almost a chronic invalid. Mary herself was not in the best of health, and the pair retired for a while to the young King's country-place, Villers-Côterets, where they could live more in the open air. The King recovered sufficiently to go through the ceremony of his coronation at Rheims in September 1559. At this solemn function every one wore deep mourning except Queen Mary, who was splendidly arrayed and covered with jewels. Shortly after the coronation she parted for ever from her beloved friend and playmate the Princess Elizabeth, who had been most unwillingly married to the King of Spain, and now with tears and lamentations had to set forth for her Spanish home. The year was one full of grief for Mary. In June her mother died at Edinburgh. It seemed as if clouds were closing round the radiant young Queen, one adversity following another. She had to bear also the jealous enmity of Catherine de Medici, and the wearing anxieties of national unrest. A thousand difficulties beset the young King's path, and Mary was his chief adviser, his only solace.

They led a wandering existence, as of old. Accompanied by a vast household they went from palace to palace,—nearly always ill, always in the midst of anxieties. The gay splendid days were over, the careless pleasures, the costly glories. The exchequer was nearly empty, for France grew poor with her internal troubles. The poetry, the dancing, the acting, all were over; danger, disappointment, and care had taken their places. The King and Queen looked like a pair of children, but they were expected to be models of stately wisdom. The childish days were quite gone.

The French descriptions of Francis show him to

have been in a disastrous state of health. He suffered constantly from what the doctors called feverish attacks, but the doctors of the day knew almost nothing. In the midst of his pitiable weakness, he insisted on spending long days in the saddle; he hunted and hawked almost to the last. His final illness at Orleans ran a course of nineteen days; some inflammation of the ear caused him to suffer much pain. His wife, tender and devoted to the last, never left his side. He died in November 1560. Thus the widowhood of Mary began before she was eighteen. The English ambassador describes Mary at this time: "Immediately upon her husband's death she changed her lodging, withdrew herself from all company, and became so solitary and exempt of all worldliness that she doth not to this day see daylight, and so will continue forty days." This was always done by royal widows. Mary would in accordance with the French custom be dressed entirely in white. Perhaps she may have whiled away some of the dreary hours, shut up in her black chamber, in writing the beautiful well-known poem on the death of Francis. Her soul was filled with grief for his death, and with infinite regret for the life she must now give up, realising as she must have done that with Catherine de Medici at the head of affairs, no home for her was possible in France. "Our Queen the Douagiere of France" (Mary was now a Dowager!) "retired hirself be little and little farther and farther fra the Court," wrote a Scotsman, "that it suld not seem that sche was in any sort compellit therunto, as of a treuth she was, by the Queen Mothers rygorous and vengeable dealing." Three months after the death of the King, she quitted the French Court and visited in turn several of her French relatives in the provinces. On July 24, 1561, she attended a "Fête d'Adieu" at St Germain, the place which had been her first happy home

in France. Once more she was the centre of all eyes, of all hearts. The poets who had so often sung her irresistible beauty, the lovers who had sighed so long, crowded about her once more. It was a last farewell to the brilliant and enchanting life of her youth.

On August 16, 1561, Mary embarked at Calais for Scotland. The sails were set, the good-byes were said. Some faithful hearts were with her,—the four Maries who thirteen years before had come with her from Scotland were all about her,—but she was full of a deep sense of loneliness and grief.

"Adieu, France, c'en est fait. Adieu, France, je pense ne vous revoir jamais plus." A passion of regret was in the words. She wept bitterly as the shores of her dearly loved country faded at last. But the spirit of the Stewarts was in her blood, the possibilities of an untried life called to her,—the strong courage flamed anew. Behind her lay France, the dream-country, the country of a thousand happy memories. Before her was Scotland; what great enterprises, what unguessed joys might lie beyond the grey outlines glimmering through the mists?

CHAPTER II.

"Love hangs like light about her name,
As music round a shell."

While the swift years were passing so happily in France, great changes were going forward in Scotland,—changes in the thoughts of men and in their manner of life. People were beginning to expect more comfort,

more security; the reckless feuds and lawless traditions were to be left behind as the nation pushed surely forward into a higher civilisation. The Scottish Parliament had in 1560 definitely ratified the change from the old Catholic to the Reformed creed, making Protestantism the national religion. The Queen knew that whereas she had left a kingdom settled under the old religion, she was to return to find it under another banner. This she fully understood. She may have cherished a dream of winning back Scotland to what she thought the truth, but she never took measures to enforce an acknowledgment of that truth upon any one. In an age of persecution and intolerance, she showed a tolerant and enlightened spirit far in advance of her times. Though no power on earth could have changed her own convictions, she respected those of other people, and summed up what she felt on the point in the following words: "I will be plain with you, and tell you what I would all the world should think of me. The religion that I profess I take to be most acceptable to God, and indeed neither do I know any other. I have been brought up in this religion, and who might credit me in anything if I should show myself light in this case?"

This Queen of eighteen, settled in her faith, broad in her tolerance, was on her way back to her kingdom. John Knox and his band of preachers were busy with her name long before; but her sturdy Scottish subjects would judge for themselves. Her forefathers had been the friends of the people, and they were ready with their welcome.

On August 19, 1561, two French galleys entered the harbour of Leith, bearing the Scottish Queen and her train of sixty persons. The crowd that met her was small, but she had arrived a week earlier than was expected. The ships bearing all her goods were not

yet in sight—indeed, the Queen waited a month before her baggage came to Edinburgh, bringing a multitude of beautiful dresses, diamonds, plate, furniture, and tapestries. Elizabeth had sent ships to intercept and capture her cousin if possible. "When the Queen's ships were almost near taking of the Scottish Queen," writes Lady Lennox, "there fell down a mist from Heaven that separated them, and preserved her." Knox gives his account of the mist from another point of view: "The very face of Heaven did manifestly speak what comfort was brought unto this country with her; to wit, sorrow, dolour, darkness, and all impiety." Poor Queen Mary, arriving in Edinburgh in bad weather, may well have had some sinking at the heart, but her well-loved brother James Stewart met her, and she was received also by several of her Scottish nobles. A good deal has been said of Mary's disappointment and amazement at the poor show made at her reception, and that, on seeing no chariots, and no royal preparations, she wept. No doubt all may have been different to her surroundings in France, yet not so strangely different that the first impression of Scotland caused painful surprise. It is true that horses were sent to convey the royal party from Leith to Edinburgh, instead of carriages, but Mary always preferred to be in the saddle. In the matter of coaches, Edinburgh was not so very far behind Paris after all. Coaches had been known in Scotland for years, for Mary of Guise possessed more than one, and there were but three in all Paris in 1550, and these were exactly like four-post beds on wheels. The young Queen was always indifferent to luxury, and her tears had probably another cause—they were tears of pity and surprise at the dire evidences of poverty which she saw on all sides. There were indeed very poor people in Paris as well as in Scotland, but

there the Court was shielded from the knowledge of all that was sordid or disagreeable. Here, royalty had always lived among the people, and there was no attempt to hide their true condition: a ride through the streets of Edinburgh would be a revelation to Mary, and might well bring the tears to her eyes. The town was in a state of dilapidation, houses were falling to pieces, riders and walkers stumbled into large holes in the unpaved streets. Even in the chief streets the dirt was indescribable: each house had its own rubbish-heap piled in front of it, and nearly every house had its own pig-sty, also in front, built up against the wall. The pigs wandered about the streets at their will. There was no sanitation of any kind. Towns at that time were in a bad condition everywhere in England and on the Continent, and probably in Scotland they were not much worse than their neighbours; but the misery struck home to the heart of Mary, as she came to her own kingdom and rode to her palace in the thick clinging fog and blinding rain. Even the welcome of her people, sincere as it was, would not easily dispel the sense of change and depression. The chief entrance to Holyrood lay across a drawbridge, through a great iron gate fastened with enormous iron bars; even the windows of the state apartments were strongly barred with gratings. Situated in the town itself, fronting the steep street of the Canongate, looking up to the dark castle a mile distant, Holyrood, in contrast to the French palaces, would have a grim look. But it was a fine building, and the inside was in a measure luxurious: there was a rich chapel and ball-room, a fine carpeted library, a dining-room hung with black velvet, and a drawing-room draped with green and crimson cloth.

Bonfires and illuminations greeted her entrance to her new home. The sight of her in her beauty, her grace,

and the pathetic isolation of her great position, roused in the citizens a wave of loyal enthusiasm. They were simple people, and could show it only in simple ways. That night she was serenaded. "There came under her windows," says a French writer, "five or six hundred ragamuffins of that town, who gave her a concert of the vilest fiddles and little rebecs, which are as bad as they can be in that country, and accompanied them with singing psalms, but so wretchedly out of tune that nothing could be worse. Ah, what melody it was! what a lullaby for the night!" Encouraged by her graciously spoken thanks for this performance, the musicians continued it for several nights. We are told she did not sleep at all, and finally changed her apartment to one far removed from the sound of fiddle and rebeck.

Mary's life in Scotland had now fairly begun; all came to pay her homage; the best blood in the land gathered round her, the poor crowded to her gates. A brave and sympathetic woman, she determined to make the best of her life, to be to her people what her fathers had been—a real living power in their midst.

The Queen made her first public appearance a fortnight after her arrival. She was very fond of the kind of entertainments called masques, so no doubt the function here described gave her pleasure and amusement.

Leaving Holyrood, she rode on horseback along the path where Princes Street now stands, round by the Nor' Loch—now Princes Street Gardens,—up to the castle, where a great dinner was prepared for her and her nobles. After dinner, as she left the castle she was met by fifty young men, dressed as Moors, with black faces and loaded with gilded chains. The Queen was then asked to place herself under a canopy of purple velvet, on a kind of litter or chair, which was carried by twelve men, burghers of the city, dressed in

long gowns of black velvet. At the West Bow a large arch had been erected; on the top a company of children sang, and as she passed underneath a globe descended before her; it opened, and a little boy, dressed like an angel, stepped out, handing to her the keys of the town and a Bible and Psalm-book bound in purple velvet. The Queen then was carried to where four girls, dressed to represent Fortitude, Justice, Temperance, and Prudence, delivered another address. She then reached the Town Cross, where, from the fountain, wine flowed instead of water. Healths were drunk with enthusiasm, and, the centre of an immense crowd, she proceeded to the Salt Tron. Here there was another address. The Presbyterian preachers of the city wished to make the most of the opportunity to turn the Queen's fête into a Protestant demonstration. They planned to have a scene of a priest burned at the altar in the act of celebrating Mass. This charitable device was stopped by some of Mary's nobles, who allowed the preachers, however, to represent the burning of Korah, Dathan, and Abiram. At the Netherbow another address was spoken by a Dragon, which was then burnt, while a psalm was sung. On reaching Holyrood some children in a cart made a speech against the Church of Rome and sung more psalms. Then the chief burghers took from the cart a service of gilt plate and offered it to the Queen, and the masque was at an end.

Mary, with no wish to do anything contrary to the religion of her people, was perpetually subjected to attacks on her own. The preachers of the reformed faith could see no good in her, nor forgive her for being a daughter of the house of Guise. The people of Scotland, ready in a tumult of loyalty to love and admire their young Queen, would probably have accepted her just as she was—respecting her creed as she respected

theirs,—had it not been for the preachers, who, headed by John Knox, lost no opportunity of stirring the feelings of the congregations by bitter words and abuse. She, the queen of courtesy, who would speak ill of none, was exposed to these discourteous comments in pulpits throughout the land. Bred as she had been, one could imagine a prompt manner of dealing with such disloyalty; but the means she took were very characteristic. Instead of causing the offenders to be arrested and silenced she sent for Knox, and with perfect gentleness remonstrated with him for his want of tolerance and charity in his hostility to her, without, however, any marked effect. She had come to Scotland prepared to be in sympathy with her people; her people were ready to love her; and then she found that the barrier of her religion was to be forced between them. Her spirit rose to the combat, and in the end she was victor. Neither Knox nor his followers succeeded in estranging the Queen from her subjects.

In the history of that time three figures stand out very distinctly. All three were Protestants, and all three destined to influence the fate of the country and the life of the Queen.

The first was John Knox, the true type of the religious reformer of that age. Bred as a priest of the Church of Rome, his conversion to the Protestant faith was the turning-point not only in his own life but in the life of Scotland. Under the banner of the new faith, a patriot and an enthusiast, he made for his country new ideals and a new national life. Moreover, he was single-hearted,—he wanted nothing for himself; in an age of self-seeking, he stands in this almost alone.

The second notable figure in Scotland was Maitland of Lethington, the greatest statesman of his age. He had been Secretary of State to Mary of Guise, but had for-

saken her at a crisis in her history. Perhaps the young Queen hardly realised this. From the first he was one of the most useful of her servants. Marked out by great abilities, he was one of those men who veer easily from one cause to another. There was no stability to give value to his splendid gifts of mind. Elizabeth called him "the flower of the wits of Scotland." Every one admired his cleverness and looked upon him with suspicion. He held no one's entire confidence.

The third great man in Scotland was Lord James Stewart, the half-brother to whom, since she was a little child of five, Mary had turned for help and counsel. "The whole governance," writes Cecil to Queen Elizabeth, "rests in Lord James, being Earl of Mar, and the Laird of Lethington." Mary delighted to honour her brother. The earldom of Mar was her first gift, soon to be followed by the earldom of Moray; and as the Earl of Moray, and later as the Regent Moray, his brilliant personality is known to history. How he repaid her confidence and her love history also can tell. But in these early days no better man could have been found to advise the young Queen, for he understood better than she could possibly do the temper of the Scottish people.

The little Court at Holyrood had a happiness and gaiety of its own. Mary was surrounded by loving friends,—her four Maries were still with her, and there was besides the usual crowd of courtiers, all anxious to please and amuse the brilliant young sovereign. The pleasures of the French Court were renewed here. Music, poetry, dancing, filled the grey old palace with gracious light and laughter. Her passionate love for music continued all her life; and at this time she had in her service five *violars*, a band of Scottish minstrels, two players on the lute, one player on a pipe and *quhissel*, one on a *schalmer*, besides other instrumentalists. Her own

taste was exquisite, and she both played the lute, the harp, and the virginals, and sang. Mary played cards, chess, and backgammon in the quieter moments, and with her Court amused herself with a collection of thirty-eight little Italian dolls or puppets, which were dressed up and made to act. It is not known exactly what these dolls were, or why grown-up people should have found amusement in them, but they were favourite toys in various European Courts for more than a hundred years. Certainly ideas of amusement have altered greatly since that day. We read that Mary brought a fool with her from France, by name Nichola, or La Jardinière. This poor creature remained in her service till her English captivity, when some one kindly sent her back to France. Another of the Queen's fools was called Janet Musche; others Conny and Jane Colquhoun, certainly Scotswomen. It is not known what the office of these poor creatures was. They were probably half-witted, as some of them required keepers. Later, Darnley had several male fools and their attendants.

Of outdoor exercise the Queen was never tired. All her life she loved sport, and would no doubt delight in the wild woods and hills of Scotland, full of deer and wild goats and wolves. She liked nothing better than to throw aside all ceremony and to ride forth among dogs and horses on some hunting foray. She loved hawking and archery, all open-air occupations, and much of her life was spent in the saddle. She was the first lady in Scotland to use a side-saddle with a pommel. Twelve such saddles were ordered for the use of her maids-of-honour. She liked to rise early and go out; much of her business was done in the early morning while she walked in the garden. The gardens of her palaces in various places were a source of much interest to her. She introduced many plants, both flowers and vegetables, till then

unknown in Scotland. At almost every place she visited she planted a tree. Some of these trees are living still, after more than three centuries.

But while she loved sport and flowers, poetry and art, her Stewart blood gave her also a taste for high adventure, for daring enterprises. Careless of luxury and its habits, her spirit had something of knightly chivalry. On horseback at the head of an army she felt herself in her true element. She had not been a year in Scotland when she had her first experience of war. The first dark cloud of her reign was the Huntly affair. Huntly, the head of the Gordon clan, was a very powerful northern chief, one of the very few Roman Catholic nobles remaining. Mary knew the danger to the kingdom in his almost unlimited power in the North, and when a definite rebellion was set on foot by the clan Gordon, she determined to put a stop to it herself. For reasons of his own, her brother James encouraged the expedition. He coveted the title of Earl of Moray, and the lands belonging thereto, which Huntly considered part of his own estates; and to seize them by force seemed the simplest plan. Mary merely desired to put down the opposition of a hostile chief. To go herself to Aberdeen at the head of an armed force suited well with her love of adventure, and she rode away from Edinburgh through the autumn fields with an enthusiastic following. At night she encamped in the fields like a soldier, and regretfully wished she had been a man, "to walk armed with a jack and skull-cap of steel a good Glasgow buckler at her back, and a broadsword by her side." Fear was unknown to her nature. Her soldier uncle, the Duke of Guise, once said to her, "There is one trait in which, above all others, I recognise my own blood in you: you are as brave as my bravest men-at-arms. If women went into battle now, as they did in ancient times, I think you would know how to die well."

Now perhaps this girl of twenty felt herself one of the heroic women of old, riding at the head of her men, tasting the life of the field and the camp, facing danger with a joyous spirit.

Moray's ambition was satisfied for the moment; he had his earldom, and the lands wrested from the Gordons.

The Queen returned from the scene of the Huntly rebellion and defeat the darling of her people. She had struck a blow at feudal power, and in the eyes of Scotland she had ranged herself upon the side of liberty and justice, plainly showing that she meant to take up her father's work and subdue the strength of the great Scottish chiefs. Adored and triumphant, she had before her the hope of a reign of prosperity and peace. But the shadow of her marriage fell athwart the fair prospect of her future. No one thought of the possibility of Mary remaining unmarried like her cousin, Queen Elizabeth. No sooner was her boy-husband dead than a dozen projects for her marriage were set on foot. Her great importance to Europe lay in the fact that she was the next heir to the throne of England, and almost every royal bachelor in Europe was a suitor for her hand: the Archduke Charles of Germany, Don Carlos of Spain, and the French Duke of Anjou, were among them. The Spanish match would perhaps have suited Mary's own views best, but it fell through, and, fearing after all to endanger her chance of the English crown by marriage with a foreign prince, she looked among the nobles of her own kingdom for a consort. Many of them were devoted to their young and beautiful queen, but the choice was no easy task, and all negotiations were made very difficult by the conduct of Queen Elizabeth, who, in her rancorous jealousy, would fain have had the Scottish queen remain without an heir. But it was her policy to appear anxious to find a suitable match for Mary, even suggesting the Earl of Leicester,

her own favourite. Sir James Melville was sent as Ambassador from Mary to the English Court to find out what Elizabeth really meant. He gives a most amusing account of his interviews with her, and of her endless questions about Mary. The heirship of Mary was the root of all the trouble. Some unreasoning jealousy possessed the older woman, some undying rancour against the beautiful cousin she had never seen and never meant to see. Mary's offence in the first place had been real enough—she had acted blindly and unadvisedly in France; but now that the French king was dead and she was only the Queen of Scots, she in no way threatened the security of Elizabeth. Now, her only offence was her youth, her beauty, her nameless charm, and the probability that she would succeed to the crown of England. If Elizabeth was a thorn in the side of Mary, a thousand times more was the thought of Mary bitter to Elizabeth, and she was seldom absent from her mind. Naturally insincere, she loaded her with compliments and overtures of friendship, and, more cruel still, kept her in the perpetual hope of a meeting with her sister queen and full reconciliation. Nothing was farther from Elizabeth's intention than to meet Mary face to face. She had heard too much of the enchantment of her ways, of the warm affections she knew so well how to kindle. She did not wish to face the subtle power of Mary, yet her curiosity regarding her appearance and accomplishments was almost insatiable. She asked Melville, "Is my hair or Queen Mary's the best, and which of the two is the fairest?" "I told her," says Melville, "that she was the fairest queen in England, and ours the fairest queen in Scotland." This safe reply did not satisfy Elizabeth, who still insisted, till he said, "The English queen is whiter, but our queen is very *lovesome*." Elizabeth asked which was the taller. There could be no hesitation here; Mary was very tall, so he

simply said "Our queen." "Then," said Elizabeth with triumph, "she is over high, for I myself am neither over high nor over low." She next asked about Mary's occupations, and was told that she loved hunting, and that in her leisure moments she studied history and amused herself with music, playing on the lute and virginals. "Does she play well?" said Elizabeth. "Reasonably, for a queen," said Melville. Elizabeth arranged that he should hear her own performance on those instruments next day, and was gratified when—no doubt thankful to be off the dangerous ground of personal appearance—he gave the palm to her in this matter. She actually delayed his journey back to Scotland two days in order that he might see her dance, and of course the inevitable question followed, "Does the Scottish queen dance as well?" His reply almost satisfied her vanity: "Our queen dances not so high and disposedly as your Majesty." On his return to Scotland Melville summed up to Mary his impression of Elizabeth. "In my judgment there was neither plain-dealing nor upright meaning, but great dissimulation, emulation, and fear that your princely qualities should over-shine, chase her out, and displace her from her kingdom."

It was now clear to Mary that she could look for no help in her marriage to her sister queen: she must make her own way. This at last she did, though the choice she made was deeply unfortunate.

Henry, Lord Darnley, eldest son of the Earl of Lennox, had first seen Mary in France in the beginning of her widowhood. He had, in fact, obtained audience of her in the first darkness of her mourning. She, a widowed queen of eighteen, probably gave little thought to the child of fifteen and his embassy. There is no evidence that he saw her again till they met at Wemyss in Fife in 1565, when the slender boy had grown into a tall,

good-looking man. He was near the throne of England, being, like Mary, a great-grandchild of Henry VII. "He was of a comely stature," says a writer of his day, "and none was like unto him within this island, . . . prompt and ready for all games and sports; much given to hawking and hunting and running of horses, and likewise to playing on the lute, . . . he could write and dictate well; but he was somewhat given to wine and much feeding and likewise to inconstancy, and proud beyond measure, and therefore condemned all others."

It is easy to imagine how Mary, knowing nothing of these faults, saw a great deal in her handsome cousin that fitted well with her own tastes and education. She received him with extreme kindness, and some happy days were spent at Wemyss Castle. Mary gives her impression of his appearance: "He is the handsomest and best-proportioned *lang* man I have seen, *lang* and small, even, and *brent up*, and well instructed from his youth in all honest and comely exercises."

The courtship was now a recognised fact, though many difficulties were in the way. All Mary's best advisers were strongly opposed to the match. Darnley was known to be headstrong and violent, and weak as water. Moray, in particular, endeavoured by all means to change the purpose of the Queen: he might have succeeded, but another influence was already at work.

The Queen had in her service an Italian named David Riccio, who had come to Scotland as secretary to a foreign ambassador. In the chapel at Holyrood, during a service which she attended, Mary heard a strikingly beautiful voice taking part in the singing. On inquiry she found that the voice was that of David Riccio. The love of music was a passion with Mary: she sent for him at once, as she wished at that time to find a leader for

her chapel choir, and persuaded him to give up his present post and remain in Scotland in her service. She appointed him first Groom of the Chambers, and afterwards made him her own private secretary. The following is a contemporary description of Riccio: "He was a man of no beauty or outward shape, for he was misshapen, evil-favoured, and very black; but for his fidelity, wisdom, prudence, virtue, and other good parts and qualities of his mind, he was richly adorned." His beautiful voice and musical talents made him a delightful companion, but he was quick-witted besides, and saved his mistress a great deal of trouble in her correspondence: also, he was devoted to her interests. In spite of her many counsellors and lovers Mary must often have felt herself alone, and the help of a faithful servant, with no turbulent ambitions and no other interests to serve, she deeply valued. She fell, no doubt, too much under his influence, and the poor humble friend, whose one wish was to serve her, became, indeed, the cause of her bitterest misfortunes.

Most of her courtiers disliked Riccio, possibly because they were jealous of his position of trust in the Queen's service; but he had one friend among them—Darnley, the Queen's lover. This friendship was eagerly cultivated by Darnley, who was quick enough to see how the royal mistress leaned on the servant's judgment. Riccio upheld his suit. The Queen's liking for the youth had strengthened with the opposition she encountered: she now was determined to marry him.

While the Court was at Stirling Darnley fell very ill with the measles. The Queen's anxiety and devotion to him in his convalescence showed that the match would be no diplomatic arrangement, but one of passionate affection on her part. Against all counsel she continued to treat Darnley as her promised husband. On July 9

she took the imprudent and foolish step of marrying him privately at Stirling. The nation at large had no particular objection to the match, in spite of Moray, who had tried to incite the people to rebellion; but Elizabeth was furious and threatening, for she imagined danger to herself in the union of the two royal cousins, and the Protestant Lords loudly condemned it. Their personal dislike to Darnley was so marked that Randolph wrote from Scotland to Cecil at the English Court: "What shall become of him I know not; but it is greatly to be feared he can have no long life among this people." He adds, "The Queen herself, being of better understanding, seeketh to frame and fashion him to the nature of her subjects." But nothing could alter the nature of Darnley. Even between her secret marriage and the public one which followed, the Queen had evidence of his pride, his vanity, his headstrong prejudices.

Mary and Darnley were publicly married on July 29, 1565, at the Chapel of Holyrood. A strange hour was chosen for the ceremony—six in the morning. Mary's dress was strange too: she wore widow's mourning for her first husband! "A great mourning gown of black," says Randolph, "with the great wide mourning hood, not unlike unto that which she wore the doleful day of the burial of her husband." Mary had been obliged by royal etiquette to wear this dress on every public occasion, though King Francis had been dead for nearly five years. Tall and slender in her black draperies, the bride was led from her chamber by the Earls of Lennox and Atholl, attended by her ladies, to the chapel-royal. Some of the great Scottish nobles were there, but a larger number were absent. According to the ceremony of the Church of Rome, the service was concluded, the prayers said, and Henry and Mary were declared man and wife.

"It is done, and cannot now be broken," said David

Riccio in the triumph of the hour, little knowing that he had compassed the ruin of the Queen, and his own and Darnley's death.

After the mass the bride was led back to her chamber, where among her nobles and ladies she went through a quaint ceremony. Her bridegroom petitioned that she would lay aside her care and her "sorrowful garments." In obedience to Court etiquette she at first refused, and afterwards consented, when every man present approached and took a pin out of her black dress. Her ladies then arrayed her in her bridal robes. Wedding rejoicings followed—a feast and a dance. Trumpets sounded, and the people gathered round the palace, when silver and gold were thrown out amongst them.

Moray now turned traitor and rose in arms against the Queen, gathered under his banner such of the Protestant nobles, called the Lords of the Congregation, as he could persuade to join him, and, encouraged by the promised support of Elizabeth, appeared in rebellion at Ayr on August 15, when Mary had been married just a fortnight. Her spirit, as usual, rose to the emergency: she appealed to the loyalty of her subjects with good result, for a body of five thousand troops gathered about her at Edinburgh. Again she found herself at the head of an army, rejoicing to lead her men into battle herself. She rode with her husband, her ladies, the members of her council, and David Riccio. Her riding-dress was of scarlet and gold, and under it she wore a suit of armour; under her veil and hood she wore a soldier's casque. Young Darnley at her side wore a suit of gilded armour. As the cavalcade rode forward their numbers were daily increased. They slept the first night at the palace of Linlithgow, Mary's birthplace, and passed next day to Stirling. The insurrection was known to the people as the "Run-about-Raid." Elizabeth, on whom Moray had

relied for the aid which never came, sent for him when she heard of the failure, and before witnesses denied, and made him deny, that she had any voice in the rebellion. The end of the interview was humiliating in the extréme. "Get out of my presence; you are but unworthy traitors." Moray was obliged to retreat again to the borders of Scotland.

Though the rebellion was now at an end, the troubles of the newly married queen were but beginning. The real character of Darnley was appearing day by day, yet Mary continued loyal as long as wifely loyalty was possible. "All honour that may be attributed unto any man by a wife, he hath it wholly and fully," writes Randolph. "All praise that may be spoken of him, he lacketh not from herself. All dignities that she can endue him with are already given and granted. No man pleaseth her that contenteth not him; and what may I say more? She hath given over unto him her whole will, to be ruled and guided as himself best liketh."

In return for this devotion Darnley showed disrespect, a violent temper, and unreasoning pride and ingratitude. Brought up from childhood to regard himself as near the throne by inheritance, he now accepted all honours only as his due, and fixed his ambition upon no less a prize than the crown matrimonial of Scotland. Mary in her childish ignorance had once bestowed this crown on her husband, the King of France: she was now a woman of twenty-three, who had profited by five years' experience of Scotland and the temper of the Scots. She had learnt, besides, that a queen's first duty is to her people, and that Darnley was most unfitted for such a responsibility. The day before her marriage she had made him Duke of Albany, and had executed a warrant commanding that Henry be proclaimed King of Scotland. This, however, was a title only given by courtesy—it did not satisfy his

ambition; he desired the full powers of a king. Mary had the strength of mind and the good sense to refuse these powers to an impetuous and weak boy of nineteen, even though he was her husband. Darnley could scarcely believe that his devoted wife, out of her own judgment, could deny him anything. He looked round for the adverse influence that must be behind her decision, and was sure that he found it in David Riccio,—he who had been his friend, who had, indeed, made his marriage possible. His friendly feeling turned to a sure and growing hatred.

Among all the factions and contentions of the day, it is difficult to catch any glimpse of the domestic life of Mary and Darnley.

There is a record of one quaint ceremony at Court, in which we see them together. The day which is called Maundy Thursday in England — the day before Good Friday — was known in Scotland as Skyre Thursday. On this day as many poor maidens as there were years in the Queen's life had their feet washed by her, and were each presented with lengths of linen and white kersey or cloth. This ceremony was performed in 1566, when twenty-four maidens came, and Darnley, being present, washed the feet of thirteen more, giving them afterwards fine red cloth. The Queen had an apron and towel of cambric, her ladies aprons and towels of holland. This custom the Queen probably continued all her life, for in her room at Fotheringay in 1586, after her execution, cloth was found that she had bought for her "intended Maundye."

Another bond in common, besides the picturesque observances of their religion, was the love of sport. But Darnley seems to have done his hawking and hunting mostly by himself. Morosely brooding on his imaginary wrongs, he probably purposely avoided the society of his wife.

CHAPTER III.

"Despite thy victor sword, and fire-new fortune,
Thy valour and thy heart,—thou art a traitor."

If left to himself, Darnley would have lacked courage and energy to remove Riccio from his path,—but he was not left to himself. The disloyal lords saw in him a useful instrument in a deeply laid plot against the Queen's authority. Many of the principal Protestant lords were still outlawed, and their estates would certainly be forfeited if Parliament met. Such of the lords as were not in exile—Morton, Ruthven, and Lindsay among them—induced Darnley to join a conspiracy, promising to remove Riccio, and to give him the crown matrimonial. Darnley, on his side, was to have Moray recalled and pardoned, and was to use his power to dissolve Parliament. He agreed to the bargain.

Darnley played tennis with David Riccio for several hours on March 8, 1566, keeping up an appearance of friendship: the date of Riccio's death had long been definitely fixed for the next day. It is almost incredible that a boy of nineteen could have lent himself to such cold-blooded treachery, but he acted under the advice of those who were older and stronger and more practised in cruelty, and he probably knew that to disregard their counsels meant ruin to himself.

Late in the evening of March 9, five hundred armed men surrounded the Palace of Holyrood. The Queen's Lord Chancellor, the Earl of Morton, admitted a hundred and sixty of these to the inner court. Morton then went to Darnley, whose apartments were immediately under those of the Queen, and bade him be ready. A very

narrow spiral stair may still be seen, which led from his rooms to hers; at the top was a door leading into her bedroom, of which he alone had a key. The stair is so narrow that only one person can ascend at a time. "I will have open the door and keep her in talk till you come in," said Darnley.

Within the bedroom of Mary was a very small anteroom no more than twelve feet long and ten broad. In this little room she often took supper. At seven o'clock on this particular evening she was at supper with seven or eight people belonging to her household, and some of her relatives. David Riccio was also there, among other servants, standing at the side-table. The little room must have been crowded already when Darnley came in. Mary made him welcome, and he seated himself beside her in the double chair of state. They kissed each other. "My lord, have you supped?" she asked. Whilst he replied, the secret door of her bedroom was again pushed open and Lord Ruthven came in, holding in his hand a naked rapier. His appearance was terrible, for he was gaunt as a spectre, and had risen from a dying bed to take his part in this dreadful tragedy. Mary, after a moment of alarm and surprise, spoke quietly:

"My lord, I was coming to visit you in your chamber, having been told you were very ill, and now you enter our presence in your armour. What does this mean?"

"I have indeed been very ill, but am well enough to come here for your good."

"You come not here in the fashion of one who meaneth well."

"There is no harm intended to your Grace," said Ruthven, "nor to any one but that coward David: it is he with whom I have to speak."

"What has he done?" asked Mary.

"Ask the King, your husband, Madam."

Darnley had now risen.

"What is the meaning of this?" she demanded, turning to him.

His faltering reply, "I know nothing of the matter," must have infuriated Ruthven, whom the servants now approached under Mary's order that he should be turned out. He brandished his rapier, crying, "Lay no hands on me, for I will not be handled." By this time other assassins had arrived on the scene: the little room was full of clamour, of terror, of anger. "Do you seek my life?" said Mary. "No, Madam; but we will have out yonder villain Davie." A blow was struck at Riccio. The Queen rose to her feet in all her dignity, all her courage, — an intrepid figure interposing between the furious murderers and the defenceless Riccio, who, though holding a dagger in his hand, had no knowledge how to use it in his own defence. She tried by reasonable words to quiet the frantic excitement. Riccio from the first had no hope. "Madam, I am a dead man." "Fear not," she said, "the King will never suffer you to be slain in my presence." "The King stood amazed," says a witness, "and wist not what to do."

Morton had waited outside with eighty of his followers, but, growing impatient, burst into the palace, which was now filled with the glare of torches and the hoarse cry, "A Douglas! a Douglas!" while the armed rabble broke first into the Queen's presence-chamber, then into her bedroom, from whence could be seen the dreadful struggle going on in the supper-room. The noble spirit of Mary had risen to a determined resistance: it seemed for a moment impossible to reach Riccio without offering violence to the Queen in the struggle. The heavy table was flung over, and in its fall must have crushed her had Ruthven not caught her in his arms. But nothing

could have saved the victim, who now crouched in the farthest recess of the window, shielded only by the figure of Mary. "We will have out that gallant," was the determined cry. "Let him go, Madam; they will not harm him," said the traitor Darnley. "Save my life, Madam! Save my life, for God's dear sake!" was the one cry of the hapless victim. The first blow was struck over the shoulder of the Queen; others followed, and Darnley himself disengaged the dying man's grasp from the Queen's robe as he was dragged away into the anteroom. The Queen would certainly have followed, still bent on resistance, but Darnley forced her into a chair and held her there. It is said the door of the room was locked upon them, and that Mary, her dreadful struggle at an end, wept silently, while Darnley continued to utter the lie that no harm was intended. But the Queen could still hear the sounds of ferocious fury as the murderers dragged away poor David, and she had to endure his agonised cries as he fell under his numberless wounds. "Ah, poor David! my good and faithful servant, may the Lord have mercy on your soul!"

In her grief and helpless anger the Queen overlooked her own perilous position. She was indeed surrounded by implacable enemies, a prisoner in her own palace. Darnley told her that he had sent for Moray, and the other exiled lords. To whom could she turn? It was at this acute stage of her misfortunes that the man was found who was ready to help, who had both the strength and the wisdom required—James Hepburn, Earl of Bothwell.

Among the men that had surrounded her from the first, few were faithful. Moray was self-seeking, Maitland unreliable: she had found strong men, but few loyal men, and must often have looked sadly for some strength and truth wholly devoted to her cause. Bothwell had

stood firmly as a friend to her mother in more than one hour of need. Though he was a Protestant, Mary of Guise had trusted him fully, and when he was a young man of twenty-four had sent him on a mission to France, where he first saw Queen Mary, and perhaps first impressed her with a sense of his stability, his loyalty, his readiness to serve her. "A glorious, rash, and hazardous young man," is the description given of him at this time; and when, a year later, Mary came to Scotland, to find herself so quickly embroiled in many conflicting interests, she found comfort in the rough strength of Bothwell's counsels.

That he was "rash and hazardous" was no drawback in her eyes. Her own nature was daring and full of enterprise, and she had the Stewart love of romance and high adventure. There seemed to be no selfish calculation in the doings of Bothwell,—his actions sprang from an impetuous courage that she could not but admire. Her confidence in him from the first did not suit Moray, and he had to curb his turbulence for three years in captivity in Edinburgh Castle, and afterwards in exile in France. Mary recalled him after her marriage with Darnley, and found him once again her rough and devoted soldier. Filled with the bitterest resentment at the murder of her friend and secretary, she turned for help to Bothwell. He alone of all the Protestant lords had never been in the pay of England; he alone felt in its intensity the old Scottish inherited hatred of England; he alone was to be trusted because of his incorruptible personal loyalty.

Even now, as she sat in her locked chamber listening to the cries of the armed mob that surrounded her palace, she received the news that Bothwell and other loyal lords were fighting in the court with Morton and his associates. For her it meant hope, rescue, security. The rebels sought in treaty to win over Bothwell without result. Both he

and Huntley were in peril of their lives as long as they held aloof. But Bothwell had his rash and hazardous scheme ready, and having told the Queen what to do, he, Huntley, and Sir James Balfour escaped out of Holyrood from a window which overlooked the little garden "where the lions were lodged." He could best serve the Queen by gaining his liberty, and he knew her spirit would not long brook captivity when escape was made possible.

The conspirators had accomplished the first step in the plot—they had murdered Riccio. But they did not profit as they had hoped. In a measure they had leaned on Darnley, with his promises of pardon to Moray and a dissolved Parliament, and Darnley now betrayed them. The second night after the murder Mary won her husband back to her side. Perhaps in compassion for his youth, his pitiful weakness in the hands of his advisers, she decided to give him again that honoured place of which he so often proved unworthy. A reconciliation between the husband and wife was the last event the conspirators had contemplated: it meant ruin to their schemes. Moray and the other outlaws had ridden into Edinburgh by this time, knowing that the Queen was a prisoner and that Darnley was in league against her, and ready to join in their plots. They reckoned, however, without knowledge of Mary's power over her weak boy-husband.

Meanwhile, Moray rode, as we have seen, into Edinburgh, first to the Hall of Parliament, which he found empty and deserted. He then rode to Holyrood, and was graciously received by Darnley. The Queen heard of his arrival, and sent instantly for him, receiving him with passionate affection. Traitorously as he had treated her, the old trust and love which had been the habit of her life came back in a flood, as in the midst of her dreadful trouble and danger and grief she saw again the brother

who had always been so well-loved a counsellor. "Oh, my brother! if you had been here, you would never have allowed me to be so cruelly treated!" Her whole situation was so deeply pathetic that Moray shed tears,—he who had so lately taken the field against her, he whose name stood first among the conspirators against her liberty and her life.

Two days after Riccio's murder, Mary and Darnley escaped from Holyrood in spite of all the precautions of Morton and his confederates. At two in the morning, the Queen, with one maid, Margaret Cawood, descended a secret stair, and went out by a small gate through the cemetery. At the outer gate horses were in readiness. Darnley mounted, and the Queen was placed on a horse behind Erskine, her equerry. The maid rode in a pillion behind the captain of the Guard. They rode away first to Seton House and then to the fortress of Dunbar, which they reached before sunrise. They were now in security, and that very day were joined by Bothwell and Huntley, with over a thousand men. The whole plan no doubt was Bothwell's, though only the Queen's dauntless spirit could have carried it through successfully. From Dunbar she now issued proclamations, with the result that the best blood and the chivalry of Scotland rallied round her. Once more she found herself in command of an army far too strong for the Confederate Lords, and the whole rebellion was quickly suppressed.

The position of Darnley was now, however, dangerous in the extreme. His associates in the Riccio murder naturally considered that he had meanly and basely deserted them. Moreover, he appeared before the Council and declared he had no knowledge of the plot, and he had this proclaimed from the market-cross. This treachery sealed his fate; there was never from that hour any hope for his life. He was proved traitor as well as fool. The

whole nobility—Morton's men and Queen's men—were equally against him.

The murderers of Riccio were now summoned to answer for their crime. Morton, Ruthven, and the rest of the nobles failed to appear, and were therefore outlawed and their estates seized. Two men were put to death—one a priest, and the other the sheriff-depute of Perth. Mary would have pardoned all; it was Darnley who basely insisted on the execution.

Bothwell was now the Queen's chief Minister and adviser: he stood high in her councils, and high in the favour of the Queen's party.

Early in April the Queen moved with her ladies and attendants to Edinburgh Castle, and there on Wednesday, June 19, 1566, was born the son who was afterwards to be James Sixth of Scotland and First of England. In the afternoon of the day of his birth, the child's father, Lord Darnley, came to see the Queen, who proudly showed the baby, a fine boy. "This is the Prince," said Mary, "whom I hope shall first unite the two kingdoms of England and Scotland." The interview was very sad, for the mother in her weakness and danger could not help referring to the sad events so lately past. "Madam," said Darnley, "these things are all past." "Then let them go," said the Queen, as if resigning herself to new life and new hopes.

Great was the joy in Edinburgh and throughout Scotland when the news was told that an heir to the throne was born. Bonfires blazed, and a great thanksgiving service was held in St Giles' Cathedral. The news was of course carried to Queen Elizabeth, who received it ungraciously enough.

The influence of Moray was now again fully in the ascendant. The temper of Darnley, whose conduct had softened towards the Queen at the time of the boy's birth,

soon burst forth again. An insane jealousy possessed him; he could not bear to see his wife on good terms with her Ministers, her courtiers, even her ladies. Mary in return certainly showed at this time a great deal of patience, bearing with his surly and obstinate temper as best she might.

But his fate had been sealed long ago, when he had turned traitor after Riccio's murder. The whole nobility of Scotland hated and despised him. In the course of a very few months a plot against his life was set on foot. A document called a "Band" was drawn up and signed by Bothwell, Moray, Lethington, Morton, and others, in which the death of Darnley was decided upon. How much Queen Mary knew of this document, this plot to rid the country of the weak and tyrannical King, has given rise to countless volumes of controversy; but no one has ever proved that she knew that Darnley's death was intended. She must have known—she did know—that in some manner the country was to be relieved of his presence, that the intolerable burden upon herself was to be lightened. Possibly she thought of exile, of imprisonment, or of divorce, but her lords never received warrant from her to compass his death.

On January 1, 1567, the Court was at Stirling. On Christmas Eve Darnley had left the Queen, stormily indignant that some measure had been taken against his advice. He went to Glasgow, and there fell ill of the smallpox, a disease from which people in those days seldom recovered. The Queen, on hearing of the illness, at once sent her own doctor, with a message to say she would come soon herself. This she did about the 20th of the month. Her nature was tender and forgiving: she watched by Darnley's sick-bed with unremitting care. His dependence upon her in his weakness and pain touched her as nothing else could have done, and

all other thoughts were put aside. As he grew better she planned to carry him in a horse-litter to Craigmillar Castle, just outside Edinburgh. The journey took four days, for Darnley was still weak. While on the road their plans were altered: the Queen's Ministers persuaded her not to take him to Craigmillar, and represented to her that the castle of Edinburgh and the palace of Holyrood were both unsuitable places for his convalescence. They suggested that he should be lodged at the house of Robert Balfour, the Provost of Edinburgh, which stood outside the walls,—a small but substantial building,—in a field close by the Hamilton Palace. This was on January 30, and for the next ten days—the last of the wretched Darnley's life—there was nothing but peace and goodwill between the husband and wife. He progressed rapidly towards health and strength, while she devoted herself to his comfort,—talking to him, singing to him, arranging for a band of music in the garden to beguile the evening hours. He had been very near death, that was all she now remembered; and very likely she hoped and believed that he might rise from his sick-bed a very different man,—for he was only twenty, his life had scarcely begun. She was glad to obey his wishes and his whims. She lodged at this time with her baby at Holyrood, spending her days at Kirk-of-Field, but in obedience to his wish she had a bedroom fitted up for herself beneath his own, and spent several nights there.

Sunday, February 9, was to be a day of gladness and festivity at Court: it was the marriage-day of Bastien Page and Margaret Cawood, two faithful servants of the Queen. Mary was most anxious to do them honour in every way. The marriage service was held in Holyrood Chapel, and the Queen herself attended the wedding-dinner. She then went to see Darnley at Kirk-of-Field, and at four o'clock attended a great banquet in honour

of some foreign ambassadors. The banquet over, she again went to see her husband, taking with her all the great nobles present,—all save one, for Bothwell had other business on hand. A small state-reception was held at Kirk-of-Field—no doubt the first function of the kind that had been allowed since Darnley's illness. In his chamber the Queen entertained him and the guests, and Bothwell soon joined them. While this reception was going on the room below was full of men,—the servants of Bothwell,—who carried with them large bags of gunpowder which they threw on the floor.

The Queen was to sleep that night at Holyrood, a mile away. This had long been arranged, for she had promised the bride and bridegroom to be present at the wedding-dance in their honour. Yet she lingered by the side of Darnley as long as she could,—he unwilling to part with her, and she unwilling to go. "I must not break my promise to Bastien and his bride," she said, as she prepared to leave him at last. He still wished her to stay. She drew a ring from her finger and placed it on his own. With loving words and promises on both sides they kissed and said "Good-night." It was their last farewell.

At two o'clock in the morning a fearful explosion startled the whole city,—the house of Kirk-of-Field was blown into the air. There must have been large stores of gunpowder concealed in the cellars, for not only were the upper rooms destroyed, but great stones ten feet long were torn from the very foundations and flung to a distance. The grooms of the King's chamber and two boys were killed in the explosion; another servant was taken out alive. The crowds who rushed to the spot could find no trace of the King in the masses of broken stone. Nothing was known of his fate during three hours of

frantic search. At five in the morning his dead body was found in a little orchard eighty yards away from the ruins. Beside him lay the body of his servant, William Taylor.

No one ever knew—no one will ever know—what happened in that awful night to Darnley. It is certain he was not killed by the explosion. If he had been strangled in the house the murderers would certainly not have removed the body. It is possible that, being in his bed, the unfortunate King was alarmed by the sound of men in and about the house; that seizing his fur pelisse, he wrapped himself in it and fled out, and that the murderers pursued and strangled him and his servant. Some women who were sleeping near the garden heard a cry—the last cry of the doomed man—"Ah, my kinsmen, have mercy on me, for love of Him who had mercy on us all!"

Bothwell carried to the Queen the news of her husband's death. Overwhelmed with horror, as she must have been at the first, she courageously controlled her natural feelings. She now knew herself surrounded with traitors, with desperate men, who no more scrupled to shed the royal blood than that of the servant Riccio. On whom did her suspicions fall? Probably not on one man, but on the many assassins who before her eyes had a year ago committed murder. She spent the first week of her widowhood in her *dule* chamber at Edinburgh Castle, and then removed to Seton House, near Edinburgh. She left her son at Holyrood under the care of the Earls of Huntley and Bothwell.

The murderers of Darnley were busy with her name. If only the populace could be got to suspect her of her husband's murder they themselves would be in comparative safety. The tragic death of the young Darnley had taken hold of the popular imagination: it needed only a

sedulous spreading of reports to set on foot denunciations of the Queen. On one of the great buildings in the city a large placard was displayed, "Farewell, gentyl Henrye! but a vengeance on Mary!"

The love of her people had been the mainstay of Mary's throne; she had always felt the comfort and strength of it beyond all the scheming of her lords, the abuse of the preachers, the enmity of Elizabeth. It had been the great fact of her reign; it had made happiness possible in many a dark hour; it gave her a power that was supreme. Now she was to forfeit this love; worse than their plots for the deaths of Riccio and Darnley was this traitorous and unspeakably base project of the lords to discredit her with her people, to turn the thoughts of her whole kingdom to thoughts of bitter blame.

No steps were immediately taken to bring to justice the murderers of Darnley, but Mary knew by this time that all the Lords of her Council were involved, and that it was but madness to accuse them. There was no power that would punish them. Only Bothwell stood his trial,—Lennox, the father of Darnley, had insisted on it,—but he was tried before the lords, who, all equally guilty, could only acquit him.

It need hardly be said that the Queen's re-marriage was discussed as soon as Darnley was dead, and in all the talk and conjecture the idea gradually took shape that the Earl of Bothwell aspired to be the Queen's husband. Nothing could have suited the guilty lords better. Once for all such a marriage would draw the blame of the murder away from them, and throw it wholly on the Queen and on Bothwell. Again the lords, meeting together in Edinburgh, drew up a "Band," or league, pledging themselves to do all that was possible to further this wicked marriage. Morton and Maitland of Lethington were among the nineteen

who signed the document. Moray took care to be absent.

The little Prince James had been removed to Stirling, and towards the end of April his mother rode thither to see him. The poor baby of ten months was frightened at the sight of his mother, draped as she was in black from head to foot, and naturally did not know her at first. No doubt she soon made friends with him, but she could only be with him one day. On saying farewell she confided him lovingly to the care of the Earl of Mar, making him promise that he would guard his precious charge from every danger. Many years of life still lay before Mary, but never in all the weary years was she to see her only child again.

The next day she went to Linlithgow and slept there, and on April 24, accompanied by only twelve persons, set forth to ride the few miles from Linlithgow to Edinburgh. When within less than a mile of Edinburgh Castle she suddenly found herself surrounded by armed men. A thousand horsemen, with the Earl of Bothwell at their head, stood between the Queen and the safe shelter of the city. Her own few followers were quickly disarmed, for resistance was impossible. Bothwell himself seized the bridle-rein of the Queen, and turned her horse's head towards Dunbar. Thither they rode,—the Queen showing no resistance,—with her bewildered attendants as helpless as herself. At the gates of the grim fortress Bothwell dismissed his thousand men, bidding them hold themselves in readiness soon to serve him again.

Mary was now Bothwell's prisoner. He had induced her to go to Dunbar without resistance by assuring her that he was saving her from some threatened danger. It must be remembered that Mary had for years been accustomed to rely on Bothwell's word. Moray, Leth-

ington, Morton, all had at different times proved false: she would have been mad to place real confidence in the loyalty of any of her lords. Only Bothwell had been true, had shown himself the Queen's unswerving champion, and she leaned on his affection as she leaned on the impetuous strength of his counsel. He was guilty of the King's death, but Mary did not know that he was more guilty than others. Not until behind the grim walls of Dunbar, far from help, did she learn from Bothwell the full meaning of her capture. Then indeed she felt herself trapped. Bothwell spoke of the project of a marriage between them. To whom could she turn for counsel or help? She spoke of her lords, and Bothwell's reply was to place before her the "Band," signed so short a time ago by nineteen of the most powerful chiefs of her kingdom. This marriage, then, was what they wished,—it was what Bothwell wished. The whole horror of it could not have broken upon her mind. She only knew she was in his power,—that he had often helped her, and that in his help he had been unerringly loyal and strong with a rough strength that she loved. In her terrible loneliness, her difficult dangerous position, she felt once again the sense of protection in his stability, and she yielded to the temptation to accept the security he offered. That she was doing wrong she must have known, for she knew that he was already married, and that he, among others, was deeply stained with the blood of Darnley. It is impossible to defend her conduct in consenting to the marriage: it is only possible to try and understand how it was that her clear-seeing and dauntless spirit could sink so far. Perhaps she was desperately weary, unfit to struggle or to plead; perhaps she loved Bothwell. When she left Dunbar it was as his promised wife. This third marriage of Mary's is the darkest spot in her whole sad story. Until that fatal

step was taken there had been nothing hopeless in her condition. Her people would not long have believed her guilty of Darnley's death,—if indeed the mass of the people ever did believe it in the first place. She would have regained her hold upon the kingdom and could have defied the Confederate Lords. But this terrible marriage severed completely the link that bound her to her people: it could never be forgiven, never condoned.

The Queen rode into Edinburgh early in May, still Bothwell's prisoner. She wished to go to her palace at Holyrood, but he seized her bridle and turned her to the castle, where she was kept as much a captive as she had been at Dunbar, until she had signed the documents necessary for the marriage, when she was allowed to return to Holyrood. Bothwell was busy getting a divorce from his wife, a matter easily arranged in those days; but even this formality was over before May 15, and on that day was celebrated the marriage of Queen Mary and James Hepburn, Earl of Bothwell. Darnley had been dead only three months. "At this marriage," says an old record, "there were neither pleasures nor pastimes, as are wont to be used when princes are married." At four in the morning the Queen came to the great hall of Holyrood. She was dressed still in the heavy black of a widow, which she wore for some days after, till obliged by Bothwell to discard it. No happiness, no content, no peace was possible in the days that followed. Bothwell dropped the mask, and she saw him as he was,—brutal in his impulses, no longer the devoted servant, but the imperious master. She had complained of Darnley's weakness; she was now confronted by strength that did not know mercy. "Do not be surprised," she said to a friend, "if you see me sorrowful, for I cannot rejoice, nor ever shall again. All I desire is death."

CHAPTER IV.

"Treason doth never prosper; what's the reason?
For if it prosper none dare call it treason."

The marriage had done all that the treacherous lords intended,—it had made Scotland ripe for the revolution that should depose the Queen, it had separated Mary finally and for ever from the sympathies of her people. The misery of her life with Bothwell endured but one month, and in that short space she was robbed of everything—her power in the state, her dignity as a wife, her authority as a mother. She had almost lost the power of feeling before the Confederate Lords made their first determined attack. They aimed at surprising the Queen and her husband at Holyrood and taking them captive. The plan was discovered by Bothwell, who with the Queen made a rapid flight to the mighty fortress of Borthwick Castle, twelve miles from Edinburgh. The description of Mary's luggage on this desperate occasion is quaint,—"A silver basin, a silver kettle for heating water, a small cabinet with lock and key, and two thousand pins." They reached Borthwick in safety on June 10, 1566, but the next day an army of 1200 men followed them. Bothwell escaped, leaving the Queen: for the first time since her miserable marriage she found herself freed from his yoke. The old indomitable spirit rose within her. Dressing herself in a page's dress, with boots and spurs, she made her ladies let her down from a window nearly thirty feet from the ground. It was midnight, and she was absolutely alone as she stole out from a little gate in the wall and found herself upon the wild moors. A horse stood ready: she mounted, and

rode all night, whither she knew not. But in the early morning she fell again into the clutches of Bothwell, who was lurking in the district. Some historians think that the plan had been arranged between them, and that she intended to rejoin him rather than throw herself on the mercy of the rebels. The truth can now never be known. They rode together to Dunbar, that place of dread memories, and while there Bothwell managed to raise an army,—a collection of his own vassals, outlaws, desperate men who would fight on any side that offered, 2000 men in all, but mostly without experience and very poorly armed.

The rebel army met them at Musselburgh, close to Edinburgh, and the Queen's men took up a position on Carberry Hill. It was a point of vantage, but Bothwell, the great soldier, well knew that he could not show fight against so superior a force. The opposing armies remained for hours gazing at one another.

The royal standard had been raised on Carberry Hill, and beneath it, on a grey rock, sat Queen Mary. Beside her sat Mary Seton. With sorrowful heart and eyes that brimmed with tears, the forsaken Queen looked on the hostile army. Among its leaders were those whom she had most trusted and most loved.

Du Croc, the French Ambassador, hoping to prevent bloodshed even at this last hour, offered his services as mediator between the two parties. To and fro he rode between the armies with proposals and messages. Bothwell, in his rough courage, made answer that he would stand forth in single combat with any of the lords that chose. The knightly offer was exactly of the kind that appealed to the instincts of Mary. "I will espouse his quarrel, and esteem it as my own," she said. The rebels sent out Patrick, Lord Lindsay, mounted on a charger, and bearing an enormous sword. The single

combat was prevented, however, by the intervention of the Queen, who found means of sending a message that she would agree to put herself into the hands of her lords on the one and only condition that Bothwell should go free. So Carberry Hill proved a bloodless day after all, and on the field Mary saw her husband for the last time. He rode away to the safety she had bought for him with her own liberty.

Mary gave herself up to the leaders of the rebel army with these words: "My lords, I am come to you not out of any fear I had of my life, nor yet doubting of the victory, but to save the shedding of Christian blood; and therefore have I come to you, trusting in your promises that you will respect me, and give me the obedience due to your Queen and Sovereign." The Earl of Morton replied: "Here, Madam, is the place where your Grace should be, and here we are ready to defend and obey you as loyally as ever the nobles of this realm did your fathers." These fair but false words were followed by hoarse yells from his followers, "Burn her! Burn the murderess!" Two soldiers now came forward, bearing between them a large banner with a picture of the dead body of Darnley lying under a tree; the baby Prince James, kneeling with folded hands beside him, was saying, "Judge and avenge our cause, O Lord!" This wicked device, which had been designed by the actual murderers of Darnley, was flaunted in her face. It can be imagined what the Queen's progress was like from Carberry Hill to Edinburgh. The rank and file of the army had been so inflamed against her that her person had to be defended by Kirkaldy with a drawn sword. No sword could prevent her hearing their coarse and cruel insults. She now realised how completely she had been betrayed: instead of the consideration promised, she was treated like a vile criminal. Nothing in history

is more pathetic than the return of this once worshipped woman to the capital which had made of her an idol in days so lately past. Before her rode soldiers bearing the horrible standard. Morton and Atholl rode on either side, and between them was the figure of the Queen, exhausted, covered with dust, disfigured by passionate emotions, bowed down by a storm of weeping she could no longer control. About her grew the threatening mob as the town gates were reached, hooting and railing, as she passed, not to her own palace, but to the grim house of the Provost—the Black Turnpike, in the High Street. Here she was separated from her ladies, and compelled to spend the night entirely alone. When morning came, in her agony of mind and wild despair she showed herself at a window of the house, and called to her people in the street for help. Some soldiers came below the window, and raised up before her eyes once more the pictured banner of the dead Darnley. But the extremity of her misery caused a revulsion of feeling in her favour. The sight of the beautiful young Queen in such dire distress, dishevelled and despairing, moved to compassion the hearts of her citizens. A large crowd of honest men gathered in the street below, their indignation ready at any moment to take the form of a rescue. The lords became alarmed, for a loyal army was already in the field, and it was quickly resolved to remove her to a prison beyond the reach of help.

Lochleven Castle is situated on a small island, only five acres in extent, in the midst of a loch in Kinross twelve miles in circumference. The castle was even at that time an immensely old building. Mary knew it well, for in past days she had often gone there both for business and pleasure. Now she returned to it a helpless prisoner, to be kept in strict confinement. Sir William Douglas was a half-brother of the Earl of

Moray. His mother, Lady Douglas, was a woman of harsh disposition, and made the captive Queen's lot very burdensome, receiving her with insolence and guarding her with unnecessary severity. Her other jailors were Lord Ruthven and Lord Lindsay.

The rebel lords were now in a strong position: they held in their power both the Queen and her son, the heir to the throne. Now the time had come to strike the decisive blow: they intended to force the Queen to abdicate and to make the baby James king. Some of the conspirators planned to put her to death. Three deeds were drawn up, and her jailors were directed to secure her signature. One was a declaration, as if from herself, "that being in bad health, and worn out with the cares of government, she intended voluntarily to resign her crown to her dearest son James, Prince of Scotland." The second and third deeds related to the Regency, which was to be given to the Earl of Moray. When shown these deeds by Melville, who had been instructed to coax her to sign them, she of course utterly refused to sign away her crown, or to have anything to do with the matter. Lord Lindsay, whose violent temper turned him on occasions into a brutal bully, was next sent to obtain her signature. "Shall I set my hand to a deliberate lie?" asked Mary; "to gratify the ambition of my nobles give up the office I hold from God to my son, an infant, that my brother Moray may reign in his name?"

Lindsay interrupted her, roughly saying that if she would not sign the deeds he would not answer for her life, and with other violent language and threats silenced her. "I am not yet five-and-twenty," was all she said in reply. "Save your life by signing," whispered Melville. It is said that Lindsay forced the pen into her hand, and in the unequal struggle left the

W. Allan.

THE ABDICATION AT LOCHLEVEN.

imprint of his mailed glove in bruises on her arm, as he guided the pen. In such a way Mary signed her abdication. George Douglas, the younger brother of Sir William, was an indignant and protesting witness of this shameful scene.

The Queen's life in prison at Lochleven was, especially at first, very miserable; she was shut in the tower at one end of the castle, and not even allowed liberty to go out of doors. Her brother Moray, who paid her several visits on the island, caused these rigorous conditions to be altered, but still her health and spirits suffered severely.

She began, however, to make the best sort of life she could for herself and her ladies, and must have beguiled much of the time with needlework. A beautiful four-fold screen, a mass of exquisite embroidery, is still in existence, and was her handiwork during her imprisonment in the castle. It is wonderful how she and her ladies could have done so large a piece of work in the ten months they were there; but there were no other recreations on that isolated spot.

Mary had not long been in the castle before she discovered that she had a friend among her jailors. George Douglas, the youngest of Lady Douglas's sons,—nicknamed "Prettie Geordie,"—had already shown indignation on her behalf on the day of her forced abdication. Ere long he contrived that she should know of his sympathy, and with her grateful consent he put himself into communication with various gentlemen in Scotland whom he knew to be loyal to the Queen, and plots were arranged for her escape from the island and the mustering of an army in her defence. Many of these were rash and hazardous enough, and perhaps it was as well they came to nothing.

Moray heard of the schemes; the blame was easily traced to George Douglas, who was then expelled from

the island. He went no farther, however, than the village of Kinross, on the shores of Lochleven, where a friend concealed him in his house, and from whence he could still make efforts for a rescue. A boat was sent to the island to fetch away the laundress who, living on the mainland, conveyed clean clothes to the inhabitants of the castle. Mary, disguised as a laundress, stepped into the boat—a hood well pulled down over her face concealing her features. The boatmen rowed away, but becoming suspicious of the care with which the Queen's face was hidden, one of them tried to draw aside her hood. Instinctively the hand of Mary went up to prevent him, and that hand betrayed her: the long exquisite hand, that Ronsard had made immortal, the boatmen knew was that of no laundress. The Queen alone had such a hand. They resolutely took her back to the island. After this the vigilance of her keepers increased—she was watched day and night. But the chivalrous George Douglas had left behind him at the castle an ally, a humble friend who was to have in the end the supreme honour of rescuing his sovereign. Among the inhabitants of Lochleven was a young boy of unknown parentage called "the lad Willie" or "Foundling Willie,"—for he had been found at the castle gates as a baby, and adopted by the Douglas family. He was now sixteen years old. Deeply touched by the sad plight of the beautiful young Queen, he one day found an opportunity to speak to her alone. "Madam, if you will try to escape I can tell you how to do so. There is a postern-gate by which we go out in one of the boats. I will bring you the key of the gate when the boat is ready; I will deliver you, I will go with you." "My little friend," said the Queen, "this is very good of you; but tell no one, or we are ruined. If your plan succeeds, I will make you great and happy all your life."

The Queen was not at this time allowed the use of pen and ink, but, ever full of resource, she managed to write on a handkerchief with a piece of charcoal, and this message she gave to Willie to carry to her loyal friend, Lord Seton, who, on receiving it, began to gather an army together, hiding his men among the hills, to be ready to join the Queen. There they waited, till a message from the island on May 2 told them that the great hour had come, and that all the horsemen must be ready to gather together and surround their sovereign.

There was one hour of the day when the guards who watched the gates of the fortress were not on duty. This was the hour of supper, when the whole family of Douglas and their retainers met together in the great Hall. The gates, however, were always carefully locked, and the keys were brought to the dais where Sir William Douglas sat at supper with his mother, and laid beside him on the table. Willie, who was waiting at table, dropped a napkin over the bunch of five great keys, attached to an iron chain, and in lifting the napkin took care to take the keys too. We can fancy he lost no time in rushing to the Queen's apartments. He found her ready for the adventure. She had changed clothes with Mary Seton, who was to remain behind to personate her mistress. The companion chosen by the Queen was a little girl of ten years old, whom she led by the hand. With the keys in Willie's possession the first steps were easy: he unlocked each set of massive gates, and remembered to lock them again as soon as the fugitives passed through, so that no one could immediately pursue them.

A little boat lay ready, and into this they got with all speed, Mary herself taking one of the oars. One of her devoted waiting-women, Jane Kennedy, being by mistake left behind in the castle, leapt into the water

from her bedroom window, and, swimming to the boat, was taken on board. As the little craft drew near the shore, the Queen rose and gave the signal of her presence by waving her white veil. Instantly the shore seemed alive with mounted men—the loyal force that so eagerly awaited her coming. Willie, who was still in charge of the keys, now judged it best to drop them into the lake, where they were actually found after three hundred years.

The rage, the fear, the tumult at the castle when the Queen's escape was discovered, may be better imagined than described. But all were securely locked in, and could only view from the windows the reunion of their victim with her loyal subjects on the farther shore. By the time locks were forced the Queen was in the saddle, and, in a transport of joy and gratitude, was riding a race for liberty and life. Again she took ship to cross the Forth, landing at South Queensferry. She slept that night, once more a free woman, at Lord Seton's house, and was awakened in the early morning by the cheering sounds of pipes and bugles, as those among her chiefs who yet were faithful mustered their men in her defence in the courtyard below.

Thus ended a very wonderful escape, contrived and carried out by the wit and courage of a boy of sixteen.

In the days that followed, Mary knew her last glimpse of happiness and hope. It seemed as if Scotland would rally to her standard, as if her people would pity and forgive her. But first a battle must be fought. Moray, as Regent for the baby James, was now at the head of a powerful force called the King's Lords. If Mary was to reign again as Queen that force must be met and defeated.

The two armies met on May 13, 1568, at the village of Langside in Renfrewshire. The valour, the loyalty

of Mary's men could not carry the day; she witnessed their defeat from the Castle of Crookstane.

This cruel stroke of fate made her again a fugitive: her life was now in imminent danger. Guided by her faithful soldier Lord Herries, and accompanied by Mary Livingston, she plunged into the wilds of Galloway. Full speed across country she rode, covering no less than sixty miles the first day; the night was passed in the open fields. In every direction her enemies were tracking her: the wildness of that remote moorland country was her only protection. Three days and three nights were passed in this desperate endeavour to find safety It was wonderful that she could endure the hardships of the flight—the want of food, the want of shelter, the want of rest. But though these days were terrible they had a comfort of their own,—the Queen was free. These were indeed the last days of liberty she was ever to know.

It was at a place called Terregles, near Dumfries, that Mary came to the fatal determination to enter England and throw herself upon the friendship of Elizabeth. "Next to God, I have no hope but in your goodness," she had written. She had better have thrown herself on the mercy of the roughest of her Scottish chiefs, trusted the most traitorous among them, rather than have confided in the honour of Elizabeth. Mary's last council was held at Dundrennan Abbey, where with her few faithful followers the plans for her safety were discussed. Her loyal lords spoke with one voice, "Not to England." Some wished her to remain in a fortress in Scotland till an army could be gathered; but for the most part the feeling was strong that she should return to France,—to the country that would gladly receive her, to the care of the king who had loved her from his childhood. But the thoughts of the fugitive Queen

turned persistently to England. "I commanded my best friends," she said in after days, "to permit me to have my own will."

Near Dundrennan was a little bay on the Solway Firth: at this spot a small fishing-boat was found, and in this the Queen insisted on leaving Scotland. To the last her friends counselled and entreated: once embarked, they knew she had entered on her final ruin. Fairly out to sea, the poor distracted Queen changed her mind, and said she would go to France. But wind and tide were against her. The boatmen tried without result to change the course of the little craft, which in four hours was driven rapidly across the Firth and ran into the little harbour of Workington, on the Cumberland coast. Sixteen of the Queen's friends were with her—three of her Maries, George Douglas, and the devoted Willie among them.

As soon as the Queen stepped on shore she was recognised by the country people, and the news of her arrival spread quickly. The lord of the manor, Sir Henry Curwen, hastened to meet her, and with every mark of respect received her at his house. Beneath the kindly roof of Workington Hall, Mary's first day in England—May 16—was happy and hopeful. From thence she wrote to Elizabeth, "I entreat you to send for me as soon as possible." The news spread like fire through England. A band of English gentlemen, under the pretext of being a guard of honour, were instantly despatched to her side. They had private orders to allow neither the Scottish Queen nor one of her attendants to escape. The pretence of her being at liberty was kept up while she travelled on to Cockermouth, and from thence to Carlisle. At Carlisle the mask was dropped, and she knew herself a prisoner in the grasp of a mortal enemy.

CHAPTER V.

"Hath she not dwelt too long
Midst pain, and grief, and wrong?
Then why not die?
Why suffer again her doom of sorrow?
Why nurse the trembling dream until to-morrow?"

There is no space here to tell of Mary's life in England. Once in the grasp of Elizabeth, no appeal either to her sense of justice or her compassion was of the slightest avail. This bitter captivity lasted for nineteen years, and in a dozen different castles the dreary time passed by. Mary, the most beautiful, the most cultivated, the most brilliant woman in Europe, with all her gifts of intellect, all her fascinations of mind and body, the embodiment of high hopes and dauntless courage, spent nineteen years in the endless restlessness of unjust captivity. Gifted with a rare sense of justice, she lived out these eternal years in the stern grasp of one who did not know what justice meant.

As in the past, men continued to lay down their lives for her. Plots were laid, escapes arranged,—but something always failed, some traitor was always ready with betrayal. The grace of resignation did not come easily to her lofty and passionate soul; she would not have been Mary Stewart had she not lent herself eagerly to the plotting, had her spirit not risen and struggled in a tumult of revolt. All this time Elizabeth in her heart devised the death of Mary. A sudden order, a quick angry decision when her victim first fell into her power, posterity would long since have forgiven in Elizabeth. But she cherished the idea of murder, and lacked the courage to commit it for nineteen years.

On September 25, 1586, Mary was removed to the last of her prisons, the Castle of Fotheringay, near Peterborough, to be under the care of Sir Amyas Paulet and Sir William Fitzwilliam. So many and so bitter had been her wrongs in the past that perhaps she was not surprised when all her papers were taken from her cabinets, some of her servants sent away, and her money and jewels removed without explanation; but she must have known that some darker scheme was being prepared. With unquenchable courage she awaited events.

A conspiracy called the Babington Plot had been discovered—a desperate enterprise involving the death of Elizabeth. The leaders were betrayed, seized, and executed. The Scottish Queen was to be tried for her life for having known and encouraged this conspiracy. Nothing could be proved against her, but her condemnation was certain.

Mary had the type of mind that turns naturally to the future, that wears out in hoping rather than wastes in regretting. Poor, forsaken, exiled, crushed in health, broken in fortunes, lost child of sorrow and of all defeat, did her instinct tell her how fully she had laid hold of the future,—how her blood should flow in the veins of every royal house, and every throne of Europe should be filled by her descendants? Did she guess that the name of Mary, in all the ages to come, would shine from the pages of history like a star, that her story would never cease to charm hearts, to awaken sad and noble thoughts? An infinite regret, a deep sadness, hangs over every event of her life,—the mischances, the errors, the confidences, the betrayals,—only in the thought of her death there is no regret. She was to fulfil the heroic promise of her childhood: she knew "how to die well."

One consolation lay at her heart. She had always cared deeply for her Church, and stood by it when her

best interests would have lain in giving it up. Now she was to die for her faith, and with the passion of a martyr her whole soul turned to the glory of the coming sacrifice. Her days passed in a majestic calm.

The mockery of her trial began, before Elizabeth's Commissioners, on October 14, 1586, in a vast room above the great hall at Fotheringay Castle. A raised dais at one end bore an empty throne. At the side of the dais a crimson-velvet chair and footstool were prepared for Mary. The room was filled with the Commissioners, lawyers, dignitaries, and judges.

The Queen entered at nine in the morning with an escort of soldiers and a maid of honour. The long white veil over her pointed widow's cap flowed over a dress and mantle of black velvet. She was supported on either side. The severities of her imprisonment, repeated illnesses, and neglected health had rendered her incapable of walking without help.

She now looked gravely round on the large concourse of men.

"Alas!" she said, "here are many counsellors, and not one for me!"

It was true. No lawyer was there to plead her cause; she must stand forth in her own defence. Her death had been decided upon before the trial began. There was not even a show of justice. She was the source and centre of Roman Catholic hopes in England, and her fate was sealed. Yet for two long days, in the grim presence of her enemies, she contended for her honour and her life.

Sentence was not then pronounced. The Commissioners went to London, where they met again and went through more empty forms of justice. It was not till November 29 that Lord Buckhurst was sent to Fotheringay to announce to the Scottish Queen that

sentence of death had been pronounced. She received the news with perfect calm. "I expected nothing else," she said. "I do not fear death, and shall suffer it with a good heart. I am weary of being in this world. . . . But I look forward to a better life, and I thank God for giving me this grace of dying in His quarrel."

Her face was illumined with an extraordinary exaltation. She had expected death for eighteen years. All that disturbed her was the thought of what might befall her poor servants and ladies, those devoted men and women who had shared her imprisonment and followed her sad fortunes for so long. Steadfastness to her friends, and gratitude to those who had served her, were, through all her life, leading points in her character.

Elizabeth signed the death-warrant on February 1, 1587, after two months of apparent irresolution. In reality she waited, hoping and hinting that some one should assassinate Mary, and so relieve her from all blame in her death. But her servants knew her treacherous nature too well to risk it, and the warrant was signed at last and sent to Fotheringay.

On February 7 Queen Mary asked when she was to die. "To-morrow morning at eight o'clock," said Lord Shrewsbury. The time was very short: the night was scarcely long enough for all there was to do. "My children," said Mary to her servants, seeing them in frantic sorrow and despair, "it is now no time to weep." They all knelt together in prayer. The Queen had been robbed of nearly all her belongings, but she now collected together what money she had left, and made it into little packets, on which in her own handwriting she wrote the names of her servants. At supper she sat among her ladies as usual, the only one calm and unmoved. Now and again she smiled, for her thoughts were happy. "For

all the lives in the world I would not change in one little thought." After supper the Queen drank to the welfare of them all, and asked them to pledge her in return. In a passionate outbreak of tears the toast was honoured. During the night she made her will and wrote her last letter: it was addressed to Henri III. of France, whom she had loved as a little boy in far-off days. "For my servants," she wrote, "I beg your help with clasped hands." The night was swiftly passing. At two in the morning she lay on her bed, and asked Jane Kennedy to read to her the "life of some saint who had once been a great sinner."

At six the Queen rose, and dressed with unusual splendour in a skirt and bodice of black satin over a brown velvet petticoat. Her long mantle was of gold-embroidered black satin. Her head-dress and long veil were of white crape and lace. A chain of beads and a cross hung round her neck. The dressing over, she assembled her household and gave the servants the little presents she had prepared. A service was then held in the ante-chamber. While it was going on there came a loud knocking at the door, twice repeated, and the Sheriff entered. "Madam, the Lords have sent me to you." The Queen rose from her knees. "Yes, let us go." The crucifix from the altar was given into her hands. Two soldiers came forward to support her, for her servants refused to lead her to her death. Weeping bitterly, they followed her; but at the door they were forbidden to go farther. Their pleading was all in vain: "she was taken away all alone."

At the foot of the great staircase her faithful servant Melville met her. To him she gave her last message to her son. "Tell him to keep me in memory. . . . As I pardon all Scotland, so I wish they would pardon me. . . . May God enlighten my son, and send him

His Holy Spirit. To-day, good Melville, you see the end of Mary Stewart's miseries."

A voice said, "The hour has struck," and she went forward to the door of the great Hall, where she made her one last petition to the Lords that they would allow her poor servants to be with her to the end, promising for them that they should make no loud lamentation or disturbance. This was at last conceded, but not till the fiery spirit of Mary had, as in olden times, flashed into indignant words. "Do you forget I am of the blood-royal of Henry VII., that I am Queen Dowager of France, and anointed Queen of Scotland?"

Besides the members of her household one other friend was there. The Queen's little dog, accustomed to follow her everywhere, made its way to the death-chamber, keeping so close to her that it passed unnoticed, and was found, when all was over, hidden in the folds of her dress.

The great Hall was hung with black: three hundred men were there assembled to see the prisoner die. The scaffold had been raised at one end, and was guarded by soldiers: two masked executioners waited by the block. Outside in the courtyard a mourning dirge of music was played, clearly heard in the hush that fell in the Hall as the Queen reached the threshold. She saw the scaffold, and raised her crucifix above her head. In indescribable dignity, with no change of countenance, she came slowly forward and mounted the steps. A seat had been prepared for her to use while the royal death-warrant was read. Every voice joined in its conclusion, "God save the Queen." Shrewsbury turned to Mary. "Madam, you hear what we are commanded to do." "Do your duty," was the simple reply.

A witness of the scene has recorded that the splen-

dour of her triumphant beauty, the tender colour and charm of her youth, came back into her face as she rose to make her dying speech.

To the last, Elizabeth's envoys tormented her with the attentions of a Protestant clergyman, and even with prayers which they knew were offensive. But nothing could touch her now. She was conscious of nothing but the glory of her martyrdom.

The executioner advanced to make her ready for the fatal blow. She gently put him aside, and called Jane Kennedy and another maid, who knelt at the foot of the scaffold, and with their help laid aside her mantle and veil.

Then she bade all farewell, kissed her women and blessed them, making on their foreheads the sign of the Cross.

"Adieu, for the last time."

The bandage was folded about her eyes. The executioner knelt before her.

"I forgive you with all my heart," she said.

She knelt before the block. The tense silence of overpowering emotion hung over the assembly, the silence that was soon to be broken by one deep universal sob as the dread moment reached its close. Only one clear unfaltering voice was raised in prayer, the dying prayer of the soul of Mary—

"Into Thy hands, O Lord," . . .

The axe fell.

JAMES THE SIXTH.

[Born 1566. King of Scotland 1567. Succeeded to the throne of England 1603. Died 1625.]

CHAPTER I.

"The first of any
Seem the happiest years that come."
—E. B. BROWNING.

WHEN James the Sixth was a little boy he lived at Stirling Castle with his guardians, Lord and Lady Mar. It came about in this way.

He was born at Edinburgh Castle on the 19th of June 1566. His mother was Mary, Queen of Scots, and his father was Henry Stewart, Lord Darnley. When he was a few months old he was taken to Stirling, and it was at Stirling he was baptised in the month of December. His full name was Charles James, and he was proclaimed to be Prince and Steward of Scotland, Duke of Rothesay, Earl of Carrick, Lord of the Isles, and Baron of Renfrew. James was the Stewart name, long endeared to the Scottish nation; and the name Charles was chosen as a compliment to the reigning King of France. His godfathers were the King of France and the Duke of Savoy, but they were not present at the baptism. Queen Elizabeth of England was his godmother, and she sent to him, by the Duke of Bedford, a gold font adorned

with precious stones. At the baptismal ceremony Queen Elizabeth was represented by the Countess of Argyle. The Ambassador from the King of France carried the little Prince in his arms. Scottish nobles who were Roman Catholics bore the Cross and salt. For although Scotland had become quite lately a Protestant country, many of the Scottish people remained Roman Catholics, and the Queen and Lord Darnley were, as you know, Roman Catholics; so the baptism was according to the Roman Catholic rite. It was noticed that those of the nobles who were Protestants remained outside the church, and that the English Duke of Bedford waited with them. It was also remarked by every one that Lord Darnley was not at the baptism. The people of Scotland had held great rejoicings when their prince was born, but now, alas! danger and difficulty and strife seemed to await his infant life.

Trouble soon came, and came with a rush that was terrible. In the following spring Lord Darnley was murdered, and by the month of July Queen Mary was a prisoner in Lochleven Castle, and had been compelled to give up her throne in favour of her little son. On the 29th of July 1567 James was crowned King at Stirling, being, as the old historian says, "ane year auld, and ane month or thereby."

There are few events in the history of Scotland more pathetic than the crowning of this baby prince. Many people believed it was the only course left open to the Scottish nation; but surely hearts must have been touched with sorrow, and wellnigh with remorse, at the thought that such a course was possible or wise. The coronation was quite different from the baptism. Lord Mar carried the little King in his arms. The crown was placed on his head—it could be only for a moment—by the Bishop or Superintendent of Lothian; the Bishop of Orkney

anointed the King. The Earl of Morton and the Earl of Home, both Protestants, took the oath; John Knox, the great reformer, preached the sermon.

The safety of the little King was an anxious thought. He was already under the care of Lord Mar. With whom could he be so safe? Lord Mar was known by all men to be true to his King, and to be worthy of the trust. When he said he could not betray his King or his comrades for all the gold in the world, every one believed it was no empty boast. Therefore James remained at Stirling Castle with his guardian.

Naturally James was king in name only: the country was ruled by a regent. The Earl of Moray was chosen Regent; he was supported very earnestly by a group of nobles and the majority of the towns in Scotland. "The innocent prince, now our Sovereign lord," as Moray called King James, was only a baby in his cradle.

James had a head-nurse named Helena Gray, and he had also about six under-nurses, or "rockers" as they were called. The names of two of the rockers were Jane Oliphant and Alison Sinclair. Alison Sinclair was evidently a sewing-maid, as she kept the King's wardrobe.

But it was Lady Mar who took the real charge of James, and watched over his health and cared for him in every way. The dearest face, and the kindest voice, which James first learned to know would be the face and the voice of Lady Mar. She had two children of her own, and it would come easy to her to love and cherish the little King. Doubtless there were many people ready to play with him, and amuse him, and teach him. Every baby soon learns to be imperious and demand attention, and James was naturally like other babies. He was very fond of animals. Lord Mar may have carried him out to see the horses and the dogs; and may have watched with delight the child's eager joy.

He was a very precocious child. By the time he was four years old, tutors were appointed to teach him. The Privy Council of Scotland selected the greatest scholar in the land to be "master" to the King. This great scholar was George Buchanan. His knowledge of Latin was famous even on the Continent. By this time he was an old man in feeble health, a grave sad-eyed man with a pleasant manner. He had a very high ideal of how a King should be trained. His assistant was Peter Young. He was only about twenty-six years of age, and had lately returned to Scotland from Geneva. James was wonderfully quick at his books; his tutors must have been full of surprise and delight. But before we hear about James and his lessons we must watch him open Parliament.

So we must find out what was going on in the country. The Scottish nation was not united at this time; there was what is called civil war. That does not mean that there was always fighting going on, but it means that the people were divided at heart, and ever ready to fight. The Scottish nation was in two divisions; one part was in favour of Queen Mary, and the other part was in favour of King James. Suspicion lurked in every man's heart. It was said that no man who met another dare show his mind. But the hatred that was deep in many hearts showed itself in something more than suspicion. "I will *fecht* with him," one noble said of another,—"I will fecht with him what way he pleases, on horse or on foot, or in doublet only, or in armour, or man for man, or sax for sax, or twelve for twelve, as he thinks gude in that quarrel and cause."

It is easy, therefore, to understand that the Regent Moray had taken upon himself a dangerous task. In less than three years he was shot dead by his enemies. It is impossible that the little King could remember Moray, for

he was not four years old at the time of the murder. The new Regent was the King's grandfather, the Earl of Lennox. He was an old man, and not in good health. To give importance to the regency, it was decided to hold a convention of nobles at Stirling—what might be called a parliament. In order to impress the people, it was also decided that the King should be present. James at this time was five years and two months old, for it was the month of August 1571. He was taught to repeat a little speech; he had a good memory, so there would be no difficulty. Then, when the day came, he was dressed in royal robes,—proud and happy, no doubt,—and taken to the parliament hall. There was much for him to watch. Three earls carried before him the sword, the sceptre, and the crown. He made his speech. You may be sure his grandfather felt very proud of him. After the speech he had to sit still. It was not very interesting. He was seated at a table with a cloth on it, and perhaps under some kind of canopy. The nobles were, of course, beside him. There was nothing for him to do now but to look about him. He spied a hole in the tablecloth. He thought he would be happy if he could poke his finger into that little hole; he tried and tried to reach to it. Did the nobleman beside him turn to watch him?

"What is the name of this house?" asked James.

"It is Parliament House," said the noble, amused, no doubt, at the question.

"Then," said James, "this Parliament has a *hole* in it."

When James told Lady Mar about what he did and how he enjoyed himself, he may have remembered best about that little hole.

Unfortunately, people had sad cause to remember the King's remark, for that Parliament was followed by a disaster. In a few days a band of horsemen, led by men who were against the regency and King James, captured

some of the nobles who had been at the Parliament. Lord Mar, with his horsemen from the Castle, rescued them; but the Earl of Lennox was wounded, and soon died. On that day James would, for the first time, know that fear and danger were very near Stirling Castle. He would not understand, but the fright would be very real to him.

The Earl of Mar was now appointed Regent. He bravely undertook the task; but he lived only a little over a year. People said the cause of his death was "that he loved peace and could not have it." So the King's loyal and trusted guardian was dead. James was too young to realise his loss. Lady Mar continued to take care of him. To James, Stirling Castle would seem little changed. Lord Mar's brother, Alexander Erskine, was appointed guardian with Lady Mar.

The new Regent was James Douglas, Earl of Morton. Morton was one of the most powerful of the Scottish nobles, and he was called by his friends the man of "greatest courage and counsel." Unlike Mar, he could live without peace; no danger, no difficulty, dismayed him. He had known hardship in his youth owing to the adverse fortunes of his family, and he had met with men of all classes and conditions of life. Unlike many of the nobility, he was not highly educated; in his early life his education had been neglected. Therefore he was in some ways more like the older Scottish nobility, who set little store on book learning. But he had a wide knowledge of men and of politics. During his regency the cause of King James won, and the cause of Queen Mary was defeated. The last stronghold held by the followers of Queen Mary was Edinburgh Castle. After a terrible siege, and in the end after the fire from English artillery, it was surrendered by Kirkaldy of Grange and Maitland of Lethington, who had held it in the name of Queen

Mary. James was seven years old, and he would know about the surrender of the Castle as much as a boy of his age could be told. Under the strong rule of Lord Morton, something like peace came to Scotland at last: the country was weary of the "hunger, the sword, the civil war."

Now it is time to watch James in his schoolroom at Stirling. When he was nearly eight years old a new window was put in his "study," so we feel everything is in order. It will be surprising if you have known any boy who made such quick progress. Indeed James was made to work too hard, and probably it did him a great deal of harm. One day he said to some one, perhaps to Lady Mar, "They gar me speak Latin ere I could speak Scotis." Peter Young heard the remark, and may have felt half amused and also half sorry as he made a note of it. One of the early exercises written by James is still to be seen in the British Museum, London. It is the letters of the alphabet; each letter is written twice, so as to make the printed form and the written form of the letter, like this,—A*a*, B*b*, and so on. Then at the end James has put his royal signature three times,—in Latin, in French, and in English. The whole exercise is very neatly done: the ink is brown now. Another exercise gives a copy of a long Latin maxim, but it must have been written later.

Let us see what James could do when he was only eight years old. In the month of June,—his birthday month, you remember, so he was exactly eight years old,—an Englishman came to Stirling Castle to see and to report on the Scottish King. He found James, he says, well grown and speaking French "marvellous well." But that was not all. The surprise was that he could read a chapter from the Bible in Latin, and then translate it into French or English. Few *men* could have done

a better translation. And the Englishman could choose any chapter: it was not one specially prepared lesson. George Buchanan may well have felt proud. He believed Latin would prove to be the language of all learned people; and he thought a king should be the most learned man in his kingdom. But James had acquired other accomplishments besides Latin and French. When George Buchanan asked him to dance, he danced, says the Englishman, "with a very good grace."

A few months later there was another visitor at Stirling Castle—this time a Scotsman. He gives a very charming picture of James. It was "the sweetest sight in Europe," he says, to watch the little King walking up and down, his hand in Lady Mar's hand, and all the time talking and talking to her, and showing such a memory and so much sense. Doubtless "auld" Lady Mar, as the visitor calls her because she was a widow, knew how to show off her little King's wise ways. He had always been in her charge, and naturally she felt and believed that there had never been such a king. She had been strict with him—"wise and sharp"; but that can only mean that she had been careful not to spoil him too much. As she listened to the visitor and heard him praise the King, did sad thoughts press close upon her heart? Perhaps, that day, she wished that another visitor could come to see King James; that a lady of queenly beauty could enter by the great doorway and find her own boy grown so wise and strong and good. "If only his mother could see him now!" may have been a wish of her kind heart.

But you must not suppose that James was a lonely little boy. It sounds lonely so long as we remember the grown-up people only who were with him. He had playmates. The first we must mention was Lady Mar's own son, Johnnie. He was really about eight years older than James, so their friendship was the friendship of a little

boy and a big boy. James always called him "Jockie o' the Slates." Then there was Jockie's cousin. Lady Mar, before she was married, had been Annabella Murray of Tullibardine, so Jockie's cousin was William Murray of Abercairney. Another companion was Lord Invertyle, and still another was Walter Stewart, who became Lord Blantyre. There was also a friend, quite young, of whom James saw a great deal: this was Lord Morton's nephew, Lord Angus.

You can understand the boys at Stirling Castle were often very lively. King James and Jockie o' the Slates sometimes made so much noise that George Buchanan said they disturbed him when he was studying. There was a game in those days called "Call the guse"; it may have been a very noisy game. But, indeed, it is pleasant to think that they had time to be merry. King James was always having more books and more books bought for him, or given to him. People sometimes asked, and quite sensibly too, "What needs his Majesty so many books,—has he not enough already?"

This was the time-table of the lessons. The first task for the day was to read in the Greek New Testament. After that, Plutarch, it may be, was read. Breakfast came. Then lessons began again with reading in Cicero, or Livy perhaps; or sometimes in modern history. During the afternoon the subjects were often composition, arithmetic, cosmography, or, in their place, logic, and rhetoric. We have to remember that James acquired a great knowledge of book-learning, so that with him lessons were a reality. The number of books in Stirling Castle became something like 600,—a very large library in those days. Few of the books were in English, and only a very few of them had been printed in Scotland. There were grammars in Greek, Latin, French, and Italian. There was a large selection of Greek and Latin

authors. Many books were in French or in Italian. History and natural history were occasionally in English. You could also have found books for the study of theology, law, and mathematics. Catechisms and confessions were also there. Of course these books were not all read by King James, but he grew up among books, and knew how to use them. To show that the schoolroom was very complete, the King had also "two fair globes of the heavens and the earth."

Fortunately some people gave the King presents that were not books. He had a stock of bows and arrows; one quiver of twelve arrows was a present from a Border laird. He had also golf-clubs. His great-uncle, the Bishop of Caithness, had given him as many as twenty-five books, but he also gave him a pen, inkhorn, and writing-case of silver. The bows and arrows would afford plenty of sport in the fine park at the castle. For the wet days there were many games. James played bagatelle and "schule the board," a game played on a draught-board. He was musical, and could play on the virginals, an instrument with a key-board like a small piano. But James delighted in the open air; he played tennis, or, as it was then called, "catchpully."

Many jokes, you can imagine, were always passing round among the boys. James had a great fondness for puns and nicknames, and he had a quick witty way of hitting off a situation or incident. One day when he and Jockie o' the Slates were too noisy, George Buchanan threatened punishment.

"But who will bell the cat?" asked James.

This question made George Buchanan even more angry, and Lady Mar had to take James's part. Lord Invertyle told that story long, long after, when he was an old man.

James said himself that he trembled before George Buchanan. He may have been too severe. But Peter

Young was not severe; indeed, he remembered too well always that he was teaching a king. George Buchanan tried earnestly to work for the King's good. One day he wished to teach James that it was wrong to grant anything heedlessly and ignorantly. So he gave James a paper and asked him to sign it. James put his royal signature without looking at the paper; and then George Buchanan told him that he had signed away his kingdom to his tutor for fourteen days. George Buchanan saw that James granted favours too easily, and thought that a simple illustration might teach him strength of character.

There is a portrait of James in the National Gallery, London. He is standing alone, and looks a nice boy. He wears knickerbockers and a doublet, fine stockings and slippers. His hair is cut quite short; it is his cap with feathers which gives him the look of a boy of long ago. A sword is by his side, and on his wrist there is a falcon.

It is often said that James did not like the Regent Morton. It is, of course, difficult to know for certain how much James liked or disliked him. Probably he often changed his mind, and sometimes thought Lord Morton was the only man worth obeying, and at other times thought it would be quite delightful to be free from his rule. George Buchanan did not like Morton, and Alexander Erskine also was not his friend. Doubtless plenty of people were willing to say hard words against the powerful Regent. But by the time James was twelve years old he understood to some extent the value of Morton's rule. One day Morton talked of growing old and giving up the regency. "I wish," said James in French,—"I wish you were as young as Lord Angus, and still as wise as you are."

There are only two chief points to remember about

F. Zuccaro.

JAMES VI.

Morton's policy as a ruler: (1) He was determined on friendliness with the "neighbour land" of England; (2) He was determined to uphold the Protestant religion in Scotland, but he wished the Scottish religion to be as near as possible to the form of religion already adopted in England.

To work this out he went his own way, and he was afraid of no man. Powerful nobles, he thought, must be kept in their place. He quite forgot that he had been the most troublesome noble of them all. That did not matter; he kept other nobles quiet and peaceful. The clergy must not be allowed to dictate, he thought; so he tried to lessen their importance. Under his strong rule Scotland grew less unruly, and therefore more prosperous. The Borders even, a very war-loving part of the country, learned to be more law-abiding.

So you can understand the nobles had no love for the Regent, and the clergy only tolerated him. All could point to many wrong things done by him, for Morton had little mercy, and perhaps little conscience. A man once said of him, that "he was envied of many, and hated of all men." But this feeling seemed to make very little difference to Morton. He went about without a guard; and you might have seen him at his home at Dalkeith, walking about like any quiet country laird, with his fishing-rod over his shoulder.

His rivals longed to humble him. There was plotting against him; two earls were the leaders—the Earl of Athole, and the Earl of Argyle, a noble so powerful in his own part of the country that his powers were almost those of a king. In the end Morton saw that the wise course to take was to resign the Regency. James was therefore declared old enough to assume the government of the country.

James was twelve years old, and became now, in name,

a free king. But all the same it was natural that his education should still go on, and in reality his position remained almost exactly the same as during the regency.

George Buchanan and Alexander Erskine had very likely advised James to be against Morton. But after all James was only a boy. A feeling of insecurity and conspiracy seemed to be around him. Sometimes fear kept him from sleeping at night.

Morton was only about two months out of power. A council had been appointed to rule the kingdom, but it ended in failure. Morton found one ready supporter in Stirling Castle; this was Jockie o' the Slates, the young Earl of Mar. Morton told Jockie that he was now old enough to be the keeper of Stirling Castle, and that his uncle, Alexander Erskine, no longer had the right. These were flattering words to hear from the great Lord Morton. So the young Earl of Mar won Stirling Castle on a day in May, and Morton arrived to be the real keeper within its walls.

The next Parliament was held not in Edinburgh, but within Stirling Castle, so that Morton might feel quite secure. The King was present, but Lord Lindsay said boldly that it was not a "free Parliament," and there could be no real discussion. This made Morton very angry.

"Think ye, sir, that this is a court of brawlers?" asked Morton. "Take your own place, and be thankful that the King's youth keeps you safe from his resentment."

"I have served the King in his minority," answered Lindsay, "as faithfully as the proudest among ye, and I think to serve his grace no less truly now."

But Morton knew how to have the best of the argument. He whispered something to the King; perhaps he asked him to show these turbulent nobles that their

king was present. The nobles noticed that the King blushed and hesitated, and then rose to address them. Words came easily to James, and he spoke this day with true feeling.

"Lest any man," he said, "should judge this not to be a free Parliament, I declare it free; and those who love me will think as I think."

But the nobles knew it was not a free Parliament, and it seemed for a time as if civil war must follow it. The men of Teviot and of the Merse carried before them a banner of blue silk, and on the banner there was painted the picture of a boy behind a grated window, and underneath were the words—

"Liberty I crave,
And cannot it have."

To many of the Scottish people the boy king seemed to be crying out for liberty. But no warfare followed, and for a time Morton was still to rule in Scotland.

James was still strictly guarded, but he now began to go about more from place to place. He had a guard of horsemen, under the command of Captain James Stewart. When he rode "in the fields"—how the fair Carse of Stirling must have delighted him!—he was attended by twenty-five gentlemen pensioners. He was growing up with hardy habits, although he had not very great strength or power of endurance.

Lady Mar was still at Stirling Castle, but she was now relieved of part of her duties. Naturally, the time when James required her great care had now gone by. The Privy Council of Scotland said "she had worthily and honourably" done her duty, and that she was still to see as much of the King as she pleased. James had a little book of tablets covered with violet velvet given to him by his grandmother, Lady Lennox: he

gave the little velvet book to Lady Mar. Lady Mar kept always the little chair he had when he was a baby, and the cradle in which he was rocked. Some other little things she also kept which, to her, would always recall his childhood.

It was perhaps about this time that Lord Morton told James a secret, — at least, it must have seemed like some great secret to James. In later days this same secret was again told to him, but he heard it first, most probably, from Morton's lips. This was the secret: "James the Sixth of Scotland is heir to the English crown."

Morton may have explained it in this way, but James would see his claim very quickly.

"Queen Elizabeth," Morton may have said,—"Queen Elizabeth is the last of the family of Henry VIII. Now, Margaret Tudor, the daughter of Henry VII. and the sister of Henry VIII., married James IV. of Scotland. Margaret Tudor was your great-grandmother. You are therefore a descendant of Henry VII., and in the royal line too, and you have therefore the best claim to the English crown."

CHAPTER II.

"And the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts."
—LONGFELLOW.

James had a cousin who lived in France; his name was Esmé Stewart, Seigneur D'Aubigny. He was a man a little over thirty years of age, and was really first cousin to Lord Darnley, James's father. James was likely to

take a great interest in his father's relatives, because George Buchanan would praise them and talk about them. George Buchanan was a native of the Lennox country, and had known the Earl of Lennox, the King's grandfather. A correspondence therefore began between James and Esmé Stewart, so one autumn, when James was thirteen years old, the Seigneur D'Aubigny arrived at Leith to visit his young cousin and to inquire about the Lennox estates.

Esmé Stewart was a good-looking man with an exceedingly pleasant manner. The King was delighted to welcome him, and at once felt him to be a near relative and a dear friend. Perhaps by this time James had begun to feel the solitude of his lot, and to realise, as he once said, that he was "without father or mother, or sister or brother."

A little later in the same year James paid a visit to Edinburgh, escorted and guarded by a great band of horsemen. Morton was in power, as you know, and James honoured him by a visit to his home at Dalkeith, the "Lion's Den" as it was called.

To the people of Edinburgh this was the first sight of their boy king. He was greeted by the roll of cannons from the ships at Leith and the Castle of Edinburgh. He entered the city by the West Port, and was there presented with the sword and sceptre of state. Then the procession moved on toward the castle. Before it was reached there was another ceremony. A great globe opened "artificially," and from it there stepped a boy who presented the keys of the city to the King. These keys were of fine massive silver. Later, the King passed down the street to the High Kirk of St Giles. Here "Dame Religion," with grave and majestic mien, invited him to enter. When the service was over, there was yet another symbolic ceremony at the market-cross.

Flowers were scattered, although it was the month of October, and trumpeters sounded "melodiously Welfare to the King." It was a very happy day, we hope, for King James. At the same time, he must have felt tired and bewildered; and he had a quiet nature, and did not like crowds. But you can imagine how every man asked his neighbour if he had seen the King. The boy, amid the crowd of nobles and horsemen, would be readily recognised. The people knew Morton well,—the fair-haired man of medium height and grave "princely" bearing. Perhaps it was noticed that the King spoke often to the stranger with the red beard. People would quickly understand who he was; but Scotland was beginning to grow less familiar with French names, so D'Aubigny was simplified to "Dobany." As men and women watched the King, they would feel that he was not to blame whatever Lord Morton might have done. Their thoughts would rush to the near future, when he would be almost a man, and would understand his people, and see right done within his kingdom.

After this visit James returned to Stirling Castle. His cousin was with him. It seemed to James that the coming of this French cousin was the most delightful event that had ever happened. D'Aubigny came from the French Court, and could tell so many amusing stories. He was not old like Lord Morton, who seemed to think always that his King needed advice. Why, James felt that this cousin treated him almost as an equal! The days seemed winged with happiness. What could he do to make his cousin like Scotland? His home was in France, but he could let him see that a grateful Scottish king could bestow honour and reward. So James made Seigneur D'Aubigny Earl of Lennox. It was naturally the most pleasing honour to give him, as it was the family title. There was already an Earl of

Lennox, great-uncle to the King: his title was changed to Earl of March. Other honours were also added to the earldom of Lennox. One of the important strongholds of Scotland was the Castle of Dumbarton; it had been proudly called "the fetters of Scotland." The new Earl of Lennox was made its keeper. The revenues of the Abbacy of Arbroath were also given to him, and a new office—High Chamberlain—was created, so that he might fill it. Esmé Stewart was a Roman Catholic, but he appeared to Protestants to be very fair-minded and willing to see the error of his ways. James knew a very great deal about theology and points of doctrine. He had been taught by Peter Young, who had studied theology at Geneva. James doubtless imagined that he influenced his cousin. In due time the Earl of Lennox, as we must now call him, became a Protestant, and even requested to have a minister in his house.

People looked on and wondered. What did it all mean? Who could believe that "Dobany" had come to Scotland to become a Protestant and watch over the welfare of the Scottish king? The Scottish people had within the last twenty years lost their feeling of friendliness towards France.

Lord Morton saw that at last he had met a rival whom he could not baffle. And Morton knew that there was another man who was his bitter enemy, and high in the King's favour. This man was James Stewart, captain of the King's guard. He was a man suited to be a favourite of princes: he had a knowledge of the world outside Scotland; he was scholarly, and he had a "princely presence." This man now joined with the new Earl of Lennox in a plot to humble and, if possible, to ruin Morton.

People who had hated Morton—the strict Presbyterians in particular—now saw that the ruin of Morton would be

their loss. But it was impossible to check the unrivalled power of the two favourites of the King.

James was in Edinburgh. It was the last day of December 1580. James was therefore in his fifteenth year. A meeting of the Privy Council was being held in the Council room of Holyrood, when suddenly Captain James Stewart walked into the room. He flung himself on his knees before the King. Morton was seated in his usual place at the Council table.

"It was *that man*," cried James Stewart, as he pointed to Lord Morton,—"it was *that man*, now sitting at this table, a place he is unworthy to occupy, that conspired your royal father's death. Let him be committed for trial, and I will make good my words."

A shock passed through the company, but Morton was unmoved. He turned his eyes haughtily from his accuser and fixed them on the King.

"I stand upon my innocence. I fear no trial," he said.

Morton was put in ward in Holyrood; but his enemies were afraid he was not enough of a prisoner there, so he was removed to Edinburgh Castle. But was he safe even there? To make assurance surer he was conveyed to Dumbarton Castle, whose "keeper," as you know, was Esmé, Earl of Lennox.

The spring passed, and Morton was still a prisoner. The Earl of Angus, his nephew, with 2000 horsemen at his command, would have dared a rescue; but Morton was unwilling.

Meantime James Stewart rose in the King's favour. He was created Earl of Arran, and received also the Arran estates. There was already an Earl of Arran, but he was helpless and insane.

In those days people were very superstitious. Morton had little superstition in his nature, but he knew there

was an idle prophecy that a Douglas should be conquered by an Arran. Therefore, when the paper of accusation was shown to him at Dumbarton, he noticed the signature, "Arran."

"Arran!" he exclaimed. "Who is that?" To him there was no Earl of Arran.

He was told that James Stewart had been given the earldom.

"Then I know what I must look for," was his reply.

At the end of May he was conveyed to Edinburgh. There he was tried by his enemies and found guilty; the next day he was beheaded at the market-cross.

The power of the Earl of Lennox and the Earl of Arran was now supreme. The earldom of Lennox was exalted to a dukedom, and the new duke was given the "Lion's Den" at Dalkeith. The rule of the Duke of Lennox and the Earl of Arran was a despotism.

Strange stories began now to take hold of the country, stories about Roman Catholic intrigue and about the plots and aims of the Duke of Lennox. The life round King James was quite changed. The Countess of Arran was the authority now at Court in place of "auld" Lady Mar. Many people thought the King must be learning quite false and wrong ideas from those who were his constant companions and advisers. Everything was told to him as the Duke of Lennox chose to explain it. Doubtless James was acquiring a very good French accent. Doubtless also he was dancing with a very good grace. It was not that the majority of the Scottish people thought there was any harm in these things: King James always had "violars," or fiddlers, at Stirling. But a feeling of mistrust was abroad. The minds of the Scottish people were full of grave doubts and fears.

One incident may be mentioned. The Duke of Lennox had appointed a man named Montgomery to be Arch-

bishop of Glasgow. Montgomery was thought to be a most unsuitable archbishop, and it was believed that the duke was to draw the revenues. The ministers petitioned against the appointment, and drew up "articles" to prove their case.

"Who dares sign these treasonable 'articles'?" asked Arran, in wrath.

"We dare!" was the emphatic answer of the ministers. "We will render our lives in the cause."

In the end Montgomery was expelled from Edinburgh by the force of public indignation. The whole story was told to James one day when he was at Perth. He was walking on the Inch, by the banks of the Tay. He was told that when Montgomery asked that his case might be heard in Edinburgh, there were shouts of "Aha, carle, hoy, away!" Then the townspeople waited for him with batons, and rotten eggs, and even stones. The poor man had to be *convoyed* down the Kirk Wynd by the provost, the people running after him and shouting "false thief." He escaped by the Potterrow Gate, and ran off toward Dalkeith. When James was told of it the whole scene seemed to come before him. He could not contain himself for laughter. He lay down on the Inch and laughed and laughed. The laugh was really, in a way, against his cousin Lennox, but he could think of nothing but the joke of the bishop being chased down the Kirk Wynd.

But this despotism of Lennox and Arran could not continue. At last three nobles took the matter into their own hands.

When James was a little over sixteen years of age he was hunting near Perth, and staying at Ruthven Castle. It was the month of August. Lennox and Arran were not with him. Ruthven Castle was the seat of the Earl of Gowrie. The Earl of Mar—you remember Jockie o'

THE RUTHVEN RAID.

the Slates?—and the Earl of Glamis, with their men, surrounded the castle. The Earl of Gowrie made no difficulty about that! King James was gently but firmly told by the three earls that they had long endured their own wrongs, but the wrongs of their country they would not endure. Therefore James must go with *them* to Perth. Arran had meanwhile galloped to Ruthven Castle. He was detained there. The three earls accompanied James to Perth, and the "Ruthven Raid," as it is called, was complete.

In his heart James was angry at the interference, but he said he acted of his own free will.

The next morning, or it may have been a day or two later, when he was at Stirling, James had made his own plans, and was determined to ride to Edinburgh. The Duke of Lennox was in Edinburgh. He treated his King very differently, and would soon end this tyranny. The King took courage and felt he was his own master. He put on his riding-boots. Already he felt himself in the saddle. Gowrie and Glamis might say what they pleased; he did not blame Mar.

But here was Glamis barring the way, his very presence the most emphatic "no."

James was little more than a boy. For three years he had been accustomed to flattery. This new tyranny was unbearable; he burst into tears. But Glamis' heart was not to be melted.

"It is no matter of his tears; better that *bairns* should greet than bearded men."

To be called a bairn! For a moment King James must have felt that the old schoolroom days had come again, when he had trembled before George Buchanan. In his sorrow and disappointment did he remember his old tutor who was now dying in Edinburgh?

Glamis and Gowrie remained firm in their demands.

Esmé Stewart, Duke of Lennox, must leave the country, or they would leave the country.

The Duke of Lennox tried to come to the King, but failed. The clergy were actively against Lennox, and applauded the Ruthven Raiders. In a few months Lennox left Scotland, and by way of England returned to France.

The Earl of Arran was watched, and was not quite at liberty.

The Ruthven Raiders continued in power for about a year. The ministers reproved James until, on one occasion, he wept. He thanked them for telling him of his faults, and then, like a boy, his mood changed, so he thanked them "with a little laughter." James had found some of the clergy to be very exacting in their demands. One time they told him not to receive the French Ambassador; but James, with some spirit, told them he was a king, and must receive an ambassador from the Turk if necessary.

But the Ruthven Raid was still in his memory. He was not reconciled to his new position. An old historian says, "The King laid these things up in his heart, and took them heavily,"—meaning by "these things" the dictation of the Raiders.

During the next summer there was a Royal Progress to Linlithgow and Falkland, which means that the King paid a state visit to these places. He was sad, for he had heard of the death of his cousin, Esmé Stewart.

Falkland Palace, in Fife, was a favourite royal residence. It had been built by James V., and was now rather out of repair, but the King enjoyed his visits to it, chiefly because of the hunting. It possessed a park of very fine oaks. It was the month of June, and it was natural that James should walk in the park. One day a letter was handed to him. This letter was from

his great-uncle, the Earl of March, and it assured the King that at any time he might ride to St Andrews and be safe there; friends would help him, and the castle was a stronghold. James summoned his guard and rode to St Andrews. Five or six earls awaited his arrival,—Huntly, Crawford, and Montrose were among them.

With them he returned to Falkland Palace, and the reign of the Ruthven Raiders was at an end. The Earl of Arran soon returned to Court, and speedily had all the power. The Raiders knew that their only hope lay in the downfall of Arran. But they failed to take away his power. In the end the Earl of Gowrie was beheaded. Mar and Glamis, and with them the Earl of Angus, sought safety in England.

Arran took advice from no one but himself. He ruled the King. James had signed away his kingdom in very truth.

Arran was a Protestant, and therefore wished to be friendly with England. But that was rather a difficult matter. England was not likely to approve of Arran.

As Arran ruled, James had plenty of time to hunt, to read, and to write.

About this time the son of Esmé Stewart, Ludovic, arrived from France. James welcomed the boy very warmly, and appointed Montrose to act as his guardian.

There is an interesting description of King James when he was nineteen years old, by a foreigner, a Pomeranian noble. He came to see Scotland, and visited Edinburgh, Leith, and Perth. During his short visit to Perth he found that he would have an opportunity of seeing the King at church. He was not of enough importance to be asked to the Court. He went to church. The King was there, and this foreign noble saw him very well. The King, he says, had a nice appearance, and

looked very youthful. He wore a red coat, made in the Italian fashion, and in the band of his hat there was a brilliant diamond cross. The foreigner was surprised to see that the King was seated on a chair that was quite ordinary, except that there was a piece of carpet and a cushion upon it. Close by the King was his cousin, Ludovic Stewart. The sermon was preached by the Bishop of St Andrews. Before the sermon five psalms were sung, and after the sermon five more psalms were sung. The foreigner may have made a mistake in his diary! When the service was over the King rode home: his guard consisted of twenty horsemen and fifty archers. There is no hint that the King whispered to his cousin during the sermon. King James at this time sometimes whispered to Peter Young, but we have to remember he heard many sermons. People who took his part said it was no great harm, as he was probably talking about the sermon. And the whisper may have been a very quiet one.

At this period, as we have seen, James spent his time in hunting and amusing himself. But he also did more work than people supposed. He could work very quickly when he applied himself. What he said of himself was true: "I can do more in an hour than others can do in a day." He delighted in an open-air life; sometimes he was on horseback for six hours at a time. He was supposed, during the "reign" of Arran, to be satisfied with the pleasure that was provided for him; but there is one little incident which gives almost a sad picture of James during this time.

One day he was hunting, and, at the end of the day's sport, wine was passed round to the King and his retinue of courtiers and friends. Claret was much in use in those days.

The King drank his wine to the health of his hounds,—

his good faithful hounds who had really given him the good sport. An old hound and a great favourite, named Tell True, was close to the King. The King stooped and lifted Tell True's paw, and held it, and let the dog fondle him.

"Tell True," said the King,—"Tell True, I drink to thee above all my hounds, and would sooner trust thy tongue than either chaplain or bishop."

It was a great relief to the country when the exiled nobles returned to Scotland. James was in his twentieth year. These nobles, you remember, were Mar, Angus, and Glamis. Friends gathered round these nobles, and, almost without a struggle, Stirling Castle was in their hands. Arran escaped, and retired to country life in Ayrshire, where he was soon forgotten as Earl of Arran, and mentioned only as Captain James Stewart.

It is now that we see James a man, with his counsellors round him. Until this date he cannot be held to be responsible. And now that Arran has fled from the Court there is no favourite to dictate to other people. Angus, Mar, and Glamis are members of the Privy Council; but so also are Huntly, Montrose, and Crawford. Glamis, who at one time had cared nothing for the King's tears, is now something of a courtier: he would not have the King contradicted, or *thrawed* as he called it. Angus was so much applauded by the clergy that James called him "the ministers' king."

We have now come to a very sad event, the execution in England of Mary, Queen of Scots. James never knew his mother. If people told him what was untrue, he was not to blame. But it must always seem wrong that mother and son were divided by a fate that appeared to be merciless. "How is it possible for me to love her?" James once asked with passionate earnestness. No sadder words could have been spoken.

The tidings of the death of Queen Mary roused anger in Scotland. One noble, eager for war, struck his breast and said a steel coat was the best "dule-weed," or mourning. These were heroic words, but the man who spoke them was no hero. There can be no doubt that the Scottish people felt very keenly the death of their Queen. But the grief had to be borne for the most part in silence. Nothing could be done. What the King felt it is difficult to know. With all his good qualities he had not the daring generous heart that risks all things for love's sake, or honour's sake.

James's chief counsellor—he was not merely a Court favourite—was Sir John Maitland. He was said to be the "wisest man in Scotland." His importance was so great that he may be called a Prime Minister, although, of course, there was no such word in those days. Chancellor was the word in use. Sir John Maitland was a brother of the Maitland who had held Edinburgh Castle for Queen Mary. He had other qualities, besides his wisdom, which enabled him to influence the King. No man was so witty, no man so sarcastic, and no man more charming. James had a great sense of humour, and naturally relished Maitland's conversation. James wrote poetry, Maitland also wrote poetry. The nobles were a little jealous of him. His family had been well known and distinguished, but he was not a great landowner, and had not the rank of a nobleman.

James imagined that a king's influence could make all his nobles love one another. It is greatly to his credit that he disliked quarrels. When only a boy he had pleaded with Alexander Erskine and young Lord Mar to forget their quarrel, and he was the means of their reconciliation. On the attainment of his majority during the summer of 1587 there was great rejoicing, and the King planned a reconciliation banquet.

James was in Edinburgh: it was the capital of his kingdom, and therefore it was the natural place for the most important festivities. In those days the city of Edinburgh was not admired for the beauty of its situation. That seems strange to us. The castle was talked of because of its strength. Foreigners and visitors were much impressed by it as a stronghold. The loch to the north of Edinburgh, and another loch a little to the south, gave the impression to visitors that the city was almost an island. The street of Edinburgh was praised. Its width made it appear almost like a market-place, and the high houses of stone on either side—with their wooden galleries from which people could look down upon the street—gave a very imposing appearance. At this time the roadway was very well paved, a fact of which visitors often took note. It was, as you can understand, a street well suited to the old pageantry and ceremonies.

James entertained the nobles to a banquet at Holyrood. At its close he bade them all take a vow of new brotherly friendliness. Any man who refused could no longer be his friend. One man refused, Lord Yester. He felt he could not love all his brother nobles, so he was conveyed to Edinburgh Castle to wait there until he learned to love them!

But that was not enough to satisfy King James. The next day he marched with the nobles from Holyrood to the Tolbooth. How crowded the galleries would be to watch the procession! At the Tolbooth he released a number of prisoners. Then he went forward to the market-cross, the nobles with him. The cross was decorated with tapestry, and trumpeters and other musicians welcomed the King. Tables stood near, laden with wine and sweetmeats. So there, in the open street on that summer evening, James presided over the love-

feast of the Scottish nobles. Healths were drunk, friend clasped the hand of friend. It was a pledge, not for "auld lang syne," but for the time of brotherhood that was to come. Hand in hand the nobles returned to Holyrood,—Crawford and Glamis, Angus and Montrose, and so on. We hope James was very happy; he may have thought that he had begun a new era. But to many people it must have seemed that he might as well have bidden the east wind not to blow upon Edinburgh. Years after, he said himself that it would require the lives of three kings to reform his nobles!

The character of James is often a surprise. Not long after his majority banquet he was deep in the study of the book of Revelation. At this time the attention of Scotland, and how much more the attention of England, was centred on the coming of the Spanish Armada. But all that Scotland saw of the Armada could only call forth human pity. Some shipwrecked sailors landed at Anstruther in Fife and elsewhere, and received "greater clemency and charity," writes an old historian, "nor they either deserved or expected."

CHAPTER III.

"To the vanquished a king must be merciful, and when he lays down his arms he must lay down his hate."—GEORGE BUCHANAN.

The next event of which every one began to talk was the King's marriage. More than one bride was discussed, but James saw the picture of Princess Anna of Denmark, and thought that the girl with such a sweet pretty face was the bride he would choose.

No other choice could have pleased Scotland so well. Princess Anna was said to be as good as she was pretty. Peter Young had been in Denmark, and had made "searching inquiries." In religion the Princess was a Protestant, a Lutheran, and to the Scottish people that was important. The Isles of Orkney and Shetland were her dowry. These isles had been part of the Scottish kingdom for about 130 years: they had been given by Denmark as a pledge for the dowry of the Queen of James III. The King of Denmark was now a rich sovereign, and he was at this time offering to buy back the isles: to Scotland this would have been a disaster. You can therefore understand that the people rejoiced when they knew that the Princess Anna was to be their queen, and that it had been arranged that the isles should be her dowry.

James was now twenty-three years old; the Princess Anna was much younger.

A splendid embassy sailed from Scotland to Denmark to make all the official arrangements, and to return with the Princess Anna to her new home. In Denmark there was great bustle, preparing the wedding outfit. Anna's mother, Queen Sophia, was a very learned lady, but she also had a practical mind. It is said she set 500 tailors to work, so as to have everything ready to permit the ships to sail before the beginning of the stormy weather. In Scotland, also, preparations were hurried forward so that everything might be in fitting order when the Princess stepped ashore.

By the month of August James was looking daily for the arrival of the Princess, or, at least, for news of her. But, alas! when the news came, it was bad news. Princess Anna had set sail for Scotland with twelve ships; a storm had swept the seas, and the little fleet had at last been compelled to return for shelter and

repair, not to Denmark, but to Norway. James declared he felt the troubles of his princess as if they had been his own. He was at the time at Craigmillar Castle, near Edinburgh, and he determined that "very moment" to go to her: and he went. A writer with a poetical or sarcastic turn of mind said, "The King committed himself and his hopes, Leander like, to the waves of the ocean, all for his beloved Hero's sake."

On the 22nd of October he sailed from Leith, accompanied by a retinue of people, and among them his Chancellor, Maitland. He left full instructions with his Privy Council, and also told them in a private letter that he had gone on no man's advice but his own. He was afraid they would blame Maitland. He said in his letter that Maitland had been blamed "for leading him by the nose," as if, added James, "I were an irresolute ass who could do nothing of myself." He promised to return within three weeks, but, as you will hear, he took a much longer holiday. The voyage lasted only six days, and the ships reached a place called Slaikray. From there James had to go to Opsloe—no easy matter in those days and at that season of the year. Opsloe was situated near the present site of Christiania.

Naturally Princess Anna was not expecting the King at a time of frost-bound harbours or winter storms. It was therefore a very great surprise to her when the King walked in one day without any official announcement of his arrival. He had paid no heed to dress for a ceremonious visit. He came in quietly, booted from his journey, and, quite forgetful of the custom of princes, claimed a kiss in homely Scottish fashion. But his blithe and bonnie Princess refused the kiss. James had a great deal to tell to Princess Anna. He spoke in French, as she was not yet familiar with English. He spoke French very well, as you know, and probably his

French phrases had a courtly polish. What he said we do not know, but Princess Anna found it very interesting. It was the 19th of November 1589,—a day which King James never forgot.

The wedding was at Opsloe; the ceremony was performed by the King's chaplain, Mr David Lindsay, minister of Leith. Peter Young was at the wedding, and also Chancellor Maitland, and a crowd of other people. A banquet was given the same day: it was not on a very princely scale, but it was the best the place could command.

The King gave Queen Anna the lordship of Dunfermline as one of his wedding-gifts, "for the singular love and affection he bore toward her."

There is a miniature picture of Queen Anna, in a locket set with diamonds, still to be seen at Edinburgh Castle. King James probably wore it, attached to the Order of the Thistle.

James changed his mind about a hurried return to Scotland. He now decided to go with the Queen to Copenhagen, and there to spend the winter. In Denmark they enjoyed a most festive time. With the festivities James enjoyed another kind of pleasure. He had learned talks with the Danes, *in Latin*, on such subjects as astronomy and predestination. James had great ease and fluency in argument, and his Latin was admirable.

The winter over, it was time to set out for home. James sent many instructions to Scotland about the reception of the Queen. "Tell all men to wake up to attend my coming," he wrote in one letter. He remembered dear friends, for he asked Mar and Lennox to meet him at Leith. Before he left Scotland his last command had been: "Let every man lead a peaceable and quiet life." It is a little amusing to read in an old

history that "the country was never in greater peace" than during the time of the King's absence.

On the 1st of May 1590 the King's ships arrived at Leith. The nobles were there in readiness, and a senator of the College of Justice made a speech of welcome. A thanksgiving service, attended by the King and Queen, was held in Leith church.

Holyrood Palace was chosen to be the first home of the Queen. Her Danish coach was drawn by eight horses, richly caparisoned in velvet embroidered with silver and gold. In this splendid coach she was conveyed to Holyrood. Two Danish ladies-in-waiting were beside her. The King rode before the coach. To honour the Queen the Burgesses of Leith wore their armour. It was a great sight.

In the course of a fortnight the Queen's coronation took place in the Abbey Church of Holyrood. Only a limited number of people could see the coronation, but the news of it was told to every one. The Queen was "anointed" by Mr Robert Bruce, minister in Edinburgh; and the lady who stood by her to fold back the neck-band of her royal robe was "auld" Lady Mar, the Countess Annabella. Everything was most impressive. When the Queen returned to the palace after the coronation, twelve heralds went before her, five ladies carried her train, and three earls bore the symbols of her state,—the sword, the sceptre, and the crown. The day "was spent in joy and mirth" by all the people.

Two days later, the 19th of May, the Queen had a state ceremony all to herself, for the King was not present. This was the entry into Edinburgh. The Queen was again seated in her carriage. She had a splendid escort. By her coach rode thirty-six Danes, each Dane accompanied by a Scottish noble or knight. Crowds of people greeted her, all in their best array. The nine

muses sang to her; the goddess of corn and wine greeted her at the market-cross, where claret flowed for loyalty's sake. The Queen was *carried* into St Giles' Church. After service there, she returned to Holyrood. As she passed under the Netherbow she received a gift fit for the acceptance of a queen. It was a box with jewels "esteemed at 20,000 crowns," and on the lid the letter A was formed by precious stones.

You can imagine the enthusiasm of the people when they saw their Queen. For one day at least, noble, burgess, merchant, craftsman, and all the unknown folks would share the same enthusiasm. To the women it must have seemed like a romance. The wild winter storms had kept their Queen from them; but now she had come like the May flowers to bring gladness and delight. Her youth, her beauty, her blitheness, found a quick way to all hearts.

Poems were written, but they were chiefly in Latin. We may choose the first verse of a long English poem, not because it is good poetry,—for it is not good,—but for Queen Anna's sake:—

"At Edinburgh, as might be seen,
Upon the nineteenth day of May,
Our Prince's spouse and Sovereign Queen
Her noble entry made that day;
Maist honourable was the convoy
With gladness, great triumph, and joy."

King James has now won "to hearth and saddle of his own," so it is time to consider his aims as a king. It may be said that James had three wishes, and we shall see that each wish was fulfilled. His three wishes were—

1. To inherit the English throne.
2. To control the power of the Scottish nobles.
3. To control the power of the Church.

You remember that, from the time of Lord Morton, James had known he was the heir to the English Crown. He had later been told the secret more exactly, and it is thought that amid all his plans he always remembered it. Queen Elizabeth disliked any discussion about a successor, but all the same she watched very closely all that took place in Scotland. Indeed, during the whole of James's reign there were English agents in Scotland who sent home good or bad reports of the country. "Not a leaf shall wag in Scotland that you don't know," were the words one agent wrote in a letter, which was intended to be read by an important Englishman. There now existed a tolerance between England and Scotland which was destined to warm gradually into friendship. The days of a Scottish alliance with France had passed by, and the feeling that England must always remain "our auld enemy" was rapidly changing. James was a very shrewd man, and he knew that to keep peace and good order in his own country was the sure way to prove himself worthy of the greater throne of England.

Now let us hear about the nobles. James was on very friendly terms with his nobility. There is no doubt that he could win friends to himself: he had something of the Stewart charm, although in a different way from former sovereigns. Throughout the history of Scotland, the nobles had always checked the power of the monarch. This had been, in some ways, a good thing. But the time had now come for a change. The great nobles were like so many little kings in their castles, and their own retainers were almost like their subjects. If a noble refused to obey his king, there was no way to compel his obedience. A noble might be outlawed, or "at the horn" as it was called, but it did him no real harm. In those days the power of a Scottish sovereign existed more on paper than in reality. King James was a clever

man although he appeared to many people to be indolent, or to be always hunting and amusing himself, or reading and writing books. He saw very quickly to the heart of a question. He was helped by his Chancellor, Maitland, now Lord Thirlestane, who was determined on an increase of the King's power as the surest way to a peaceable government of the country. The nobles had always considered they had a right to advise the King on any and every occasion.

Not very long after James's marriage a nobleman came to the palace one day and meant, in the usual way, to walk into the King's "presence chamber." To his great surprise his entry was challenged, and he was simply told that the King was quiet and would see no one.

"You may tell the King that this new order will offend more than me," was the nobleman's haughty message to King James.

But James was not alarmed at the implied threat. When he spoke about the incident later to the nobleman he treated it as a matter of no consequence; he joked and called himself the "Auld Laird," as if he understood quite well that there must always be grumblers who imagined a change of laird might be an improvement.

Every noble knew that the King's chief adviser was Maitland of Thirlestane. But James was more his own adviser than the nobles imagined. We have also to understand that although James meant to control the political power of the nobles, he at the same time liked to think of the nobility as the nobility. He told Maitland of Thirlestane that he was but a man of yesterday, and had been made a great man by his King, and that he must not compare himself with a noble such as the Earl of Mar, who was an ancient noble with his own vassals!

Maitland saw very clearly that the power of the Crown had been weakened by lack of money. He

preached economy to James. The number of the gentlemen of the Court was reduced to as small a number as possible. The Scottish King had ever been "a penniless lad wi' a lang pedigree," and James was no exception to his forefathers. When he had money he gave it away with a princely disregard of prudence. The consequence was that his own payments were often long, long due. Nevertheless, although he was in straits for ready money, the poverty was, of course, the poverty of a king. In Holyrood Palace he had over a hundred servants, not counting those kept for the Queen's service. It is rather amusing to read that two men named John Kirk and John Harkness dusted his private rooms, and had the special duty "to bigg on" his Majesty's fires. James did not require to live upon Scotch broth and salted mutton and homely porridge. Seven or eight dishes were served at dinner; there was "wild meat" (game) in its season, and chicken and lamb, and so on, as well as beef and mutton.

James at last fell upon a plan to have his accounts put into good order. The Queen suggested it to him. Presents on New Year's Day were the fashion. The King always gave the Queen a present: one year he gave her a "great emerald set with diamonds." But this time we have to hear about her gift to the King. She came to him, and, in her blithe way, shook a purse of gold before him. Here was her New Year's Day gift! James was amazed.

"Where did you get so much money?" he asked.

"From *my* counsellors," said the Queen. "They have but now given me a thousand pieces in a purse. When will yours do the like?"

"Never!" said James.

King James could sometimes act rapidly and decisively. He at once dismissed the controller of his money. In

his place he appointed a committee of trustworthy men who could do their work thoroughly. They were eight in number, so they were called "the Octavians." They were unpaid, and they were a great success. Two of them are familiar to you—Peter Young, and Walter Stewart (Lord Blantyre). Another Octavian who became famous was Thomas Hamilton, the Lord Advocate. James placed great confidence in him, and as he was very intimate with him, he spoke of him always as "Tam o' the Cowgate." In those days the Cowgate was, of course, a suitable place of residence for the King's Advocate. Like many men of his day, Thomas Hamilton had been educated in Paris, and was an accomplished scholar.

In the midst of these reforms, and when the aims of the country were turning toward a settled and law-abiding life, people found themselves one day, to their own surprise, talking with enthusiasm about a story from the Borders. This was the story. The King talked of it, every one talked of it. It had quite a touch of romance.

A man named Willie Armstrong, or simply "Kinmont Willie," was taken prisoner by the English on a "truce day." By the Border law no one could be captured on a day of truce, so on this occasion the Englishmen were in the wrong. It was the month of April 1596. Kinmont Willie was chased, it was said, for three or four miles by 200 Englishmen; he was then overtaken and made prisoner, and conveyed to Lord Scrope at Carlisle Castle.

> "They bound his legs beneath the steed,
> They tied his hands behind his back;
> They guarded him five-some on each side,
> And they brought him o'er the Liddel-rack [a ford]!"

When Sir Walter Scott of Buccleuch, the Scottish

Warden, was told of the capture, he determined to rescue Kinmont Willie.

"Is my helmet a lady's cap?" he cried. "Is my lance a willow wand that the English should set light by me?"

He chose 200 horsemen, men who were all noted for their daring, and among them a man known as "Red Rowan." He bade them carry ladders and forcing tools, and promised them he should rescue Willie without hurt to any man. It was a dark night of pouring rain when they dismounted near Carlisle Castle. Some of the men, about a dozen or so, went forward to the castle. The ladders proved too short: that caused a little delay. Then a postern gate was found in the wall and forced open. The men could hear the voices of the English sentinels; they crept on their knees and held their breath. They were soon within the castle.

Lord Scrope was asleep.

"Let us waken Lord Scrope right merrily," cried Buccleuch. So the trumpet blew, in triumph, the well-known Border tune or slogan, "O, wha dare meddle wi' me."

Lord Scrope thought that hundreds of enemies must be within his walls,—thought that perhaps King James had won the castle.

Kinmont Willie was in the lower prison. He was found. Now could Red Rowan prove himself worthy of his fame as the strongest man in Teviotdale. Kinmont Willie was in irons; Red Rowan hoisted him on to his back, and ran off with him. The irons "played clang," so the spurs were cumbrous, but Willie said he had never ridden a better horse!

It was daybreak now. The Eden was in flood, but Buccleuch and his men plunged into the "wan water" and swam the flood, reaching the other shore in safety.

Lord Scrope followed them to the near bank of the river, but stopped there. The old ballad says that Buccleuch flung his glove and shouted—

> "If ye like na my visit in merry England,
> In fair Scotland come visit me."

Scotland rang with the praise of the romantic deed. Queen Elizabeth was angry, and wrote to King James that Buccleuch must account to her for what he had done. James was a clever letter-writer, and could answer Queen Elizabeth, and on this occasion the English Queen had in the end to give up her demand.

We must not imagine that King James lived year in and year out at Holyrood. Holyrood was a favourite residence, and with its fair gardens and beautiful hedges it must have been a delightful palace. At that time the hill and park beside it abounded with hares and rabbits, and with deer. The other royal residences of Scotland —Stirling, Linlithgow, Perth, Falkland, Dunfermline— were also homes of the King and Queen. The King travelled over a great part of Scotland. Justice-Courts were compelled to be held twice a-year in every shire, and the King sometimes visited a town during the sitting of the Justice-Court. The power of the old baronial courts grew less as the royal power increased.

In those days travelling was very slow—horseman and horse alike required rest. Thus if the King went from Linlithgow to Aberdeen, or from Falkland to Dumfries, he travelled by stages of a day's ride, and saw the whole country by the way. There was no good map of Scotland in those days, but James knew a great part of his kingdom in a very real way. There were highroads connecting all the important burghs, and these highroads were obliged to be twenty feet wide, and were supposed to be kept in repair so that horses and carts

might travel upon them during summer and winter. Each district of the country was more self-supporting than is the case nowadays, and there was what is called more local feeling. Inverness seemed then far from Perth, and Aberdeen seemed far from Edinburgh: each burgh or district was chiefly interested in its own affairs. Owing to the slow travelling the King was seen by a great many of his subjects. Thus it happens that many a country town or old burgh of little importance now has in bygone days welcomed its King, and many an old castle holds in its ruined walls the memories of a royal visit.

James was very observant. When he saw Lochwood Tower, in Dumfriesshire,—a tower standing in those days among woods in the middle of a morass,—he said of it, "He who built that tower must have been a thief at heart." Sometimes he gave a very picturesque description. He knew Fife very well. Fife, with its forests and lochs, its corn-fields and its pasture, its busy seaports and rich coal-mines and salt-works, kindled his imagination. He called it "the grey cloth mantle with the golden fringe."

If you could see the Scotland that James saw, one of the things that would surprise you would be the unfinished look of the land, almost without fences of any kind. You would notice the number of lochs and morasses, and, in the Lowlands at least, you would miss most of the woods and plantations. There were forests, but forests meant tracts of heath and rough pasture with some trees. In the Highlands there was abundance of timber. An Englishman was so amazed when he saw the trees on Lord Mar's land, that he said the Earl had enough timber to supply masts for all the ships in the world for forty years! The Highlanders sold timber and also cattle to the Lowlanders, and bought in return

oats and barley. The districts of Scotland which are fertile now were naturally fertile in the days of King James. Lothian, the Carse of Stirling, and the Carse of Gowrie were much praised; but some people said that Moray was the place to see, with its corn and pasture land and abundance of fruit-trees. Galloway was famous for its cattle and its horses,—small horses of good speed. Ayrshire was renowned for its cheese, and Tweeddale for the number of its sheep.

The rivers abounded with salmon, especially the Spey. Salmon was thought to be a very common kind of diet in those days: people were sometimes so tired of it that they wished for salted goose, salted mutton, anything rather than salmon. The trout streams of Ross were renowned, and so was "well-stored" Loch Broom.

There must have been good sport in Scotland. King James considered that the hunting of deer, on horseback with dogs, was "the martial game." Falkland, as you know, was his chief hunting-seat. Sportsmen, like Lord Mar and Sir William Murray of Abercairney, went farther north; and for twelve days at a time, in the month of August, they would live in little forest huts, far from corn-field and homestead, and hunt the deer, accompanied by their own falconers and fishers and fowlers.

The names of the towns that King James saw sound very familiar. The town most admired for its beauty was Glasgow. The Clyde flowed by pleasant meadows, and was crossed by a beautiful bridge of eight arches. The Bishop's Palace was surrounded by fair gardens and orchards. The Cathedral was so much beloved that it was preserved in safety during the time of the Reformation, when so many cathedrals and abbeys were left neglected, or in part destroyed. Towns in those days were supposed to be surrounded by walls or "dykes," but Scotland was a poor country, and the walls were often

very little of a defence. A Scottish historian said that the walls of his country were of men and not of stone,—

> "Good right hands their lands can keep,
> Nor need high walls nor fosses deep."

James took an interest in everything, and he had always a great desire to have his country peaceable. He wrote, for example, to St Andrews to tell the Colleges there that their affairs would take him fifteen days or more to settle even if he had not other things to do. "Forbid their quarrelling," he wrote, "albeit it is not forbidden that they flyte [scold], yet forbid fechting or bearing of pistols or swords." He evidently knew it would be a relief to quarrel with words, and thought it might act as a safety-valve to prevent them from real fighting.

It may be that you have been wondering all this time what James was like in appearance. He was not good-looking. In those days "princely" was a very favourite adjective; King James was not princely. He walked awkwardly; he had hurt his knee when he was about sixteen years old, but that had really nothing to do with it; he was naturally a bad walker. He had a restless manner and moved about in a room. The expression of his face was on the whole a little sad; he had watchful, rather nervous, eyes. His hair was thick and cut short, and of a brown colour; he disliked very much a fashion among some men of wearing the hair long. He had a moustache and short beard. His dress was unstudied; he said he approved of "wearing his clothes in a careless yet comely form."

King James had a great sense of humour and loved a joke. Some people thought he was too familiar and undignified. It was a pity that he was inclined to like flattery. He was a man of many tastes. He enjoyed

reading and writing books, and when he was weary he enjoyed a game of cards. Chess he thought "overwise" as a game to "divert fashious thoughts." Then, as you know, he delighted in hunting and riding; he liked all "fair and pleasant field-games" with the exception of football, which he thought was more likely to "lame" than "to make able." In one of his own poems he tells of meditating in the morning air and going out to the fields.

> "As I was pansing [meditating] in a morning air,
> And could not sleep nor noways take my rest,
> Forth for to walk the morning was so fair,
> Athort the fields it seemed to me the best."

The books he wrote were not long books. He translated the Psalms into metre; the translation is similar to that of the Psalms in Metre at the end of the Bible. The title he gave his translation was, "The Psalms of King David translated by King James." The poetry he wrote consisted chiefly of sonnets. He wrote about witchcraft. Many clever people were very superstitious at that time, so James believed in witches and also in brownies. His book against tobacco is very amusing because it is so very extreme. He said that many men had smoked themselves to death, and that smoking was a new and very bad habit, "hateful to the nose, harmful to the brain, and dangerous to the lungs." His best known book is 'Basilicon Doron'; the title means "royal gift."

CHAPTER IV.

"Reward the just, be steadfast, true, and plain,
Repress the proud, maintaining aye the right."
—KING JAMES.

The children of King James and Queen Anna were very much liked by every one: we ought to hear about them. It is best to begin with Prince Henry, as he was the eldest. When he was born he was, of course, the heir to the Scottish throne, and it is said the people went nearly "daft with mirth." His full name was Henry Frederick, as he was named after both his grandfathers—Henry, Lord Darnley, and Frederick, King of Denmark. Great rejoicings were held at his baptism. Queen Elizabeth was his godmother. Peter Young was sent to Denmark to tell Queen Sophia about her grandson.

Prince Henry was placed under the care of guardians. That seems strange to us now; but we have to remember that throughout the whole reign of James there were plots and conspiracies. The King and Queen doubtless saw a great deal of their son, but the guardian was responsible for the safety and welfare of his Prince. Perhaps you can guess the name of the guardian! King James chose Lord Mar. The Queen was displeased; indeed, she was really grieved. If she must part with her son, she said, why must the Earl of Mar be chosen? But King James was firm: he said to her that the Erskines of Mar had been guardians of his grandfather, of his mother, of himself, and that his own friend—right trusty and well-beloved Mar—should be the guardian of his son.

There is a portrait of Prince Henry, not as a child, but

as a boy. It shows him to be very handsome; he looks like some fairy prince in a story-book.

Prince Henry was very fond of his sister, Princess Elizabeth; she was named after Queen Elizabeth, and was about three years younger than her brother. To Henry she was therefore a little sister whom he could patronise. The brother and sister were very like each other.

Princess Elizabeth was placed under the care of Lord and Lady Livingston, and she was very happy with them. King James generally called her by the pet name of Bessy. It is rather amusing to read of a gown which was bought for her before she was seven years old. It was made of "7 ells of figured velvet, black upon red." So the dear little girl, who had the merriest and most winning ways, ran about in a solemn velvet gown! It is to be hoped it was worn only on great occasions.

We must not forget "Baby" Charles. He was a delicate baby. King James was often alarmed about him, as he seemed to be older than other children before he could walk and talk. Lord and Lady Fyvie, with whom he lived, always insisted that he would grow stronger as he grew older, and they were right.

King James was devoted to his children; he was a most affectionate "Dad," as he called himself. He thought of the children in so many little ways; he sent presents to them on New Year's Day, and would hire a horse and man to take the presents if they could be sent in no other way.

Naturally the Queen was a very affectionate mother. She had a blithe, happy nature which made the people round her feel young again. So you may imagine how much her children loved her. She really enjoyed playing such games as "One penny, follow me," and "I pray my lord, give me a course in your park."

We must forget about the children for a little while, and hear how James had a quarrel with the city of Edinburgh. You remember he was determined to control the power of the clergy: the clergy were as determined that they would not be controlled by a king.

In those days the ministers sometimes compared people to Jezebel, Haman, or Nebuchadnezzar. It was zealous, but it was not right. One Edinburgh minister said he prayed for the Queen because it was the fashion, and not that he expected any good to come. This was one of the sayings that enraged the King. The ministers also criticised kings, and James believed in the Divine Right of kings. At last James said one minister must account to him for what he had said. A long dispute followed, although, on the whole, James was anxious to secure a peaceable end to the discussion. It so happened, however, that events turned out unfortunately for the ministers: a riot occurred in Edinburgh, and they were held by James to be more or less responsible for it. James at once left Edinburgh, and threatened to do his worst against the city. He would remove the Courts of Justice, he said; Edinburgh should cease to be the capital of Scotland.

The citizens of Edinburgh saw the danger that was before them. They thought, "The Roman Catholic lords will come from the North, and the wild Borderers will come from the South, and what then is to be our end!" The Burgesses put on their armour, prepared to defend their city. Men who were not extreme on either side of the quarrel must have seen that the Church had set up a tyranny, and that the King had been wellnigh forced to oppose tyranny by tyranny. In the end the ministers lost their cause. It was decreed that henceforth the Church was to have no power outside its own courts; the Assembly was no longer to think itself a Parliament.

James had always wished to have a church system similar to the system established in England. To a great extent he had now his wish. Commissioners were appointed who were in many ways the same as bishops. People saw that a change had taken place. The commissioners were called "the King's led horse."

But Scotland retained its love for a Presbyterian Church. The Presbyterians won in the end, but that was long years after, when the times and the men were quite changed.

We have now come to a very important historical event.

It was Saturday night, the 26th of March 1603, and King James had gone to bed at his usual hour. Before very long he was roused, and told that a horseman had arrived from London and desired most urgently to see him. The King commanded that the messenger should be conducted to his presence.

The horseman entered the room. His head was bleeding, and his whole person was utterly weary with the long ride. He was Sir Robert Carey. He knelt to the King and told his message,—Queen Elizabeth was dead.

Very mingled feelings must have surged through the King's heart as he listened. The thought of his own ambition, now realised, may have thrilled him; but there was also in his heart the gentler mood that mourned for the dead queen.

James talked for some time with Sir Robert Carey. As Carey told his tale, his fatigue, for the moment, would in part be forgotten. He told that Queen Elizabeth had died in the early hours of Thursday morning, and that his sister, a lady-in-waiting, had given him a blue ring as a sign. He showed King James the ring. Then he went on to tell that he set out at once on his long ride to Scotland, and by changing his horse often he had accom-

plished the journey in this short time. He had left Norham that day at noon, sure of being at the gates of Holyrood during the evening; but a fall from his horse had delayed him. When he fell, his horse had accidentally kicked his head, and it was bleeding, as the King could see.

The King told the tired traveller that the wound should be attended to by his own surgeon.

"I know you have lost a loving mistress," said the King; "but, take here my hand, I will be as good a master to you, and will requite this service with honour and reward."

Lord Hume was called, and by him Sir Robert Carey was conducted to a lodging, where, to use his own words, everything was fitting "for so weary a man as I was."

The next day the King sent kind inquiries about Sir Robert Carey's health. The wound evidently proved to be trifling, for when he heard he was appointed a gentleman-in-waiting, he was able to begin his new duties.

On Monday, the 28th of March, James received an official announcement from the English Privy Council that he was King of England. He had been proclaimed King in London, he was told, during the forenoon on the day Queen Elizabeth died. The proclamation had declared him to be England's "lawful, lineal, and rightful liegelord," and a sovereign of the "rarest gifts of body and mind."

On the last day of March a proclamation was read at the market-cross of Edinburgh. The ceremony was conducted with great impressiveness and solemnity. Well might people listen to the strange words! The Scottish King was proclaimed to be King of England, Scotland, and Ireland. It was a proud title. Scotland's "auld laird" had succeeded to a noble heritage.

All was now bustle and preparation for the King's

departure. Many Englishmen had arrived to accompany the King to London. It was decided that the Queen and the royal children should travel later, so that all suitable arrangements might be made for them in England.

There was much hurry, but James found time to write a long and affectionate letter to Prince Henry. The letter is still in the British Museum. It begins simply "My son," and ends with "your loving father." James tells his son that they will soon be together for always. He bids him to be resolute, but not wilful. Henry was nearly ten years old, so he knew that his father was now King of England. Scottish pride is not easily outdone. King James tells him in the letter, "A King's son and heir ye were before, and no more are ye yet."

On Sunday, the 3rd of April,—you will notice the time was very short,—James took leave of his people. He was proud to go to England, but he was also sorry to leave Scotland. He was in the Church of St Giles, and at the close of the sermon he rose in his place,—he sat near the pulpit,—and addressed the people. He was leaving them, he said, but he would never forget them: he would return to see them often—even every three years. Let them think of him as a king going from one part of his kingdom to another part of the same kingdom. For their own comfort let them think of that. Between Edinburgh and London there was not so much as a ferry to cross; it was dry land all the way. The Borders should be thought of as the very heart of his kingdom.

The people were moved to tears. It was called a "most learned, but more loving, oration."

Two days more, and James set out on his journey. He said good-bye to the Queen in the open street of Edinburgh. They both wept. The people looked on, and many of them were overcome and could not refrain from tears.

James was accompanied south by some of his nobles: among them were the Duke of Lennox, the Earls of Argyle and Mar, and Lords Oliphant and Home. Peter Young was also with the King. Many Scottish people watched his journey until he was greeted at Berwick by the thunder of cannon. The King had left the land! Scotland said good-bye to her King as a mother watches her son go out into the world,—proud and pleased, but also at heart very sad, because knowing so well that the old home was never more to be his home.

England received King James with extraordinary loyalty and enthusiasm. It might be argued which was the greater,—the joy of England, or the sorrow of Scotland. The King's journey lasted a whole month, and it was a great triumphal progress. The English people crowded to see their King. James liked quiet, and in the end he tried to moderate the receptions. "This people," said a Scot, "will spoil a gude King."

Before very long the King and Queen and the children were united at Windsor. "Baby" Charles had been left at home in Scotland for a little while with Lord and Lady Fyvie. Princess Elizabeth had been very sorry to leave Lady Livingston, but naturally she soon forgot her Scottish home. When she arrived at Windsor, the King took her up in his arms and showed her all the numberless toys he had ready for her.

Members of the Scottish Privy Council had accompanied or followed King James to England. They helped to govern Scotland "through the post." Scottish documents were signed at Windsor. Names like these—Argyle, Huntly, Mar, Caithness, Blantyre, Ross—must have looked strange in their new surroundings. No courtier required to ask the nationality of the men who owned these signatures!

As King of England, James found it very easy to

govern Scotland. His rule was a kindly, well-meant despotism. His words to his English Parliament told the simple truth: "This I must say for Scotland, and may truly vaunt it: here I sit and govern it with my pen. I write, and it is done; and by a clerk of the Council I govern Scotland now,—which others could not do by the sword."

James did not visit Scotland every three years: he came once only, and that visit was after he had been fourteen years in England. So now when we see King James once again we have to think of him as much changed. He was growing to be an old man, fifty-one years of age. The Queen did not accompany him, so we see him once more alone. Let us hear for a moment of the changes that have come to him.

He had had a great sorrow: Prince Henry was dead. He was, as you know, a much-loved boy. He grew to be a youth of noble promise, and he died when he was about nineteen years of age. His death was a sad blow to the King and Queen. You remember he was very fond of Princess Elizabeth: his last conscious words were, "Where is my dear sister?"

By the time of King James's visit to Scotland Princess Elizabeth had left England. She had married an important Protestant prince, Frederick, the Elector Palatine of the Rhine. She wrote often to her father, but he must have missed her sadly. He had always made so much of "Bessy." When they first went to England, James sent her to live in the country with Lord and Lady Harrington for the sake of her health and also her education. She cried at the time, and clinging to her brother Henry, exclaimed, "I cannot leave my Henry!" She was very, very happy with Lord Harrington. He was a clever man, and he taught her

everything in the most delightful way. King James said she was not to be troubled with Latin or Greek. Lord Harrington had a telescope, and also, what was quite new in those days, a microscope. Her lessons were made a game rather than ordinary lessons. She collected birds, and had a "fairy farm" of her own, with little cattle from Shetland. These days were over now, but James must often have recalled his dear daughter, who won the hearts of every one. Perhaps you would like to hear about her later life: her name was destined to become very important in history. She had many joys and many sorrows in her long life. For a short time she was a queen, as her husband was elected King of Bohemia. In her old age she returned to England. She died in England, and she was buried in Westminster Abbey. George I. was her grandson, so she is the ancestress of the reigning British Sovereign.

At this time Prince Charles was the King's comfort and joy. He was not with the King. He was now seventeen years old, and wrote to the King, before he set out on his journey north, to say he was sorry he could not accompany him and see the land of his birth. As King James read that letter he may have remembered his boy's first letter. It had begun, "Sweet, sweet, Father." It was very short. "I learn to decline substantives and adjectives. Give me your blessing; i thank you for my best man. your loving son." Charles had been educated in England under the guidance of Peter Young. James, as you will notice, was faithful to tried friends.

James wrote to Scotland to tell of his approaching visit. Doubtless he often talked of Scotland to his old tutor, who had a great longing to "retreat home" to his beloved Forfarshire.

James said, in his letter to his Privy Council in Scot-

land, that he was not ashamed to confess that he had had these many years a great and natural longing to see his native land. "And this salmon-like instinct of ours," he went on to say, "has restlessly, both when we were awake and many times in our sleep, stirred up our thoughts and bended our desires to make a journey."

Great preparations were made in Scotland. The King was to enter Scotland by the east coast, and Edinburgh was naturally to be the chief place of residence. The Privy Council superintended many of the arrangements. A great retinue of people would accompany the King. Lodgings must be found, and all the houses in the neighbourhood of Holyrood must be fitted up with the necessary accommodation. Then it was said that stabling must be found for 5000 horses. If stables were not to be had in sufficient number, barns must be turned into stables. The Town Council received a command to see that Edinburgh put on its very best appearance. The ancient capital must not disgrace itself. These Englishmen might sneer at the King's old home; so nothing must be forgotten. It is said that tapestries were ordered to be made for the royal bed in imitation of older tapestries, so as to look like ancient grandeur. It may be that Scotsmen recalled some of the sarcastic poems or rhymes made by Englishmen. Here is one—

> "Bonny Scot, we all witness can
> That England hath made thee a gentleman."

James entered Scotland on the 13th of May, and, after visiting the Earl of Wigton at Seton, proceeded to Edinburgh. The Town Councillors received him at the West Port. They wore their black robes relieved with black velvet. William Nisbet was the Provost. James liked to hear speeches, so there were speeches in abundance. The College of Edinburgh won distinction, and really

saved its very existence, by the recital of a Latin poem. James was much interested in education, and a wish of his heart at this time was to see a school in every parish. He had purposed to abolish the University of Edinburgh, thinking that Scotland had universities enough without the College which he had founded when he was a boy. The eloquent Latin poem was an appeal he could not resist, so the College was saved.

To see Holyrood once more, to hear the old Scotch accent around him, to recognise faces grown older but still familiar, must have filled the heart of the King with tender emotion. Time had touched him in his English kingdom, and not lightly. As he sat by the fire in his own old palace and watched the genial glow, did he feel that, after all, he was a Scotsman, and could not truly understand England or be understood by Englishmen? It was the middle of May, and probably chilly. It may be that the old servants came into the room to look upon their King once more, and to "bigg on" his Majesty's fire as of old.

James visited many places during his visit. He went to Dalkeith House, "the Lion's Den," and doubtless remembered and talked of his first visit to the Earl of Morton. Little incidents would be fondly recalled. He once feared Morton! To the greatest Protestant King in Europe that would now seem like a dream. He went to Falkland Palace, and in the clear weather of early summer he would enjoy its beauty. Crowds would seem so far away. The old days at Falkland had been glorious days. St Andrews was not far distant: James went to St Andrews, and also to Dundee.

It is very interesting to know that he kept his birthday — he was fifty-one — at Edinburgh Castle, his birthplace. His birthday was, as you remember, the 19th of June. James was made happy that day with

Latin poems, and with a speech in — what language, do you think?—in Hebrew!

The Englishmen noticed that the King's Scottish visit was doing him good: it was long since they had seen him so cheerful and well pleased. But time sped on; the visit was not intended to be long; Scotland could not have kept up the expense for any length of time.

By the 30th of June James was at Stirling. The very name brought up his boyhood's home. The park by the castle, the Forth, the ramparts of hills far and near, greeted King James with the look of the old days. The corn rigs were green with the waving blade that would by-and-by ripen to harvest, and the pasture was at the height of its summer growth. At Stirling James was assured in a speech of welcome that his long absence had drowned all eyes in tears. In his own speech he displayed the ease with which he could speak in Latin. An Englishman complimented him on his speech.

"All the world knows," said James proudly, "that my master, George Buchanan, was a great master in that faculty. I follow his pronunciation both of the Latin and the Greek, and am sorry my people of England do not the like."

Perth must not be forgotten. After his visit there, James turned westward and southward.

At Glasgow he was accommodated either in the Bishop's Palace or within the University, as there was no royal residence.

By the 24th of July he had reached Paisley. In those days Paisley was situated among "knowes" and "forest fair." The people of the town were so awestruck at the presence of their King that they said "a bashful silence were the best eloquence."

By the last day of July King James had arrived at Sanquhar Castle, the residence of William, Lord Crich-

ton. Here he was welcomed in four Latin poems, so doubtless he felt happy. The next day an easy ride of about ten miles brought him to Drumlanrig Castle, the residence of Sir William Douglas. By the 3rd of August he had reached Dumfries, where a speech was made to him so flattering in its terms that loyalty could go no further. He was assured that under his happy rule the husbandman sat in peace under his own apple-tree. Dumfries, as the last place to be visited in the King's "ancient and unconquered country," was determined to show its loyalty. Its wish was that the King's descendants might be on the throne as long as the sun and moon shone in the firmament. King James presented a beautiful gift to the trades of Dumfries: it was a gun or cannon of silver, about ten inches long, and resting on silver wheels.

Here we may say farewell to the King, when his kind heart is full of memories of old friends, old places, old times.

The affection between King James and the Scottish people was very real on both sides. His visit to Scotland was, as an old historian says, "to the great rejoice of his people, and the contentment of his *awin* [own] mind."

MONTROSE.

1612–1650.

CHAPTER I.

"I will carry fidelity and honour to the grave."—MONTROSE.

THE story of Montrose is the most stirring that the history of Scotland can show. One of those knightly adventurers who bring to our remembrance old valorous stories of the great past days of the world, the name of Montrose will never cease to hold the imagination. He stands as a link between the old world of chivalry and our own times. Out of grim and treacherous times his figure shines forth as the champion of soldierly honour, as the herald of justice and freedom.

James Graham, the only son of the Earl of Montrose, was born sometime in the year 1612. The actual date of the birth is not quite certain, neither do we know the place. The family lived partly at the estate of old Montrose, partly at Mugdock in Stirlingshire, partly at Kincardine Castle in Perthshire. James Graham first saw the light at one of these three homes. He was born into ignorant and superstitious times. Though no record was kept of date or place, the old chroniclers tell of a tradition that at the birth of the boy, his mother, Lady Margaret Ruthven, "consulted with witches," and that

his father, in a prophetic spirit, said to a friend, "This child will trouble all Scotland."

For more than two hundred years nothing was known of the young days of James Graham beyond such scraps of tradition. Only fifty years ago a number of old account-books were discovered at Kinnaird Castle among the family papers in the possession of Lord Southesk. They were found to be the record of money spent by the Montrose family, and through the ancient entries in these books a great deal is now known of the kind of life they led, their habits and pursuits.

Unlike most Scottish noblemen of the day, the Earl of Montrose took no part in public life, but lived among his family and his country pleasures. He seems to have been a most devoted father. James was the only boy among a group of five sisters, some older and some younger than himself. Their names were Lilias, Margaret, Dorothea, Katherine, and Beatrix. The little Beatrix was only three years old when Lady Montrose died,—a dreadful loss to the family of little children, and especially to her husband, who set himself to fill her place as best he could. James was six years old at the time—old enough to feel the great loss. After the mother's death they seem to have lived almost entirely at Kincardine Castle. If you have ever seen the vale of Strathearn, you can picture the beautiful home of the Montroses,—the castle standing above a deep and wooded ravine between the Ochil hills and the river Earn. The rushing waters of the Ruthven—now a mere brook—ran below the battlements. There is no fairer spot in Scotland than the long strath that lies between Kincardine and Perth, though it is not in the wild Highland country; and we can picture the days of the young "Lord James," as he is called in the old records, spent among the beautiful and romantic

surroundings of these hills and valleys, chiefly in company with his father, who seems to have loved the society of his children at all times. Some of the old accounts show his touching interest in all that concerned them. He himself writes to order a dress for "the bairn Beatrix," and he saw that his only boy was well supplied with all he could require for his various pursuits.

One thing about the early youth of James Graham is clear,—he was a boy who loved the open air, the free fields, the joys of sport. He shot, he fenced, he golfed, he rode, he hawked. We hear of him first riding on a white pony by the side of his father's huge horse, "Gray Oliphant." This white pony was one of several animals of the boy's own. This we know from the account-book of Thomas Smythe, the blacksmith of the neighbouring village of Aberuthven, who shod the horses of the family. James was just eight when the following entry was made: "For twa gang of shoon to Lord James twa naigs." The constant shoeing is proof of constant riding. Here are also descriptions of some of his horses: "The gray mare, the gray courser, the gray hackney, the brown horse, the sorrel nag, the *pock manty* naig."

Daily the father and son must have ridden forth about the roads and hills of Strathearn. But even in the peace of home the preparation for the boy's great and startling career went forward. In his keen following of manly amusements and pursuits was developing the longing for action, the power of swift decision, the love of high adventure. Upon the other side of his nature sprang the love of learning that all through his life was more a passion than a taste. Even as a little boy the world of books was the world of his happiness. "He was of most resolute and undaunted spirit," writes one of his friends, "what began to appear in him to the

wonder and expectation of all men, even in his childhood." Nature had already set her seal upon him, and marked him with the signs of greatness and power.

Public schools were unknown in the Scotland of that day. The Earl did what others did for their sons' education. At eleven years old his son was sent with a private tutor to Glasgow to pursue his studies. The tutor was Mr William Forrett, a devoted friend of Montrose all through his life, even when the friendship of Montrose meant real danger. It is interesting to know that James's little sister Katherine went with him, also the grey pony. Probably the "pock manty naig" bore some of their baggage, which must have been considerable, as James had a valet in his suite, besides his tutor, and two pages — Willy and Mungo Graham — dressed in red. Doubtless little Katherine had her own attendants and equipments. James was all his life particular as to dress and appearance, and whenever we get a personal glimpse of him it is in rich attire, both in peace and war.

Of the boy's life at Glasgow a good deal is known, thanks to Mr Forrett, who kept a strict account of expenses incurred, also a list of his pupil's possessions, giving many interesting details. Here, as at his home of Kincardine, he rode, he played golf, he won prizes for archery, he hawked and played tennis. But study was the chief interest of his days. His favourite book was Raleigh's 'History of the World'—not a book any boy reads now, but which took firm hold of his imagination at a time when any book was a rare possession. His favourite heroes were Cæsar and Alexander: to these, indeed, his spirit was akin in this golden beginning of his life.

The boy was fourteen when his father died. The end was unexpected, but we know that the young son was

there at Kincardine, and of the days that followed we have full record. According to the bad custom of these times, the funeral ceremonies lasted one month and nineteen days. The lists lie before us of the quantities of food and the "buckets" of wine consumed during that time. No word is said of the poor children, and their real suffering in the loss of a devoted father, in the midst of the orgy of eating and drinking and the perfunctory mourning of scores of kinsmen. The young Earl must have been a pathetic figure in his capacity of host. The cares of life came early upon him, even at a time when boys were expected to develop into men at what we now consider an irresponsible age.

He was only fifteen when he left Glasgow for the University of St Andrews. His sisters Lilias and Margaret were already married,—the latter to the Master of Napier, who was to be in years to come the most devoted adherent to the cause of Montrose; and it was at Margaret's house—Merchiston Castle, near Edinburgh —that his holidays were chiefly spent.

Mr William Forrett's list of articles left in his care when the young Montrose quitted Glasgow and went to St Andrews throws some light on his character. In particular, the episode of the gilded sword is worth recording. Lord Napier had presented him with his first sword,—intended, no doubt, more for show than use, since it was gilt. We can fancy the pleasure and pride of such a possession to a boy of fifteen. Nevertheless, when the change was made to St Andrews and all his treasures could not go with him, it was the sword that was left with Mr Forrett; and one of the only possessions that he carried away with him into his college life was the well-loved 'History of the World.' Thus at fifteen the love of literature seems to have outweighed other boyish tastes.

His career at college was brilliant, socially and intellectually, and distinguished besides for excellence in all games and sports. Hawking was his favourite pursuit, but he hunted and shot with the same enthusiasm that he carried to the golf-course or tennis-court. Everything in his mind was of interest; everything was worth doing.

We have the following description of the personal appearance of Montrose at this time from Saintserf, a devoted friend:—

"He was not very tall, nor much exceeding a middle stature, but of an exceeding strong composition of body and an incredible force, joined with an excellent proportion and fine features. His hair was of a dark-brown colour, his complexion sanguine, of a quick and piercing grey eye, with a high nose. He was a man of very princely carriage, and excellent address, which made him to be used by all princes with the greatest familiarity. He was a complete horseman, and had a singular grace in riding."

We know that the whole personality of Montrose was full of vitality and charm; he kept, all through life, the nameless fascination that not only attracted men to his side, but inspired them with devotion to the cause he had at heart.

It may be imagined that this brilliant boy was welcome everywhere. Many were the castles and homes in Perthshire and Fife whose inmates received him gladly, and regretfully saw him ride away. Again the old account-books bear witness to his constant journeyings during vacations to this and that great house, and record the expenses of his visits and the presents he gave. The heart of Montrose was easily moved to pity; his charities were continual, and the characteristic must have been well known, for he never seems to have ridden forth

from castle or homestead without finding beggars at the gates ready to receive his generous alms.

In his rich and many-sided nature were two points so loveable that they must have special mention—his love of children and his love of flowers. He never quitted a house where there were children without leaving a present for *the nurse*, and he never forgot a present for *the gardener*. "To the gardener giving my lord ane flower on Sunday, twelve shillings," is one of many such entries in the ancient books. These college years were the only years of careless happiness his short life was to know,—before he began to suspect how great a lesson he had to learn,—before Scotland had need of him.

We have seen that Montrose began the responsibilities of life very young: his college career was brought to an end by his marriage in 1629, when he was seventeen years old. The ancient Castle of Kinnaird in Forfarshire was the home of Lord Carnegie, and was quite near one of Montrose's properties. Men in those days seldom went far in the search for a wife; she was generally a neighbour. Mrs Magdeleine Carnegie was the youngest of the six daughters of Kinnaird. After his marriage to this lady Montrose lived for three years at his wife's home, and was the father of two sons before he reached the age of twenty.

Nothing much is known of the domestic life of Montrose and Magdeleine Carnegie; so few years of peace were theirs, so many years of separation, that few pictures of their home-life are to be found. Montrose had the hardships, the dangers, the glories of his wonderful career; to the forlorn wife must have fallen a full share of bitter anxiety between the dangerous enthusiasms of her soldier husband and the cautious vacillations of her father, who was never in sympathy with Montrose. Even before Montrose embarked on active public life she was deprived

of his society, for in 1633, when he came of age, he left home for three years of foreign travel. We hear of him in France and Italy, continuing the studies he loved, and which his early marriage had interrupted.

On his return from abroad he went dutifully to the Court of Charles I. in England, to pay his respects. He was not well received by the King, having already a jealous enemy at Court, the Marquis of Hamilton, who had taken advantage of close friendship with Charles to poison his mind against the new-comer, representing Montrose as one of Scotland's most powerful and arrogant chiefs, full of the dangerous pride of blood peculiar to the Scots. To Montrose in turn he confided the King's dislike of the Scottish nation, the coldness of his attitude towards the Scots noblemen at Court. The first meeting between Montrose and his King was dark with mutual distrust. There was no foreshadowing of the great bond that was to unite them: Charles did not see his champion in Montrose, nor did Montrose recognise the source of his inspiration in the King. He returned to Scotland with no mark of the royal favour.

In Scotland opened before him unexpectedly a life of action, and he who might have become a man of letters and a poet embarked on a career at once desperate and glorious. More than half of his short life was already past; into its few remaining years are crowded the deeds and the perils that have made his name to be remembered.

If you are to grasp the great part that Montrose played in history, you must know something of the crisis in Scotland at this time. I will try to be as brief as possible in putting this before you in the barest outline.

It chiefly concerned religion. Nothing could so deeply affect the Scottish people of that day as any question of their faith as a Church, or their form of faith as a nation. The Scots still care a great deal about these matters;

but it is difficult for us nowadays to realise how intensely and violently hostile the whole race could become on the point of religious liberty. The Reformation had been in Scotland a national movement, a struggle for freedom among the people, carrying before it all the sympathy and sentiment of the kingdom. The somewhat rigid form of worship called Presbyterianism arose in the place of the old religion; it was perhaps in its outward forms harsh and unlovely, but it was based on great reality of faith and strong racial favour. It has lasted in Scotland to this day, and will outlast generations still to come.

The Presbyterians had abolished bishops. James I. was anxious to restore Episcopacy to Scotland. His argument was, "Where there are no bishops there will soon be no king." The mere idea sent Scotland into a frenzy,—not that she saw the grip of Rome again closing upon her liberties and her life, but because it seemed to her people an intolerable interference from beyond the Border. It must be remembered that only a few years before Scotland had her own kings. By natural inheritance her crown had been joined to that of England, and a fierce jealousy possessed the Scottish nation for their own distinctive rights. James I. had been born and brought up in this northern kingdom; he understood the tenacious Scottish character as Charles I. never could, and, while preferring the more beautiful forms of worship, quite realised that these could not be imposed upon Scotland against the will of the people. But James I. was dead, and it was impossible for the son who reigned in his stead to see that north of the Tweed he had no one on his side, no party on which to lean, when he proposed to alter the order of service. Their chosen religion was deeply rooted in the hearts of the people, and the powerful nobles and landowners had their own reasons for hostility to any change. Charles had given an order that

the old Catholic Church lands were to be restored to the Crown. Now at the Reformation these lands had fallen into the hands of the nobles, and it was easy for every one but the King to see that they were not disposed to resign them without a struggle.

It is not necessary to explain the details of vestment and order of service which were the outward causes of hostility; it is enough to know that for one reason or another the best intellects and the bravest hearts in Scotland set themselves in array against the proposed changes. Whether right or wrong, the whole mass of the people were clearly opposed to the form of public worship ordered by the King, whose instrument, Archbishop Laud, became the chief object of popular wrath, for it was he to whom was intrusted the task of introducing into the Scottish Churches the use of the prayer-book.

In the great national Cathedral of St Giles, in the heart of Edinburgh, on July 23, 1637, the Dean of the City was to read the new service. The church was full of malcontents, but no one knew of any planned resistance till an old woman named Jenny Geddes, a well-known character in the High Street, suddenly bawled out, "Thou false thief, dost thou say mass at my lug?" and flung the stool on which she had been sitting full at the Dean's head. Poor Jenny Geddes, immortalised by her one unseemly deed of violence, was no heroine, but hers was the humble hand that struck the smouldering resentment of a whole nation into flame. A wild tumult broke forth, first in the cathedral and then in the streets; scenes of violence, begun in the capital, were soon repeated all over the country, and an active rebellion was begun.

In the midst of these tumults, this acute crisis of national life, Montrose came back to his own land. Before him lay the home-life of a country gentleman—the society of his young wife and his little sons, the

Attributed to Vandyck.

MONTROSE.

From the picture in the possession of Anthony Maxtone Graham, Cultoquhey.

pleasures of sport, the interests of his estates. Beyond these there opened before him the deeper joys of literature, the pursuit of learning, which had always seemed to him so absorbing an object, the life of thought to which his poetic genius was entitled. But the times called to him, and his adventurous spirit answered instantly to the call with all the enthusiasm of one born to be supreme in the hour of action. At the parting of the ways he turned whole-heartedly to the service of his country. How greatly the national literature lost by his choice we shall never know: the few noble poems he wrote in the intervals of strenuous action are all that remain of a fine talent. He lived the poetry of his heart in deeds of romantic daring and in knightly enterprise.

The outcome of Scotland's deliberations at this time was the National Covenant. Montrose came home just as the words were on every tongue. It was a great charter of liberty taken up and signed by many thousands all over Scotland. All who signed the document pledged themselves to three things — the maintenance of the reformed religion, the maintenance of the King's honour and greatness, and the maintenance of the liberties of the nation. Montrose signed the Covenant, and let it be remembered that he never departed from those three principles. Very stirring are the descriptions of the enthusiastic signing of the Covenant in the great cities and in the remote glens of the land. For once all Scotland spoke with one voice; to the young Montrose it seemed the voice of justice and of loyalty, and in defence of these principles of national honour he gladly drew the sword that was soon to make Scotland glorious. That he drew it in a cause he was quickly to forsake his enemies loved to turn to his reproach, but at the outset he saw in the Covenant nothing of the secret ambitions and enmities that underlay the noble aims set forth. With the framing

of the document that played so large a part in history he had nothing to do, nor did he dream that the pledge of loyalty to the King was to be so quickly set aside. As a soldier of the Covenant Montrose began his career —the hope and ally of those who were soon to become his bitterest enemies: let it be remembered that he laid down his life to save the throne from its effects.

Huntly and the Gordons stood for the King, and to subdue the land of the Gordons and to enforce the Covenant Montrose was sent to Aberdeen in command of a force. He was then twenty-seven years old, but his obvious military talent gained him distinction at once. He was at Aberdeen three times in 1639; twice he avoided battle, using his powers of conciliation. In June of that year to fight became a necessity; he won two victories which put him in possession of the town.

When, in 1640, the Covenanting army invaded England, we know that Montrose was the first man to cross the Tweed, at a deep and dangerous ford. He forded the river, under fire, before his troops, to show them the possibility, then rejoined them, and at the head of his men recrossed it for the third time. By such acts of personal devotion through all his campaigns he won the confidence and admiration of his men: it was the secret of their faith in him.

Unsuspected designs, ugly schemes, and threats to the King, arrested the career of Montrose as a Covenanter. He saw the supporters of the Covenant making a determined attack on the rights of the Crown. He had taken up arms to redeem his country from tyranny, and now suspected that the tyranny was on his own side.

Simple-minded, generous, and slow to think evil, it is strange that Montrose's name must ever be linked with that of his great arch-enemy, Argyll, a man full of craft, and capable of cruel revenge. By nature and circum-

stances these two were formed to oppose each other; and the story of this civil war is largely the story of the personal hate of Argyll for Montrose. Without going into the political complications of the day, it is difficult to give an idea of the power of Argyll in Scotland. The Presbyterian clergy for a time controlled Parliament, and Argyll was at once the tool and the tyrant of the clergy. By their help he hoped to make himself master of the country. To Montrose, fighting then upon the same side, his object was clear: he aimed not only at undue power as a statesman, but at the sacred rights of a king. In all his movements he saw treason, and he would not submit to him as a leader, or consent to his methods. The spirit of Montrose burned to emancipate Scotland from the thrall of Argyll and the Church, and this became the absorbing object of his life.

The exact moment when he gave himself wholly to the King is not known: it was probably a gradual change. Perhaps his resolution was taken at the time of his second interview with the King, when Charles came to Berwick to confer with some of the Scottish nobles, and Montrose so met his sovereign again,—not this time as a young aspirant for Court favour, but as a tried soldier who had made his mark, and was a power to be conciliated. It is likely enough that in the secret passion of his indignation at the broken faith of his party he was ready to idealise the King; but no purely personal feeling could have fired the genius of Montrose—the King stood to him as the emblem of a cause that appealed to all that was great in his nature.

Three years were to pass before he obtained from Charles the commission he craved—even after he declared himself wholly on the royal side—to save Scotland for the King. The story of this desperate effort is the story of his life.

CHAPTER II.

"King Charles! who'll do him right now?"
—R. BROWNING.

Montrose was at Oxford in 1644 with the King, whose affairs at the time were waxing desperate enough. Surrounded by his little Court of faithful but not enterprising friends, sad at heart and in the midst of perplexed councils, he listened at last to the entreaties of the young Scottish earl to be allowed to start on his adventure to win Scotland to the Crown. To Charles himself and to the little Court it seemed a forlorn hope. The Highlands, it is true, were known to be loyal, but the clans were divided by private feuds and jealousies. The Lowland cities were in the hands of the Covenanters, their forces well organised, their equipment complete.

"For my part," said Montrose to the King, "I possess neither men, money, nor arms sufficient to oppose these united rebels; but, notwithstanding, I distrust not the assistance of God in a good cause, and if your Majesty will grant me a few requests, I will go back to Scotland and turn the tide of war and fortune in your favour, or perish in the attempt." The King asked his demands and granted them all: first, that troops should be levied in Scotland among the loyal Irish; that the Marquis of Newcastle should be told to provide a small party of horse to cross the Border; that a messenger be sent to Denmark for men and arms; and, lastly, that Prince Maurice, the King's nephew, might bear, instead of Montrose himself, the office of Lieutenant-General of the Scottish forces. Thus the wish of his heart was fulfilled: he set forth like a knight-errant upon the heroic adventure.

This would be too long a story if details were given of the fortunes of Montrose between the day he rode forth from the King's presence at Oxford and the hour when he gave up hope of help from English allies, and was thrown finally and completely on his own resources. His lofty hopes and fine enthusiasm might well have been dashed by Newcastle's grudging aid, by the incredible desertion at Annan of his English adherents, by the disappointment at Dumfries, by the deep discouragement conveyed in reports of affairs in the north. He was now left with a few followers, and these urgently counselled retreat. He knew himself alone in his high hopes; there seemed but one way to put his fortune to the touch. In all courtesy, in all gentleness, he firmly separated himself from his little force. To Lord Ogilvy he gave the command of the handful of cavaliers that remained to him, desiring him to proceed, if possible, to rejoin the King at Oxford. Thus they set out for the south, Montrose not in command but riding with them, apparently content to resign his projects.

On the second day of the southward journey he disappeared. His servants, his horses, his baggage were all abandoned. After the first shock of surprise and fear, the little party of horsemen proceeded in bewilderment on the road without him. His command had been to try and join the King, but none of the party ever reached the Court,—all were taken prisoners by the army of the English Parliament.

Montrose never meant to ride back to Oxford to carry to his King and master the news of his own failure, the collapse of all his lofty hopes. He had conceived the daring idea of entering Scotland alone, and of trying his fortunes as a soldierly adventurer among the Highland clans.

Just at this time two troopers rode northwards to

Carlisle, and from thence across the Border in Scotland. They were followed at a little distance by a servant in livery, who led a spare horse. A chain of Covenanting troops stretched across the Border, and no stranger was allowed to pass unquestioned. Many times must the little party have been called upon to halt: the troopers, however, could give a good account of themselves, and the servant was little noticed.

The two troopers were two Royalists—Sir William Rollo of Duncrub and Colonel Sibbald; the servant was none other than Montrose himself. They had chosen the only possible way to pass back into Scotland—in disguise. A great danger threatened when an old soldier, who had safely passed the disguised troopers, went up to the servant, greeting him by his name and title. "Do you not see that I am but a serving man?" was the reply. "Nay, nay," said the soldier. "Do I not know the noble Lord Marquis of Montrose? But go your way, my lord, and God be with you." A rich reward would have been the poor soldier's had he given information of the prize now within the grasp of the Covenanters; but he never betrayed him, and the little party passed on in safety.

The object of Montrose and his two friends was to reach Perthshire, and for four days they rode hard over bad roads, in imminent danger from bands of the enemy on every side, in a thousand perils, a thousand privations. They carried the fate of Scotland in their hands; they were to prove themselves stronger than the great forces that surrounded them; the genius of their great leader was to place them for a brief space upon a sublime height of triumph.

By devious ways, and often under cover of darkness, Montrose again rode about the familiar places of his childhood. With his usual self-command he forbore to

visit his young wife and little sons, though he must have passed close by his home. A single indiscretion meant the ruin of his hopes, the last blow to the cause he loved. It was truly a wonderful record to pass without recognition, on a four days' journey, into the heart of Perthshire, where all three travellers were well known. But desperate times make desperate enterprises, and they knew that the one chance of support lay in the Highlands.

At last the house of Tullibelton was reached, and here they could count on a warm welcome from Patrick Græme of Inchbrakie, the chivalrous and devoted kinsman and friend of Montrose, who remained one of the few constant to the end. The companion of Montrose's boyhood, he was now chosen as his aide-de-camp, and, thereafter, in all the fortunes of war their names are side by side alike in the glory of conquest and the tragedy of defeat. The wild and daring enterprise upon which Montrose had now embarked suited the loyal and courageous spirit of "Black Pate," as the fair-haired young Inchbrakie was called among the clans. He it was who marched alone with him into Athole to raise the royal standard; and his name is associated with every glorious deed, with every hardship endured, until at the last he was chosen to bear the Order of the Garter at the great funeral of his chief and friend.

We can fancy the meeting of the two at Tullibelton House, where Inchbrakie then lived,—the plans discussed, the chances of success debated. To the impetuous spirit of Montrose the least delay was torment. Rollo and Sibbald were sent forth among the clans to discover what men could be relied on to join the standard. Their reports were depressing in the extreme; but even in the inaction of the moment the high hopes of the leader never wavered. At this crisis a small force of the promised Irish landed in the west of Scotland. Their

chief was called Alaster MacColl Keitache Macdonald. History has fortunately shortened this to Colkitto, by which name he is known in the records of the day. No wilder spirit could have been chosen to aid in a wild enterprise. A passionate hate of the Campbells in general, and of the chief of the Campbells, the great Argyll, in particular, inspired him to incredible deeds. Remarkable for his great strength and courage, he had a savage instinct for vengeance on the clan which had driven his family forth from Scotland. When, at the raising of this little Irish force in Ireland, Lord Antrim gathered his retainers to help Montrose, three men claimed the honour of command. Colkitto was one of these three, and in making his request he unsheathed his broadsword and declared his claim—"My sword is wielded by the best hand in Ireland." "Which is the next best?" asked one of the other competitors. Throwing his sword from his right hand to his left, Colkitto replied, "It is there!" He was given the command he craved, and at the head of 1200 men left Ireland and landed in the west of Scotland. Everywhere he laid waste the country according to the uncivilised methods of warfare of that day. From instincts of revenge rather than of plunder, he burnt and pillaged. The country people—helpless shepherds and farmers—awaited his coming in terror. Yet he had his finer moments. It is recorded that in a cottage on the island of Mull, a shepherd's wife said, while cooking a sheep's head for supper, "I wish this head were the head of Alaster Coll Keitache." "How can you have such a wicked wish," said the shepherd; "I wish nothing but good to the followers of Montrose." There came a tap at the window-pane, and a man's face looking in upon the couple. "That wish has saved your house from burning," cried Colkitto as he vanished in the darkness.

Montrose had as yet no news of this help from Ireland, nor did Colkitto know where to find Montrose; all he could do was to raise the clans and command all subjects to rise and follow the King's Lieutenant. He made use of the national call to arms—the Fiery Cross.

Montrose himself gives an account of how he was wandering one day in the woods of Methven, near Perth, in a sad mood very unusual to his nature. On all sides he saw how badly governed the country was, and the unhappy state of the people. He felt keenly his present helplessness to set them free from the bondage of the Campbells and the Church. As he wandered alone, he tells us that he was praying, and that in his prayer he looked up and saw a man running from Perth. In his hand he bore the Fiery Cross. We can fancy how the heart of Montrose leaped within him when he saw the signal of war, and was told that it was sent from Colkitto, that help was at hand, and that the Irish army had entered Athole.

Montrose lost no time in joining these welcome visitors, who waited for their great leader at the Castle of Blair in Athole. His approach through the heather with a single companion, Black Pate, was the signal for a scene of wild enthusiasm. The pair had tramped on foot, across the hills, the twenty miles from Tullibelton, and were received with deafening acclaim. On a hill near the castle the King's standard was raised. It was the great moment towards which all Montrose's life had been directed, the great crisis which was to transform the sad fortunes of his King. "I never had passion on earth," he wrote once to the Prince of Wales, "so great as that to do the King your father service." Now for the first time he found himself in a position to redeem his high promises. He had a loyal army behind him, and the King's enemies before him.

Montrose's letter to Argyll before hostilities began is so characteristic that it should be read.

"My Lord,—I wonder at your being in arms for defence of rebellion, yourself well knowing His Majesty's tenderness not only to the whole country whose patron you would pretend to be, but to your own person in particular. I beseech you, therefore, to return to your allegiance, and submit yourself, and what belongs unto you, as to the grace and protection of your good King. . . . Still may you find him like an indulgent father, ready to embrace his penitent children in his arms, although he hath been provoked with unspeakable injuries. But if you shall still continue obstinate, I call God to witness that through your own stubbornness I shall be compelled to endeavour to reduce you by force. So I rest your friend, if you please. Montrose."

We know of no answer to this letter. The Covenanting army, secure in its vastly superior numbers, waited for the Highland host in contemptuous silence.

It was the fate of Montrose throughout his short and glorious career to deal always with inadequate means. He never had a fully equipped army, nor trained and well-paid soldiers at his command. He fought nearly always against overwhelming odds, under conditions favourable to the enemy. But what he lacked in men, in arms, in equipment, he made up in impetuous daring, in the suddenness of his decision, in the incredible swiftness of his action. His genius was to surprise, to dazzle, to confound, and for his purpose he could have found no better soldiers than the men of the Highland clans, and these were now daily joining his standard. The battle of Tippermuir was fought on September 1, 1644. Montrose had crossed the Tay, encamping for the night at Fowlis,

a village about five miles from Crieff, and from there advanced against the city. The ill-matched armies met on the heath of Tippermuir, three miles from Perth. The army of the Covenant consisted of 8000 well-equipped infantry, sixteen troop of horse, and nine pieces of cannon. No expense had been spared to render the force formidable.

Montrose's cavalry consisted of three horses: all told, he may have had 2000 men, and each man had *one* round of ammunition.

A Covenanting preacher, Carmichael, passed along the lines exhorting the "army of God" to be stedfast. "If ever God spoke truth, in His name I promise you this day assured victory," was his confident prophecy, destined to unfulfilment.

On the other side, Montrose addressed his troops. "Gentlemen, that you have few weapons, and that your enemies have plenty, is true; but as there are abundance of stones on this moor, my advice is that every man should provide himself with the largest he can manage rush up to the first Covenanter he sees, beat out his brains, and after that we shall be at no loss how to proceed." This brief speech suited the temper of his men: they were impatient to begin. But Montrose chose his young brother-in-law, Madertie, to carry a flag of truce over to the enemy, asking them to submit to the King. Instead of sending reply, the rules of war were disregarded and young Madertie treacherously taken prisoner. After that the fight began.

Lord Elcho commanded the whole Covenanting army, and himself led the right wing. Sir James Scott of Rossie led the left wing; while John Murray, Earl of Tullibardine, was in charge of the main body. Elcho sent forward a squadron of horse under Lord Drummond: it was the signal for the fray. Montrose issued his final

order to his musketeers, ready with their *one* shot: "Spare your powder until you can fire right into the teeth of the enemy, with the front rank kneeling, the second stooping, the third standing, then *charge in the name of God and the King!*"

A party of clansmen assailed Elcho's skirmishers, and these fell back. Montrose ordered his whole line to advance against the solid mass of the enemy. Under a heavy fire of cannon and musketry, himself on foot, he led the way. No single shot from his Highlanders answered the rattle of the guns; only steadily they went forward—up to the cannons and past them, in a mad shout of exultation, till Covenanters and King's men were within two yards of each other. Then the musketeers fired their one volley. It was little, but it proved enough for the nerves of the enemy. Everywhere the clans, in wild assault, broke through the lines and bore back the astonished foe. Under the irresistible onward rush for which the clans had ever been famous in battle, the infantry fell back; before the flashing swords the cavalry fled so promptly that, to their shame, they lost not a single man. It was not a retreat, but a disgraceful flight. The handful of the Highland host, with clamour of wild cries on the heels of their splendid leader, fell upon their prey. The whole battle lasted only five minutes, and only twelve men were slain on the field; the hundreds who lost their lives that day were overtaken on the road to Perth in desperate and shameful flight. Sir James Scott alone made brave resistance, rallying a few men among some cottages; but Montrose himself, pike in hand, stormed the position and drove out Scott and his men. It was the last stand of the Covenant that day.

It cannot be denied that slaughter followed on that glorious five minutes of actual fighting. The number of the slain will never now be known: it is said that over

2000 perished, and that the Royal army lost only four men. The victory put the whole cause in an infinitely better position. They had been described as "a pack of naked runagates, not three horses among them, few with either swords or muskets; weaponless, ammunitionless, cannonless men"; now they reaped a rich harvest of arms, powder, money, meat, and clothing. It was impossible to restrain the plundering instincts of the clans in the first wild pursuit of a flying foe; but when Montrose marched into Perth, the city, at first madly terrified at the arrival of the triumphant army, was soon reassured. Although it was impossible to keep the hungry ill-clad troops altogether from pillage, Montrose used his best efforts to maintain order and to respect the rights of citizens. To Montrose this was a golden hour. He had won, against overwhelming odds, his first victory for the King, and it was a complete and unquestioned victory, enormously increasing his prestige both in his own camp and throughout Scotland. The Highlands were loyal, and Perth was his. It was glorious news to write to his King and master.

Three days were spent in Perth after Tippermuir,—happy days for the hero, surrounded by friends and a tumult of acclaim, when for the first time he felt the sun of success shining upon his arms. A joyful meeting must have been his with his two young sons, who had ridden to Perth to meet him, in company with Mr Forrett, their father's old tutor and friend. John, Lord Graham, was fourteen, and James just eleven. Little Robert, and perhaps David also, was left in charge of the mother. No one knows for certain anything about David: he may have died as an infant. But it is quite certain that Montrose had the great joy of this meeting with the two eldest boys at the moment of his triumph, and we can picture the pride of the boys riding forth to join

the hero-father, of whose fame as a soldier they knew far more than of his care as a parent. Again we get no glimpse of the mother, left alone with the little ones, whether her thoughts were proud or only sad as she saw the noble boys riding away. She never saw her eldest son again.

Brief time was given to triumphant and peaceful days at Perth. The town was abandoned on the 4th, when Montrose and his troops turned northwards to Aberdeen. Forward went the little army with their great leader and the two boys, who must have begged hard to be allowed to share in the perils and glories of the campaign. James and his tutor did, however, quit the army at the town of Montrose, no doubt greatly to the child's disappointment. He was afterwards to play a gallant part as a prisoner among his father's bitterest enemies.

The triumph of Perth was repeated at Aberdeen, and there were but thirteen days between the two victories. The enemy indeed made more of a stand, and though their forces fled at last, they left gaps in the ranks of the Royalists. The battle raged for two hours, and a thousand Covenanters fell.

Terrible scenes with fire and sword occurred in Aberdeen when the Highlanders and Irish were in possession. In one sense these clansmen were very little removed from savage tribes: they knew nothing of civilised warfare, and no laws outside their own wild traditions of revenge. Yet in their lonely glens, in the bleak solitudes into which they had been born, and which they never sought to leave, had developed the best soldierly virtues. Devotion to the chief of a clan for numberless generations was so rooted in their very nature that loyalty had become an instinct. If they fought, it was for death or victory—a splendid courage and disregard of self transformed them to heroes; but when once the day

was won, and the prospect of plunder was before them, no power could restrain their savage violence. Montrose has been deeply blamed for the excesses of his army, but all that research has brought to light concerning his personal character shows a nature very humane and generous, in an age when humanity and generosity were not thought the greatest of a conqueror's virtues. It is known that after the surrender of Aberdeen he drew off his men as quickly as he could.

Montrose now undertook a wonderful retreat requiring more skill, more courage, more patience, than all the victories he won. Across the wild mountains and solitary moors, over roaring Highland rivers and through pathless glens, his one purpose firmly before him, he led the clans.

Argyll, whom the Covenanters sent to pursue the Royalist force, was usually six days' march in the rear. His military genius was no match for that of Montrose, nor was he indeed keenly anxious to come within striking distance of his arch-enemy. Doubtless Argyll was devoted to his cause, and the best man the Covenanters could have put forward; but even his friends admit that he was a coward in the field. It was easier to offer a huge sum of money for the assassination of Montrose than to face him in the open field. Montrose heard of the price set upon his head with cool contempt.

The object of Montrose's retreat was this: he could not, without danger of losing his whole army, face the force now pursuing him. He knew he could wear his foes out, and a wild chase indeed he led them, marching 300 miles in the most solitary parts of Scotland, crossing and recrossing the Grampians. If ever the Covenanters came into close quarters, as they did at Fyvie, Argyll watched the contest from a safe distance.

It is sad to record that, as the autumn wore on to

winter and the campaign became more arduous, some of the hearts of Montrose's own familiar friends failed them, —among them Colonel Sibbald, who had been with him on his great ride from Carlisle to Tullibelton. Colkitto was still staunch, the gallant old Earl of Airlie and his two sons never flinched in their loyalty, and Black Pate would have died rather than failed him; yet it was hard to see any friends ride away faint-heartedly, and with a sad heart Montrose began the winter. It is impossible here to give even an outline of his wanderings. He raided the country of the Campbells even to the walls of Argyll's stronghold, Inverary Castle. As was usual in these civil wars, the wretched peasants paid the penalties: what the Highlanders spared was destroyed by the Covenanters. Houses and lands burnt and ravaged marked the progress of both armies alike: it was one of the conditions of war that ruin was brought upon the peaceable and harmless subjects of the King. The battle of Inverlochy, the third victory of Montrose, was fought on February 2, 1645. Inverlochy Castle, by the shores of Locheil, was reached by a series of extraordinary marches. All deficiencies in the Royalist army were compensated by the incredible swiftness of their movements. Down they came in three columns along the hollow of Glen Nevis. The first shots were fired by moonlight. Strong and frowning, in the loneliest part of the land, the ancient fortress had offered to Argyll suitable headquarters: he had fortified and filled it with Campbells and regiments of Lowland infantry.

The Royal army had that morning marched twenty miles in deep snow. Wet, hungry, and exhausted, without a single cannon, they had to face a well-fed, well-armed enemy, whose cannon threatened from the battlements. James Grant, in his thrilling 'Memoirs

of Montrose,' gives the following description of the first charge of the Highland army:—

"The well-disciplined troops of the Covenant stood firm in their ranks, three deep, with pikes levelled before them, while their musketeers poured in their fire steadily and deliberately. But once only, for they had not time to reload before the clans were upon them. After firing one volley from their pistols and long Spanish muskets, the Highlanders, with a wild shout, rushed through the smoke to closer quarters, with axe and pike, claymore and buckler. For a moment there was heard the fierce *rasp* of steel on steel as the targets were dashed against pike-heads and musket-barrels, and the left wing of Montrose had swept the right of the Covenanters from the field in irretrievable confusion."

The whole affair was rather a rout than a defeat: never for one moment did the tide of battle turn in favour of Argyll. It is recorded that the great chief of the Campbells was himself at Inverlochy, and that he took refuge in a boat, which, pushed out from the shore beyond musket-range, afforded him a safe shelter from which to view the contest. All historians are agreed on the point, though some say that Argyll, having an accidental wound in the arm, was *compelled by his friends* to go on board his barge instead of taking part in the fight.

You will some day read in history the very fine despatch sent by Montrose to the King after the victory of Inverlochy, and imagine as you read it the feelings of joy that filled the great heart of the conqueror to have so justified the King's trust in him. Never did personal ambition or private revenge sully the clear purpose of his work; he simply meant to hold Scotland for the Crown, to conquer in the Lowlands, to hold out a hand to Charles across the Border. To

break the power of Argyll he judged to be the one way to save the country, and to that one object his genius was devoted.

When marching towards a district called the Bog of Gight, a heavy sorrow fell upon Montrose. His eldest son, the young Lord Graham, who shared his father's spirit, and who had been with him step by step all through the sore hardships of the campaign, his health no doubt undermined by privation and over-exertion, fell very ill at Gordon Castle. The constitution of a lad of fifteen could hardly be expected to withstand the severities of that fearful winter. Deeply must Montrose have felt in all the bitter months the danger of such a life to so young a boy. But where in all Scotland could a safe place have been found for the heir of the dreaded Montrose? Once separated from his father's forces, by craft or violence so valuable a hostage would have been secured. There was no safety for him but at his father's side. We know that the boy's illness was a very short one, for Montrose only reached the castle on March 4, and on the 9th we hear of him again marching south. In that little interval of five days the sharpest sorrow of his life overtook the great soldier: he saw the death of his eldest son.

It was sad news to be carried to the poor mother after her winter of ceaseless anxiety, lightened only with here a word and there a rumour of husband and son all through the dark days. Her sad thoughts must have turned hopefully to the boy James, safe, as she imagined, with his tutor in the town of Montrose; but here again a cruel anxiety beset her. Sir John Urrie, one of the Covenanting generals, in revenge for a skirmish at Kintore in which he had suffered, lay in wait for young James Graham and his tutor, and bore both prisoners to Edinburgh, where

the poor child was kept in the vile Tolbooth prison. When news of his pitiable condition there reached his father, he obtained leave to exchange the boy for one of the officers then with his forces; but James, with all his father's lofty spirit, refused to be exchanged, lest his father should lose a good soldier. Montrose must have heard the reply with a thrill of pride, even in the midst of his fear for his son, caged in a plague-stricken city, in the hands of implacable foes.

The battle of Auldearn was the fourth victory of Montrose. It was fought on May 8, 1645. The Covenanting forces were under Sir John Urrie, who with a superiority of men counted on an easy victory, —and indeed he very nearly succeeded in surprising Montrose. As he came down by Culloden to the village of Nairn, a heavy rain falling, a halt was made five miles from the Royalist encampment. The charges in the muskets being wet, the men discharged them into the sea, never dreaming that the sound would carry so far as the camp, five miles away. They themselves gave the signal for their approach, for the report was borne to Montrose by the wind.

Montrose had chosen for encampment a small village on a height, and the little group of houses and gardens was the centre of his position. When Urrie approached, well-appointed as usual, with his five regiments of Lowlanders and the pick of the Covenanting army, he could not know how full of armed Highlanders the village might be. In his efforts to take it by assault he lost the flower of his army. The Highlanders fought with desperate courage. By the imprudence of Colkitto, who left his entrenchment among the gardens of the village to lead a sortie, the day was nearly lost It is said that Colkitto thus addressed his men: "Gentlemen, shall our enemies

by this one day's work wrest from us all the glory we have gained? Let it never be said that base flight bore witness of it, but let us all die bravely! Let it never be thought that they triumphed over our courage, or the loyalty we owe to our Sovereign Lord. God is strong enough!"

To Montrose an officer exclaimed, "Alaster Coll Keitache is routed!" In the smoke and noise of the battle Montrose could neither clearly see nor hear, but he cried, "My Lord Gordon, on the right flank Coll Keitache has routed the enemy, and shall we stand by while he bears away all the honour?" In company with Lord Gordon the heroic leader was everywhere, cheering, encouraging, striking. It all ended in disaster to the Covenant.

Nearly two months passed before Montrose got the chance of his fifth victory. It was at Alford, in the valley of the Don. For the first time in the history of the campaign the Royal army faced the enemy with superior numbers; there was never any doubt as to the ultimate result. Nevertheless, the loss of life on both sides was heavy, and Montrose lost that day his brave companion and friend, the young Lord Gordon. Neither Colkitto nor Black Pate were with him in the battle of Alford, but Gordon was the life and soul of many a desperate charge. In the fierce excitement of battle he swore to drag General Baillie, the commander of the Covenanters, from the midst of his men. It was a desperate enterprise, but he had actually seized the General, and was dragging him from his horse, when he was shot in the back, and fell dead. Montrose dismounted and wept over the body: he could indeed ill afford the loss of that devoted heart. A stone still marks the place where Gordon fell, but his body was carried

away to the cathedral at Aberdeen, and buried with all honour.

The battle of Kilsyth, a Lowland village on the banks of the Garrel, the scene of the sixth and last of the victories of Montrose, was fought on August 15, 1645. "Gentlemen and comrades," said Montrose as he rode down the lines, "you see these rascals whom you beat at Tippermuir, at Auldearn, at Alford? I assure you that their officers have found it impossible to bring them before us again without first casing them up in coats of mail; but to show them our contempt, we will fight them, if you please, in our shirts." Instantly, in wild enthusiasm, the Highlanders responded, and all fought that day stripped to their shirts. Argyll is recorded to have been in person on the field, but beyond the range of musket-shots. When the fortunes of the day were clearly seen to be with the Royalists, he rode off to the nearest sea-shore and thence escaped by ship to Berwick, leaving his forces in a terrible plight. You will some day read the account of the battle of Kilsyth, and, understanding the heroic gallantry displayed on *both* sides, will regret the dreadful slaughter that followed the Royalist victory, a slaughter which Montrose did all in his power to check; but, as usual, the clansmen were, in the hour of triumph, beyond control. Nearly the whole of the infantry were pursued and put to death by the claymores of the furious clans, who followed the flying foe for a distance of eighteen miles. Kilsyth is spoken of with horror among the peasantry of Fife to this day.

CHAPTER III.

"I know how far high failure overleaps the bounds of low successes."

Montrose was now at the height of his power. The tide of public opinion turned in favour of his cause: he began to be praised among the people, to be admired, to be celebrated in the popular ballads of the day. As the Royal army crossed and recrossed Scotland, followed by Argyll at a safe distance, during the year of Montrose's success, he had seemed like some gallant quarry with the hounds upon its tracks; his sudden resolves, his military genius, caught the popular imagination. In an age of self-seeking and personal ambition his aims were clearly those of a loyal heart; his cause outshone all meaner considerations. He had accomplished in one year an incredibly difficult task: he had entered Scotland alone; he had raised an army; he had inspired that army with his own passionate loyalty to the King; under the most difficult conditions he had led his slender band to victory in six battles. Not only was his force at the best very small, but he could never reckon upon their numbers. For countless generations the Highland tribes had held to the custom, in time of war, of dispersing to their homes in the mountain fastnesses without leave: after every victory scores of them disappeared in this way, carrying the booty to places of safety, to rejoin the army when and where they chose. Montrose understood the mind of his men too well to try reforms among them at a crisis when he needed all their loyalty and enthusiasm: he learnt how to use the warlike qualities of the clansmen without disregarding their ancient traditions; but it made the campaign a thing of infinite difficulty. Only supreme military ability could have achieved the triumphs of that

wonderful year. The admiration of his countrymen began to express itself too clearly for the peace of Argyll and the Covenant. It seemed as if the victor of Kilsyth must soon be master of Scotland.

It is difficult to write moderately of Montrose. Like a knight of olden times, invincible in arms, perfect in courtesy and honour, the stedfast light of his character and achievements shines upon us from the past with an unstained glory. Though ruin and desolation followed the fiery progress of his sword in glen and hamlet and city, he everywhere left behind him traditions not of triumphant revenge, but of heroic courage, of personal charm. We must go back to ancient history and find in the supreme qualities of the heroes of old the only parallel to those of Montrose. He stands as far from the common ruck of mankind as a demigod.

How and where in his short and eventful career he found time to write his beautiful and immortal "Love Song" is not known: I write part of it here as a fitting close to the story of his victories:—

"My dear and only love, I pray
This little world of thee
Be governed by no other sway
But purest monarchie;
For if confusion have a part,
Which virtuous souls abhor,
I'll call a synod in my heart
And never love thee more.

As Alexander I will reign,
And I will reign alone;
My thoughts did evermore disdain
A rival on my throne.
He either fears his fate too much
Or his deserts are small,
Who dares not put it to the touch
To gain or lose it all.

The golden laws of love shall be
  Upon this pillar hung,
A simple heart, a single eye,
  A true and constant tongue.
Let no man for more love pretend
  Than he has heart in store;
True love begun shall never end,—
  Love *one* and love no more.

But if no faithless action stain
  Thy true and constant word,
I'll make thee glorious by my pen
  And famous by my sword.
I'll serve thee in such noble ways
  Were never known before;
I'll deck and crown thy head with bays,
  And love thee more and more."

Edinburgh and Glasgow after the victory of Kilsyth were almost ready to fall at the feet of the conqueror, —indeed he was received at Glasgow with the utmost honour. It seemed as if his dazzling hopes were destined to find fulfilment, as if he had indeed saved Scotland for the King. At the very height of his success the cloud appeared. The end of all his fair prospects was not brought about by his enemies but by his own familiar friends, his trusted companions-in-arms. While encamped at Bothwell, near Glasgow, in the comparative calm which followed the victory of Kilsyth, his Highland troopers heard news of pillage and murder among their native hills. When once their hearts turned to the Highlands, to the Highlands they went. No power on earth could have stopped them. It is sad to have to record that the dauntless Colkitto was among those who marched away to the north. Worse still, he marched away at the head of 500 of Montrose's best men—the tried veterans of his force. With sad and bitter thoughts must Montrose have watched him go, remembering their joyful meeting at Blair

only a year ago. Now the great chief was left with a much diminished army, consisting chiefly of the poor Irish, who could not return to their homes across the sea even if they wished.

Montrose still hoped to carry out his scheme for the King. His plan had been to lead the heroes of his six battles across the border to England,—to be at the side of Charles in his extremity, to strike terror into the Parliamentary army in England, as he had done to the Covenanting army in Scotland. Now, in spite of his diminished force he set forth upon the adventure. As the Highlands had risen in response to his call, so surely would the Borders rise too when he flashed through them on his great enterprise.

It was the first false step, and it was irretrievable. As Montrose passed with his few men through the Border counties hardly a man joined the Royal standard, and those that came brought no enthusiasm. Every effort was used, but in vain: all that remained of the once dreaded Highland host turned from Jedburgh to Kelso and thence to Selkirk, seeking, with sinking spirits, for a spark of loyalty.

The star of Montrose's fortune had begun to wane; his extraordinary and victorious career had received a check. There has now to be recorded his first defeat in arms.

On the plain of Philiphaugh, near Selkirk, he encamped on September 12, 1645,—exactly one year after Tippermuir,—with only 1000 foot and 500 horse. A dense fog shrouded the country. Some neglect of posting scouts brought about the catastrophe. The Covenanting forces were under the command of General Leslie. Treachery played its part at Philiphaugh, nor was it only the surprise of the onslaught which won the battle, or the overwhelming superiority in numbers. Montrose for the first time fought without his Highlanders. Most of the Royalist

horses were turned out at grass in a field near the camp; the soldiers were cleaning their arms. Only 150 men were fully prepared when Leslie's 3000 horse burst upon them. Hopelessly outnumbered, a few minutes of desperate resistance was all that was possible to the Royalists. The disaster was complete and final.

Imagination follows Montrose sadly as he rode away into the hills,—a faithful few with him, the strength of his conquering arm broken, the confidence of his spirit shaken. More bitter still would have been his thoughts had he guessed at the scene being enacted at Philiphaugh. In the surprise of the sudden onslaught a large number of prisoners were secured by the soldiers of the Covenant. Can it be believed that these brave Royalists were marched two miles up the side of the river Yarrow, into the courtyard of the Castle of Newark, and there shot down in cold blood by a party of dragoons? The atrocity can never be forgotten while history lasts. But far worse was to follow. In the wake of the small remnant of Montrose's army as he marched through the Border country had followed a band of camp-followers,—mostly the women and children belonging to the Irish soldiers,—quite helpless creatures, non-combatants, who endured the hardships without the glories of war, and who were left, in the general confusion and flight, exposed to the mercy of the victors. It is a fearful but undisputed fact that the soldiers of the Covenant murdered every one of these defenceless beings. The name of Philiphaugh recalls the first victory of the Government over Montrose, but it recalls also an undying shame and dishonour. Eighty women and children, in a madness of terror, fled as far as Linlithgow, and were there overtaken by the Covenanting soldiers, who murdered every single soul, flinging them over a high bridge into the river Avon. If such deeds were done in cold blood it may be imagined

what was done in the name of Justice. Long is the list of honourable names of those captured on that disastrous day who were put to death by the Government. Sir William Rollo—he who had ridden with Montrose on the famous ride from Carlisle—was among those executed. Montrose, free himself, but without men, without arms, without power, struggled passionately in his rage and grief to rouse the help which should enable him to stop the executions at all costs, to attack the Government at Glasgow. We can guess what it must have cost his chivalrous soul to relinquish this hope, to have to turn northwards again with the merest handful of followers, leaving so many friends to their fate.

The wanderings of Montrose after Philiphaugh lasted from September 13, 1645, to May 1646. In November Lady Montrose died. He managed to reach his home and to be present at her funeral at Aberuthven Church, eluding his enemies, and pursued back to the north by Government troops. Neither grief nor misfortune had power to turn him from the unwavering purpose of his life: he never lost the hope of saving the kingdom for the king. A fugitive now among the straths and hills where he had once marched victoriously, his dauntless spirit met every difficulty with courage. He never felt that all was lost; his darkest hour was yet far distant.

In May 1646 a blow fell which for a time darkened his proud aspirations. He received an order from his King and master: "You must disband your forces and go into France." The command did for a moment crush the impetuous heart of the King's champion. He knew that Charles was then in the hands of the Government; he had thrown himself upon the mercy of the Covenant at Newark. To the hunted and despairing Charles it had seemed at the moment the wisest course. Events were to expose the disastrous mistake, but to the far-

seeing eye of Montrose the mistake was instantly apparent in all its fatal meaning. But the King's word was his law. On July 1 the great soldier bade farewell to his little group of comrades-in-arms.

It was a sad scene at Old Rattray when he made his last touching farewell. His words were like himself—gentle and noble, full of valorous dignity. All he did, all he said and suffered, was for the King's sake.

Montrose left Scotland in disguise on September 3 in company with a few friends, George Wishart among them. He left behind him his two young sons and all the throng of passionate projects and ambitions that had made his life so brilliant and so sad. But he carried into exile one undying hope, one undying resolution: his soul never swerved from its set purpose—to restore the King.

Wishart has told us a great deal about his life abroad,—how the little party went first to Norway, then wandered in Denmark and Germany, and how Montrose finally settled for a time near Paris, where he felt he could be of use to Queen Henrietta Maria, the sorrowful wife of Charles, a fugitive from her husband's kingdom. Never for an instant did he abandon his intention of returning to Scotland to strike another blow for the cause. He waited for his hour. If sometimes it seemed long in coming,—and he *alone* in truly wishing it, in truly striving for it,—his thoughts turned to some golden future when he might see his King reigning at last in peace on the throne his true servant had recovered for him. No wish was so near his heart, no resolution so fixed.

The blow fell unexpectedly that was to shatter his whole life and shadow it with tragedy. The execution of Charles was an event undreamed of except by those who conceived and planned it. We know how Montrose received the news, for Wishart was with him. The catas-

trophe was so overpowering that for a moment he fell back unconscious. When he spoke at last his words were few:

"O God, who hast the powers of life and of death, be Thou my witness, how bitter, after this, existence will be to me!"

No ray of comfort came till the determination to avenge the murder revived his spirit:

"I shall be satisfied to live; but before God, angels, and men, I vow to bestow the rest of my life in revenging the death of that true martyr, and placing his son upon the throne!"

It is said that within two days of hearing the news he engraved the following verses on the wall of his room with the point of his sword:—

"Great, Good, and Just! Could I but rate
My griefs, and thy too rigid fate,
I'd weep the world to such a strain
It should be deluged once again.
But since thy loud-tongued blood demands supplies
More from Briareus' hands than Argus' eyes,
I'll sing thy obsequies with trumpet sounds,
And write thy epitaph in blood and wounds."

Montrose forgot, or perhaps he did not then know, the last wish of his King—that no revenge should ever follow his execution. His dying thoughts went forward to the day when the tide of affairs should change, in fear that then, in his name, blood might be shed, and he turned on the scaffold at the last to speak the one word—"Remember!"

To the passionate grief of Montrose there was but one remedy—to strike desperately at the King's enemies, even though the blow should be the last despairing effort of his soul. The King's death meant the collapse of his whole life's energy. The spring of action was gone; it

was the eclipse of his star. The frantic rage which first possessed him became the grim resolve of vengeance. He could no longer wait for a good hour, for a fortunate chance; his days were spent in making preparations, in collecting money and arms, and in the face of colossal difficulties he set sail at last for Scotland, no longer the gallant and happy young soldier inspired by a shining cause, but a sorrowful and desperate man upon whose life brooded the darkest cloud that the soul of man can know.

As in past days, his thoughts turned to the Highlanders. If he could count once more on their loyalty, on their savage instinct of revenge, he might well fulfil his oath and strike the blow that should avenge the King's blood.

He sailed from Gothenborg on December 16, 1649. His adventures between that day and March 1650 are not known, but in that month he landed in Orkney with a handful of his old friends. No enthusiasm greeted him there, but he proceeded to enlist unwilling farmers and fisher-folk. With a force of altogether 1500 men he began his last desperate campaign.

No great national welcome awaited him: everywhere he met with cold suspicion and fear. Colkitto was in Ireland, and neither he nor any wild and valorous chief responded to his call to arms. To raise regiments in Caithness and the far north was found to be an impossible task. He issued his great "Declaration." It was ordered by the Government to be instantly suppressed,—"the scandalous pamphlet, published by that excommunicated traitor, dissembling hypocrite, and vainglorious man, James Graham." Wherever he now led his little force, the peasantry, instead of joining his standard, fled before him, and daily it became more clear that no general rising could be expected. Still onward he went, nursing his

great grief, his great resolve, through Sutherland and Ross, and at last by Strathaykel to Carbisdale, where at Invercarron he was destined to fight his last fight.

A large force of cavalry, under Colonel Strachan, fell upon the little Royalist army. At the first onslaught the poor Orkney fishermen, unwilling combatants at the best, beat a hasty retreat. Crowding to the nearest river, they were drowned while attempting to cross, or were slaughtered ruthlessly on the shore. Montrose's foreign troops, under better discipline, made greater show of resistance, but they were hopelessly outnumbered, and such as escaped instant death soon abandoned their leader in flight. A few brave spirits still gathered round the gallant fiery figure of their chief, who, wounded but unsubdued, fought on, while all his hopes died in the grim sea of bloodshed. Long is the list of dead, long the list of captives, and later there is the sadder list of those who suffered death at the cross of Edinburgh for the sin of having borne the King's commission.

The day lost, the footsteps of Montrose turned as if by nature to the north, to the solitudes that had been both shelter and solace in the past,—with what bitter thoughts, what piercing regrets, his own soul alone could tell. Two friends were with him—Major Sinclair and Lord Kinnoull. Out of his world of friends and enemies, in this last hour, he passed into the solitude and darkness of defeat almost alone.

The whole of the sad night after the battle of Invercarron they wandered by the waters of the Kyle; the next day and the next night found them still together and still wandering. The situation was full of anguish: all hope extinguished, in pitiable plight from exhaustion, hunger, loss of blood, the implacable enemy upon their tracks, at the end of resource, at the end of strength. Unable at last to proceed farther, Kinnoull implored

Montrose and Sinclair to leave him, while they sought shelter and succour. What passed between the friends is not exactly known. It could never be believed that the compassionate nature of Montrose suffered him to forsake his comrade, but Kinnoull was never heard of again; he perished in the wilderness alone, to be remembered for ever as one of the last companions of the great soldier under whose banner he had gloriously fought.

In the fearful straits of hunger, with death threatening him every hour, Montrose in his wanderings remembered a former friend, Neil Macleod of Assynt, a Highland gentleman who had fought more than once under the royal standard, an adherent, a companion-in-arms. His castle of Ardvraich lay among the vast solitudes that were both the safety and the danger of the fugitives. If only he could reach the House of Ardvraich, he felt sure of a warm welcome, of kindly succour and sympathy. We can fancy that even in his hour of bitterness Montrose must have felt some return of human hope and comfort when, after the frightful privations endured, he came in sight of the ancient stronghold that was the home of his friend. With thoughts of thankfulness he reached the threshold, and was received by Neil Macleod. It is said that Macleod's wife, in true Highland fashion, came forth from the door to welcome the guest, to draw him to the shelter of the house. Montrose found himself indeed received at Ardvraich—but as a prisoner instead of a guest, and safely lodged in a dungeon below the keep, while the news of his capture was sent to the Government with all speed. Such treachery was inconceivable to the lofty and generous spirit of the great Montrose, and fell more bitterly upon his heart than any stroke of fate which had ever befallen him. All he could do was to implore Macleod to kill him on the spot. But Macleod had other views: he sold him. As the price of his infamy

he received 400 bolls of meal—a poor reward for having covered with lasting dishonour his memory and his name. Unforgotten in history throughout the ages, the name of Assynt remains a stain upon his country and his time.

Kept a captive in the fortress till the Government could relieve Macleod of the responsibility, Montrose was at length surrendered to a party of Covenanting troops under General Holbourne, who was charged with the mission of bringing him to headquarters at Edinburgh.

What the thoughts of Montrose may have been during the days of his captivity at Ardvraich can only be guessed; but one thing is certain—he must have realised that for him the struggles of life were over. His campaign that was to avenge the King's death was a thing of the past; and maybe in the solitude and inaction of his dungeon the thought came to him that a higher destiny was his than to carry an avenging sword. The fury and desperation that had held his soul dropped away. He emerges from the traitor house of Assynt with a calm and perfect dignity, a heroic figure looking forward in silence to sharing the fate of his King and master.

The long last journey through the glens of his well-loved Scotland was attended with every circumstance of ignominy that the hatred of his enemies could suggest; but in spite of every conceivable insult and the humiliation of his position, Montrose was never greater, his presence never more imposing, than in this hour of defeat. Wishart has given us a clear account of much that happened on this sad journey, and one amusing story in the midst of so much that is painful deserves mention. Montrose was first conveyed to Lord Sutherland's Castle of Skibo, where a halt of two days was made. Skibo was at the time inhabited by an old lady, Mrs Gray, who made the whole party welcome, and

invited the officers and their prisoner to dine with her. She herself presided at the table, with a large roast leg-of-mutton before her. Captain Holbourne, the Government official who was in charge of the party, conducted Montrose to the dining-hall, and in due course introduced him to Mrs Gray. She asked him to occupy the seat of honour on her right hand, treating him with the courtesy he deserved but probably did not expect. Holbourne, however, disapproved of the arrangement, and, disregarding the wish of his hostess, put him in his usual place—between himself and another officer. This so enraged the old lady that, losing all self-control, she seized the nearest weapon, which happened to be the leg of mutton, and, swinging it about, hit Holbourne upon the head, to the consternation of the whole party and the great alarm of the unlucky Holbourne, who feared that a rescue was to be attempted. The old lady, still brandishing the mutton, reminded him that she received them all as guests, and had a perfect right to assign the seat of honour to whom she chose. "Although the Marquis," she said, "is a prisoner, I am the more resolved to support his rank when unfortunate than if he had been victorious. No person at my table can take precedence of *him*."

On the way to Edinburgh a direct route was not followed, but the noble prisoner was dragged from town to town, to be shown to the people as an object of pity and contempt. Mounted on an ungroomed Shetland pony, and clad in rags, "without a saddle, but a quilt of rags and straw; his feet fastened under the horse's belly with a tether; a bit halter for a bridle, a ragged old dark-reddish plaid, a montero cap on his head, a musketeer on each side, and his fellow-prisoners on foot after him." As the procession approached a town a herald was sent on before to proclaim, "Here comes

James Graham, a traitor to his country." The effect was not always quite what his captors desired: as he moved through these sordid scenes in serene dignity the assembled crowds were often silent, and the expected yells of rage became the murmur of a sympathy that dared not express itself aloud.

As the party marched past Kinnaird Castle Montrose proffered his one request—that he might see his boys, who were then living there. He saw them both,—James, who had endured so much in his imprisonment for his father's cause, and Robert, still a child, about whom history knows nothing beyond the fact that he was alive in 1661, and followed in the procession at the great funeral of his father. The interview with his children must have been full of emotion, for the doomed man knew that he should never look upon them again; but for their sakes he controlled himself so completely that he seemed perfectly unmoved. Nothing indeed could shake the stedfast serenity of his bearing.

The Castle of Grange, five miles from Dundee, was chosen as a resting-place for one night. The Lady of Grange, although the wife of a Covenanter, pitied and admired the great Marquis, and plotted for his escape. She ordered her butler to supply the soldiers who formed the guard in the great hall of the castle liberally with drink, while she herself, under a pretence of hospitality, plied the officers with the best her cellars could supply. Then she dressed the Marquis in some of her own clothes, and, leading him from his quarters into the hall, bade him slip rapidly past the soldiers, who were all then lying asleep beside their muskets. Montrose reached the great door safely; but a soldier, a little less drunk than the others, put his arm round the figure of what he supposed was a woman. In the struggle that ensued the man recognised Montrose, and gave the alarm. The

lady's gallant endeavour was in vain; the prisoner was again quickly secured, and she and her husband placed under arrest. The Laird of Grange, who had no knowledge of his wife's intention, found himself in a dangerous position, but it is only fair to say that the officers who were responsible for Montrose accepted her assurance, "I am the sole contriver of Montrose's attempted escape, and I am only heartily sorry that it took not effect according to my desire," and that no steps against the laird were taken.

To the honour of the city of Dundee, it must be recorded that Montrose was there received with compassion and courtesy. An ovation would certainly have greeted his arrival, but for the stern and ominous bearing of his guards. He arrived almost naked, and quite penniless. Dundee supplied him with rich clothes, and with money.

Nothing whatever is known of his progress through Fife; but before he reached Leith, on May 18, 1650, it is known that the Parliament at Edinburgh had already condemned him. He had caused that Parliament so much acute fear and anxiety in his past victorious days that he never expected mercy, or desired the compassion of his mortal enemies.

Outside the gate of Edinburgh the procession stopped for the death-sentence to be read: that he should be bound with ropes, should hang by the neck for three hours, with Wishart's famous History of his battles on his breast; that thereafter he should be beheaded and quartered,—his head to be placed on the Tolbooth in Edinburgh, his limbs to be dispersed to the cities of Perth, Glasgow, Aberdeen, and Stirling, and that unless he repented, his body should lie in the waste place outside the city, where only the bodies of felons were buried.

Montrose heard the sentence with unmoved tranquillity,

merely replying, "I willingly obey, and only regret that through me his Majesty, whose person I represent, should be so dishonoured."

He was now mounted upon a cart and conducted the whole length of the city of Edinburgh. The "historic mile"—that length of street that rises from the Palace of Holyrood to the castle that crowns that great rock—was thronged with a mighty concourse. Many heroes, traitors, criminals, all through the old history of Scotland, had passed up and down that steep irregular street, but never so noble, so composed a prisoner. Urged and encouraged to be ready to offer any insult, any violence, to the traitor James Graham, and worked up to a fury of excitement and rage, the populace surged and shouted as the procession approached. But when the sad and noble figure of Montrose was in their midst the cursing and reviling died away, a deep hush fell upon the swaying crowd. Seated in the rough cart, bareheaded and pale, utterly at the mercy of his foes, he yet was a king among men, full of a strange dignity that lifted him above his fellows. If his heart knew one beat of emotion, it was not for himself but for the tragic little band of captive cavaliers who, pinioned tightly, marched two and two in front of the cart, a handful of the brave men who in the King's cause had sacrificed life and liberty.

Argyll watched the procession from the balcony of Moray House. No prophetic whisper warned him, in his hour of triumph, that in a few short years he also would pass along that street a condemned and disgraced prisoner. Surrounded by the ladies of his family,—a gay wedding-party,—he watched the fatal cart move slowly up the hill. As the grave and unmoved countenance of his feared and hated enemy drew near, Argyll is said to have turned away. "It is no wonder," cried

a voice from the crowd, "that *you* turn aside; for seven years you *dared* not look him in the face!"

It was seven in the evening before the cart reached the Tolbooth. Once inside the prison, Montrose became the victim of a horde of Covenanting preachers and statesmen. They came in committees, they came singly. He only begged to be left at rest. "Gentlemen," he said, "if you imagine you have affronted me by conveying me in yonder cart, you are much mistaken, for I have deemed it a most honourable and joyful journey."

None of his own friends were allowed to see him, nor was he ever left free of his guards.

On May 20 he was brought before the Lords of Parliament. His appearance must then have been in striking contrast to his desperate situation. We are told he wore a scarlet coat trimmed with silver, a lace-trimmed shirt, and broad cavalier hat with silver band. He must have looked like a young gallant conqueror.

The scene before the Parliament is easily imagined: the long orations, the accusations; Montrose the centre of all, calm and magnificent. His own short speech was characteristic, with its forcible ending: "I desire to be used by you as a Christian man, to whom many among you are indebted for life and property, when by the fortune of war both were at my mercy. Proceed with me, my Lords, according to the laws of Heaven, of nature, and of nations, but chiefly those of our native Scotland; judging as you shall one day expect to be judged, when standing at the bar of Almighty God!"

The sentence was read. Montrose received it "with uplifted face, without a word."

Returned to his prison, he said: "I thank the Lords for the honour put upon me, for I think it a greater honour to have my head standing on the ports of this town for

this quarrel, than to have my picture in the King's bedchamber."

He was to die next day, and these lines were found written on the window of his cell, the last utterance of his poetic spirit—

> "Let them bestow on every airt a limb,
> Then open all my veins, that I may swim
> To Thee, my Maker, in that crimson lake,
> Then place my head parboiled upon a stake ;
> Scatter my ashes, strew them in the air,—
> Lord ! since Thou know'st where all these atoms are,
> I'm hopeful Thou'lt recover once my dust,
> And confident Thou'lt raise me with the Just."

The dawn of May 21 brought the varied sounds of an immense gathering into the quiet dungeon where Montrose was at his prayers, the long roll of drum, the measured tramp of soldiers. Montrose asked his gaoler what these sounds meant, and was told that the troops were ordered to be under arms, as a rescue was feared. Alarmed by the dangerous symptoms of sympathy shown to the prisoner by the populace, all precautions were used.

"Alas!" said Montrose, "I have given these good folks so much trouble that I am a source of terror to them even to-day, when I am about to die."

Here is a description of Montrose as he dressed himself for his execution. "He was very richly clad in fine scarlet, laid over with rich silver lace; his hat in his hand; his band and cuffs exceeding rich, his delicate white gloves on his hands; his stockings of incarnate silk, his hose with their ribbons on his feet; a pretty cassock upon him, more beseeming a bridegroom than a criminal going to the gallows."

One of the prison attendants asked him, on seeing him arranging his long hair carefully, "Why is James Graham

so careful of his locks?" "My head," he replied, "is still my own. I will arrange it to my taste. To-night, when it will be yours, treat it as you please."

Montrose walked on foot from the prison—passing the Cathedral of St Giles—to the scaffold, and stood surveying the vast concourse of people. He had wished to speak, but this was denied him. He had, however, written out a dying speech, which was thrown into the crowd. This document is still in existence. The whole spirit of the speech is full of dignity and courage. It is too long to quote at length here, but it closed with these words:—

"What I did in this Kingdom was in obedience to the most just command of my sovereign, and in his defence, in the day of his distress, against those who rose up against him. I acknowledge nothing, but *Fear God and honour the King*. . . . For the late King, he lived a saint, and died a martyr. I pray God I may end as he did. If ever I should wish my soul in another man's stead, it should be in his. . . . I have no more to say but that I desire your charity and prayers. And I shall pray for you all. I leave my soul to God, my service to my Prince, my goodwill to my friends, my love and charity to you all."

Having prayed apart, he called for the executioner and gave him some pieces of gold. The man wept as he hung round his neck the book of his battles. "I love this," said Montrose, "more than my badge of Knight of the Garter; I love my honour more than a chain of gold."

It was now the last moment of Montrose. He ascended the high scaffold, and crowned a noble life with a fearless death.

A deep groan rose from the waiting crowd—the expression of a great national sympathy. Not one sign of

P. Delaroche.

EXECUTION OF MONTROSE.

popular triumph or exultation rewarded the Government for the deed of blood. The people, sad and silent, watched for a while and then dispersed. They had struck no blow to save the hero, but many among them lived to see the scattered remains gathered from east and west, and his body taken up from its dishonoured resting-place.

For ten years Montrose had no better tomb than the waste places of the Boroughmuir, outside the walls of the city, and the fragments of his body were scattered through the kingdom. Then came the Restoration, when Charles II. was called back again to his country. Of all the great scenes of rejoicing all over Britain, the most triumphant and the most just was that of the funeral of the Great Marquis, when love and loyalty gave the body of the greatest of Scotland's heroes a place in the aisle of the Cathedral of St Giles. With splendid pageantry, in a passion of gratitude and admiration, his sons, his kinsmen, his clansmen, and all that were left of the band of faithful cavaliers, followed the body of their chief. Again the roll of drum, the sound of armed men, aroused a prisoner. Argyll heard the clamour of the shouts of triumph as he lay a captive in the castle.

Not until the year 1888—two hundred and thirty-eight years after his death—did his country raise a monument to the memory of the great Montrose. To-day it may be seen in the dusky aisle of St Giles' Cathedral. The rich light from the chapel window, glowing with the arms of all the Grahams, falls upon the pure marble of the recumbent figure, beautiful in reposeful dignity. Upon the breast is held a gilded sword, and as you stand upon that sacred place,—surely the most sacred place in all Scotland,—your thoughts will go back to that first sword of his youth—the gilded sword that belonged to his innocent and happy days, before his great destiny had called him to the field, and you will feel it right

that upon the breast of the great soldier, in his lasting peace, should lie the maiden and bloodless sword of his boyhood.

Beneath that perfect marble rests the body of Montrose, but his real monument is in the hearts of the Scottish people. He left as an inheritance to his race the spirit of a true patriot, a lofty standard of soldierly honour, and immortal traditions of chivalrous loyalty.

THE STORY OF THE 'FORTY-FIVE.

CHAPTER I.

"L'Écosse ne peut pas te juger; elle t'aime."
—COPPÉE.

WHERE the great Atlantic ocean breaks in upon the western coast of Scotland, forming here a deep loch stretching far into the country, and there a group of scattered islands, you will see on the map, among the Outer Hebrides, a small dot called the Island of Eriskay. Though it lies only a few miles from the mainland, it is, even to-day, a spot very remote from the stir of life. A hundred and sixty years ago this tiny island was almost unknown to men; perhaps there may have been one or two shepherds' cottages on its shores, but only a very few people had ever heard of the little place. A lonely islander named Angus MacDonald was one of the few dwellers on the low shore: he occupied a house that was little more than a hut, and he probably had a few sheep on the island. It would be difficult to imagine a more lonely life, though doubtless he must have had plenty of relations among the MacDonalds on the mainland,—for in that part of the country nearly every one belonged to the clan MacDonald,—but still his days must have been very uneventful, and he would all his life remember how, on July 23, 1745, his solitude was disturbed by

visitors. A small vessel was seen approaching the coast of Eriskay, and anchored close to the shore. The name of the ship, *La Doutelle*, was all unknown to Angus. On seeing seven men disembark and row for the strand, he went down to meet them, and was civilly asked for leave to spend the night in his house. The night promised to be wet and stormy, and, with a Highlander's natural instinct of hospitality, Angus bade them welcome to his hut. The seven men accepted the shelter, and were glad of such food as could be produced. It must have been very simple fare, and did not even include bread; but the strangers busied themselves in catching some flounders from the rocks, which they cooked, it is said, very badly. The strangers told Angus nothing of their history, whence they came, or whither they were going. One, the youngest of the party, busied himself a great deal about the comfort of the rest. He was in particular anxious about the bed in which one friend, whom he called Sheridan, was to sleep, desiring to see himself that it was dry. Angus protested that the bed was so good a one that a prince might lie on it. He probably thought the whole party fastidious as to food and lodging, and no doubt he was puzzled to account for this sudden descent upon his solitary island. He must have taken particular note of this young man, who, full of fire and spirit, wonderfully attractive in manner and looks, was the life and soul of the party. He it was who made light of all discomforts, his hearty laugh dispersing the cloudy discontent of the older men. The night was a restless one for them all. The fire that burned in the middle of the one room had no chimney, and the smoke—which was supposed to escape by a hole in the roof—more frequently filled the room with choking peat-fumes. Though wet and windy, it was still a summer night, and the atmosphere grew sometimes intolerable. We may suppose that none

of the seven strangers enjoyed much sleep, but their host noticed that the handsome young man was particularly restless, frequently rising and passing from the smoky hut to the warm and clear silence of the outer air. "What a plague is the matter with the fellow," he said, "that he can neither sit nor stand still, and neither keep within nor without doors?" We, who know who MacDonald's guest was, cannot wonder,—for the young man was standing for the first time on the soil of his father's kingdom; for the first time his eyes rested on the land of his dreams and of his hopes. He was Prince Charles Edward Stewart,—and this night he had come to his own home, to his own people, in the wild hope of winning back the kingdom for the King.

The place upon the little Island of Eriskay where he and his companions landed is called to this day "The Prince's Strand," and there grows a small pink flower, unknown to any other spot in the Hebrides, and which will grow nowhere else, said to have sprung from some seeds he carried in the pocket of his coat.

The story of Prince Charlie and his wonderful enterprise is what I now have to tell; but you must clearly understand who this young man was whom his companions called the Prince of Wales, and what were the rights of his father in Britain.

You remember reading in English history about James II. of England, how he failed as a king, and was at last forced to abdicate, and how he escaped the country in 1688, on the approach of William of Orange, his own daughter's husband. I cannot here go into the details of that story; it is enough to know that he did leave his rebellious and distracted country just at a time when he ought to have shown courage and authority.

The people of England chose to place on the throne first his daughter Mary and her husband, William of

Orange, and after the death of these, his younger daughter Anne. Neither Mary nor Anne had any real right to the crown either in their father's lifetime or after his death, for they had a brother, born in 1688, who should have been King of England on the death of James II. in 1701. But instead of being brought up as heir to a kingdom, this boy shared a most dreary exile with his father and mother, chiefly at the French Court. The child who was carried away from his inheritance when six months old was James Francis Edward Stewart. The Jacobites called him Prince of Wales, and afterwards James III., but to the world he was known always as the "Chevalier de St George," or oftener as "The Pretender." It is impossible to picture a sadder life than that of this Prince; it is one long story of false hopes, false friends, and bitter disappointments. He lived only in the hope that some one of the great European Powers would stretch out a hand to help him, and he was continually receiving half-promises of money, men, and arms to take his kingdom back by force. Every effort he himself made ended in failure; he was the most unfortunate of men. The kingdom had not been lost by his own folly, his own incompetence: he had to bear the sins of his father, an injustice which filled him with bitterness. Most of his life was passed in Italy. He married a beautiful Polish princess, Clementina Sobieski, who shared his sorrows and his hopes for sixteen years. They brought each other little happiness, however; the years passed in a melancholy waiting for the event that never happened, that was destined never to happen.

Two sons were born to the Chevalier de St George and his wife,—Charles Edward, the Bonnie Prince Charlie of Scottish song, born in Rome in 1720, and Henry Benedick, who became Cardinal of York, born in 1725.

If you visit Rome some day and go into the vast Church of St Peter's, you will stand and look upon the tomb of the last of the Stewarts, and there on the marble slab you will see their titles—James III., Charles III., and Henry IX. Crowned kings they would indeed have been but for the revolution in England, which ended in the English people preferring the German Georges to the native Stewart family.

But though most people in Britain accepted this change in the reigning dynasty, there remained a number of loyal families who could never see the justice of the change, and who clung to the hope of restoring the Stewarts, as long as any Stewart existed.

These people are called Jacobites, and some were to be found in England and Wales, but in far greater numbers in Scotland, which was always the stronghold of Jacobite feeling. The Stewarts had been kings of Scotland for four hundred years, while various royal families had risen and died out in England, and in spite of all failings, they retained a strong hold on the affections of the Scottish people: in the Highlands especially feeling ran high in favour of the gallant Stewarts, who had had so much to do with the making of Scottish history. It is easily seen that the followers of the Jacobite party at this time were a great danger to the peaceful settlement of the German Georges on the throne of Britain. The Government never felt quite safe, or quite free from uneasiness, even after the severe repression and failure of the Jacobite rising in 1715, when the Chevalier de St George made a brave but useless attempt to regain his kingdom; but no one ever thought it possible that any Stewart would renew the enterprise without the help of some other great European Power, a vast sum of money, a large fleet, and a well-armed body of troops. Yet this is just what

Prince Charles Edward did attempt in 1745,—an adventure so extraordinary, and so full of pathos and romance, that it will never cease to interest and charm.

Prince Charlie, born in Rome, as we have already said, was brought up entirely in Italy. A few English and Scottish friends gathered round the Chevalier and his wife, Princess Clementina, forming a small Court of exiles, at the best a sad surrounding for the two young boys. From their very earliest days they must have known of the plots and plans and schemes continually fermenting around them, all having the one object—the restoration of a Stewart to the British throne. In the midst of a thousand hopes and a thousand disappointments the two boys learnt the earliest lessons of life. Their father was a deeply melancholy man, perfectly devoted to his sons, but eating out his heart in the shadow of the throne that was his by right, and that was never to be his in deed. Their mother was a sad woman, who could not struggle against the depressing atmosphere of her home. But the boys seem to have been full of life and spirit, and the unfortunate Chevalier took heart again as they grew to manhood. Around the figure of his eldest son were woven all the brightest of hopes and expectations, and truly the boy seemed formed by nature to fulfil some lofty destiny. All the pictures and descriptions we have of him show him as a gallant and spirited boy, fearless and daring, winning all hearts with his cleverness and charm. At six years old we are told "he was beautiful, remarkable for dexterity and grace, and almost supernatural address." He could ride,—for he had his own stable of "little horses,"—he could shoot, he was a beautiful dancer, was good at games, could speak in three languages, and played the violin. It is only fair to record, in this list of wonderful accomplishments, that he was a very bad speller, and continued so all his life.

We must suppose he had some help in writing the following letter, as a child of eight:—

"DEAR PAPA,—I thank you mightily for your kind letter. I shall strive to obey you in all things. I will be very dutifull to Mama, and not jump too near her. I shall be much obliged to the Cardinal for his animals. I long to see you soon, and in good health. I am, dear Papa, your most dutifull and affectionate

"CHARLES P."

A boy's upbringing in Italy was very different to a British training,—boys were not encouraged to be so hardy or so manly; but the young Prince, in the midst of much dancing and amusement, realised that he came of tougher stock than his Roman companions. He was fond of his gun, and of all sports, loving the open air, and wishing to harden himself in all exercises. His favourite game was "the golf," and long rambles in the wintry woods suited his tastes, we are told, better than the opera. Still, he bore his part in the balls of the Carnival "as if he were already a man." His appearance was striking; he had large brown eyes and good features, and his noble bearing distinguished him always from his fellows.

His ambition was fully awake long before the hour of action came. "Had I soldiers," he said, "I would not be here now, but wherever I could serve my friends." We hear that at the age of thirteen he "got out of the hand of his governors," and, impetuous and impatient of authority, his education seems almost to have ceased at this point, when he most needed to learn the lessons of self-control. His father thought of nothing but the one absorbing interest of his life, the throne of England, and in the young son's mind the same idea was nourished and grew.

The Prince lost his mother in 1735,—a very great sorrow and loss to the two boys: Henry was only ten years old. Fortunately the brothers were devoted to each other and found comfort in the fact; but their natures were very different. Henry, even in his boyish days, was more thoughtful and more attracted by religion. Charles had no love for priests or the control of the Church, and in after-years deeply resented the course his brother took in becoming a priest himself, though Henry probably chose a far happier lot in renouncing all kingly ambition. He had a fine and generous nature, and was all his long life much loved and respected. He became Cardinal of York, and died in 1807, the last of the Stewarts.

The years passed on, and the boys grew to manhood under Italian skies, but with all their hopes and interests centred on the distant country where their forefathers had reigned. Plots were formed and broken, friends promised and failed, Governments raised hopes only to wreck them again, and the young lives were overshadowed always by their father's cruel disappointments. Still the future lay before them with the one bright possibility.

You can fancy the joyful excitement at the sad little exiled Court at Rome in 1743 when word was brought from the Court of France—then very great and powerful under King Louis XV.—that a French invasion of England was being planned; that a fleet was to sail, with 15,000 troops under command of Marshal Saxe; and that the presence of the young Prince Charles was instantly required, to go with the fleet. It seemed too good to be true! Here at last was the promised help from France. In a tumult of joyful emotion the young man quitted Rome and travelled to Paris. Proudly his father must have seen him go, with all the old ambitions alight, with the old chivalrous instincts that belonged to his blood, throbbing anew.

The prospect of a descent of a French fleet with a Stewart Prince caused great alarm to King George and his Government, and indeed no one can say what effect such an invasion would have had upon history. An English fleet under Sir John Norris was equipped and sent forth, but no great naval battle ensued. The elements were on the side of King George. A fearful storm beat upon the French vessels before they had all weighed anchor, and, driving them from their moorings, destroyed some and damaged many. The French Government, fickle as ever where the Stewarts were concerned, decided to abandon the scheme. Nothing that the young Prince could do or say in his passionate indignation could induce the men of the Ministry to redeem their promises. The help from France began and ended in this half-hearted enterprise. No wonder King Louis did not receive the Prince when he returned to Paris: what could he have said to the young man thus betrayed and forsaken? But Charles never imagined himself at the end of his resources. He had left Rome in order to win back England for his father, and if powerful help were not to be had, then he must alone put his fate to the touch. Just a hundred years before, the great Montrose had learned the same lesson; he too had turned to the great enterprise of his life alone. Exactly as Montrose had realised that his chance of success lay in the Highlands of Scotland, among the loyal clans, so now the hopes of Prince Charles turned instinctively to the Highlanders. If he could but raise his standard there, he knew that men would be found to flock to it. Meanwhile a year and a half was spent in France before he could gather round him a little group of trusted friends and find a ship to take him to Scotland. A Mr Walsh, a merchant in Nantes, had fitted out a brig of 18 guns to cruise against British trade, and in this vessel, *La Doutelle*, he agreed to convey the Prince and

his companions to Scotland. Another French vessel, the *Elizabeth*, was to act as convoy: she had 68 guns, and could carry 700 men; on this occasion she carried the Prince's stores also. He embarked at Belleisle on the 2nd July 1745, with his seven companions,—the Marquis of Tullibardine, Sir Thomas Sheridan, Sir John Macdonald, Mr Kelly, Captain O'Sullivan, Mr Francis Strickland, and Mr Æneas MacDonald. Mr Murray of Broughton had been sent on before to tell the Scottish Jacobites of the Prince's intended landing, but the message was purposely delayed in order that the vessels might set sail before any reply could possibly be received. Had such a reply reached the Prince before he left France, it would undoubtedly have been a strong protest against a proceeding so rash as the invasion of Scotland by a single vessel and eight men. The Prince had yet to show his friends what a great enthusiasm and a settled purpose can do against overwhelming odds.

While all the plotting, hoping, and stirring was going on year after year by the royal exiles in their Italian home, there were hopes and prayers also in the remote glens of the Scottish Highlanders, for the clans had never been reconciled to the idea of a new line of kings, but staunchly adhered to the ancient loyalties of their ancestors. A great many circumstances had combined to bring this about. Living so far from modern civilisation, the Highlanders were slow to realise and to accept changes; they were also single-hearted in their devotion to ancient tradition, and intensely prejudiced. Then the native songs of the Highlands, the beautiful and stirring ballads appealing to the poetic Celtic instincts, kept alive the old feelings and the old affections. The songs of the people, handed down from father to son throughout the Highlands and Islands, were full of poetic fire; they told of the deeds of Montrose, of the deeds of the Stewarts,

fostering the spirit of patriotism. In the snatches of old legends, heard in childhood and repeated in old age, was all the history they knew. In everything they were different from other people: they spoke a different language, were ruled by different customs, and wore a different dress. By no means a peaceful people, war was to them the chief reason and the chief pleasure of existence. The clans fought with each other, they raided the Lowlands, they ruined their neighbours' cattle, and father passed on to son his enmities, his alliances, his traditions. Nothing could be more welcome to the clans than the prospect of a civil war in which they were to play a conspicuous part,—a war having for its object the restoration of a Stewart king. As they had been easily roused to take up arms for Charles I. a hundred years before, so now they were again all eagerness to strike a blow for his grandson.

But though the Highland chieftains and clans waited for a Stewart to come, and were ready to rise, no one dreamed of the attempt being made without an army, a fleet, arms, ammunition, and help from France or some other great Power. The chiefs, almost to a man, heard with consternation that *La Doutelle* had sailed for Scotland, and that the Prince of Wales was actually on his way to proclaim his father James III. in the Highlands. It must not be thought that the idea of his coming was greeted enthusiastically. On the contrary, even the most conspicuous Jacobites, who afterwards devoted fortune and life itself to the cause, were taken aback at the apparently hopeless daring of the enterprise, and awaited his appearance with the deepest concern, not for themselves, but for the fortunes of the whole cause. Meanwhile Prince Charles was on his way, but he did not reach Scottish waters without adventure. The two ships —the *Elizabeth* and *La Doutelle*—had reached a point to

the west of the Cornish coast when an English man-of-war appeared. It was the *Lion*, with 58 guns, commanded by Captain Brett, who instantly opened fire on the *Elizabeth*. *La Doutelle* did not engage, but lay at some distance watching the fight, which went on for five hours. The Prince was most eager to aid the *Elizabeth* by taking part, but the Captain, Mr Walsh, positively refused to allow any risk to be run. He was probably right; but we can fancy how the warlike spirit of the Prince chafed at the captain's decision. Between thirty and forty of the crew of the *Elizabeth* were killed and wounded, and the *Lion*, herself badly knocked about, sheered off at last. It was impossible for the *Elizabeth* to go northwards with *La Doutelle:* there was no course open but to return to France to repair. She sailed away as best she could in her damaged condition, carrying with her, of course, the Prince's supplies. *La Doutelle* sailed on alone upon her adventure.

We have seen how the little vessel at last dropped anchor at Eriskay. For hours before she reached the harbour a large eagle hovered over her. "Sir, this is a happy omen," said Tullibardine; "the king of birds is here to welcome your Royal Highness." We have seen how the first night in Scotland was passed; when morning rose, the hour had come for action.

Alexander MacDonald of Boisdale was the first Highland gentleman to whom the Prince declared himself, and nothing could have been more discouraging than his advice. He implored the Prince to return home. Charles's pathetic reply, "I am come home," shows how the whole situation stood in his view. He had come to his own people, and he was perfectly certain that his own people would receive him. He was not mistaken; but they did so at first much against their own judgment. Poor MacDonald of Boisdale was indeed

terribly uneasy at being the first to be consulted: he begged the Prince at least to defer landing on the mainland until he should have definite promise of help from his Highland friends. But the impetuous Prince could not wait, and on the second day he crossed to the mainland, and landed at Borradaile in Arisaig. Far and fast spread the news among the Jacobite chiefs of the west coast, and all now depended on who would join the standard. • It was a desperate risk to take, life and fortune at stake: on the one hand the cause of the lonely young adventurer, and on the other all the forces of an organised and powerful Government. The clansmen would have thrown themselves instantly on the side of a Stewart, but the chiefs gave them pause; it seemed too hazardous, too foolhardy a step.

The hopes of the Prince centred in Donald Cameron of Lochiel, known to history as the Gentle Lochiel, a chief whose high and chivalrous nature placed him beyond all mean considerations, and whose noble character and gallant deeds must always have their place when the story of the '45 is told. When he heard the Prince had landed he went instantly to his side,—not, however, at once to offer himself and his men in the service of the King: his first object was clearly to dissuade Charles from the proposed attempt. Nearly every Highland chief who heard of the Prince's undertaking shared Lochiel's opinion—that it stood no chance of success. Why, then, if such was the general impression among all who had power in the Highlands, did the clans muster at the call of Charles? The answer is to be found in the personal charm and influence of the Prince, in that nameless fascination that in some way broke down all opposition and carried before it all considerations of caution. • Lochiel, on his way to join him, called on his brother, John Cameron of Fassiefern, who strongly advised his brother and chief not to

proceed. "For," said he, "if this Prince once sets his eyes upon you he will make you do whatever he pleases." It was perfectly true, and this strange power over the wills of men was indeed the secret of the whole rising. The scheme was so reckless that few men in their senses would ever have advised it, or thrown in their fortune with it, had it not been for the compelling charm of the young Prince, which inspired men with a passionate devotion. Young MacDonald, one of the "seven men of Moidart" who were the first to join the Prince, went on board *La Doutelle* when the vessel came to shore, not knowing in the least who was on board. Seeing a young man come on deck, he knew not why, but he tell us that "*his heart swelled within him.*" Here is MacDonald's own account of him: "A tall youth of a most agreable aspect, in a plain black coat, with a plain shirt, not very clean, and a cambric stock, fixed with a plain silver buckle, a fair round wig out of the buckle, a plain hatt with a canvas string, having one end fixed to one of his coat buttons; he had black stockings, and brass buckles in his shoes. We were immediately told that this youth was an English clergyman. At his first appearance I found my heart swell to my very throat." Needless to say that on learning the name of the stranger the young MacDonald decided to follow his fortunes wherever they might lead. Nearly every soul with whom the Prince came into contact felt this strange power in his very being; the sagacious and cautious Highland chiefs were not proof against it. Though they began by strongly discouraging the enterprise, they ended by risking life and liberty to follow the object of their devotion.

The old trees still stand in the garden of Kinloch-Moidart, where the Prince walked in counsel with the "seven men" and others, pacing up and down, planning

and persuading. *La Doutelle* had sailed away again. Had he taken the advice of his friends, he would have sailed in her; but as he never listened for one moment to such suggestions, with the most perfect loyalty they agreed to stand by him in the adventure, to raise the clans, and to follow him wherever the chances of war might lead. Having by his personal fascination got all his chiefs persuaded, the Prince next proposed to set up the standard of his father in Glenfinnan, a very beautiful and remote spot at the head of Loch Shiel. When you travel in the Highlands you will see the tall column that marks the spot, and be able to picture the parties of clansmen coming over the ridges of the hills, as the silken flag of red, white, and blue floated first. Though the chiefs had hesitated, the clansmen did not hesitate. In their impetuous loyalty they did not stop to weigh the chances of success: it was enough that a Stewart called to them, that a Stewart was there to lead them. The Camerons, under Lochiel, who was now prepared to do all in his power for the cause, the MacDonalds of Clanronald, Keppoch, Glengarry, and Glencoe, and the Stuarts of Appin, came from east and west. Lord Tullibardine raised the standard. It was a moment of acute anxiety, for the Prince well knew that his fate depended wholly on the support of the clans, and keen indeed must have been the relief when here and there from the folds of the hills the little groups were seen marching towards the standard. Lochiel with his 700 men trooped over just as the flag floated. 2000 men altogether joined the force,—a tiny army to attempt the conquest of two countries; and though every day and every success brought more and more men to the standard, the army numbered only 3000 at Prestonpans. From the first, Charles had to rely entirely on the fierce fighting qualities of his men.

Meanwhile the Government had been anxiously making preparations for stopping the Stewart invasion. General Cope was sent with a strong body of troops to march first to Inverness. The landing of the Prince, alone and unsupported as he was, had caused great alarm both in Edinburgh and London, for most of the English army were at war on the Continent; but Cope was given command of such troops as were available for defence, and set off with the intention of securing the three forts that stretch across Scotland from Loch Linnhe to the Moray Firth,—Fort William, Fort Augustus, and Inverness,—no doubt under the impression that Charles and his handful of Highlanders would stick to the Highlands till a more general rising could be arranged. General Cope, a very unfortunate soldier throughout this campaign, muddled matters disastrously, and while the Highlanders were all eagerness to meet him in battle, he showed no anxiety to come to close quarters,—indeed, so plainly evaded battle, that the clansmen knew not whether their disappointment or their exultation should be the greater. Their enthusiasm, however, could hardly keep pace with that of their royal leader. In the hope of meeting Cope and his forces, the Prince, at the head of his men, marched on one occasion many miles over the hills. One of the heels coming off his boot, causing a momentary halt, a Highlander remarked that he was unco glad to hear it, for he hoped the want of the heel would make him march more slowly! He tired them all out, yet the clansmen were celebrated for their rapid marches. This youth, brought up in an enervating climate and surroundings, was a match for any of his men in his powers of endurance, his contempt of luxury, his hardy habits, and he shared with them by choice the rigours of the campaign. Assuming Highland dress, and even

speaking their Highland tongue, he knew how to make himself adored by his soldiers, carrying them wherever he chose in a passion of enthusiasm. Strange, indeed, were the instincts that taught him, bred in a foreign Court, just what qualities would appeal to the hearts of the wild clansmen, just what character would hold their sympathies. To them he was not only a Stewart, but a Scotsman to the core; and not only a Scotsman, but a Highlander.

We know from the evidence of many people who saw this army of the clansmen on the march just how the men must have looked. Drawn from the very poorest class in the kingdom, and clad only in the clothes their own poverty could provide, undisciplined and unkempt, they formed a strange army to descend on the civilised world. But they were not badly armed: each man had a broadsword, a blunderbuss, and pistol. In each blue bonnet was the White Cockade, the sign of loyalty to the Stewarts. All, of course, wore the native kilt. The officers wore plaid sashes. The drums beat, the pipes played, and Bonnie Prince Charlie, through the heather and the glens of the most beautiful part of Scotland, led in triumph what was already a victorious army. A Stewart of the old race, full of gaiety, of love for his own people, and cherishing the splendid hope of winning the crown of his forefathers, his name through all time carries with it an undying interest; but to those who saw, who knew, who followed him, he was a hero and an idol. Nothing in history is more touching than the perfect loyalty of these poor Highland farmers; and though the achievements and personality of Prince Charlie through this remarkable year fill us with wonder and admiration, we must remember that the lasting glory and pride of the '45 lie not with the brilliant young

leader, but with those loyal followers who gave all they had—devoted service, fortune, liberty, life itself—to the cause not only when the sun of success shone on the enterprise, but also in the dark days of distress and defeat. Though he knew how to awaken their enthusiasm, only long generations of loyal forefathers, who handed down to their sons the fine traditions of their race, could have produced the men of the '45.

Cope, in avoiding the Highland army, had to abandon the idea of reaching Fort Augustus, and retreated towards Inverness, thus leaving the road to the south open to the enemy. Charles accordingly set forth immediately towards Perthshire. He had left Glenfinnan on August 21; on the 31st he was at Blair Castle in Athole,—the very place where, you remember, Montrose and Black Pate of Inchbrakie joined Colkitto and the clans, and raised the standard for Charles I. a hundred years before. The Duke of Atholl was not there to receive the Prince; he was not a Jacobite like his elder brother Tullibardine, the devoted friend of the Prince, who died in the Tower of London the next year; but the house was prepared for the Prince's reception, though the Duke had left on hearing of his approach. At Blair many joined the standard, and hither to offer their services came Lord Nairne, Mercer of Aldie, and Laurence Oliphant of Gask. Both at Blair and at the neighbouring house of Lude there were festivities and rejoicings. For the first reel he danced, the Prince called for the tune "This is no my ain house." Evidently in his exile he had made himself familiar with the Jacobite songs of his people, and knew the sentiment that suited the hour.

"O this is no my ain house,
I ken by the biggin o't;
For bow-kail thrave at my door-cheek,
And thristles on the riggin o't.

A carle came wi' lack o' grace,
Wi' unco gear and unco face;
And sin' he claimed my daddy's place,
I downa bide the triggin o't.

Say, was it foul, or was it fair,
To come a hunder mile and mair
For to ding out my daddy's heir,
And dash him wi' the whiggin o't?"

Light of heart and light of foot, the gallant young adventurer was foremost in the dance, yet at this time he knew that the Government had set a price of thirty thousand pounds upon his head, that he could count on the fidelity of only a handful of the Scottish people, that he faced extreme peril, and faced it almost alone. But nothing could eclipse the gaiety of his spirit. He remained at Blair two days, and then set off for Perth, which he reached at the head of his army on September 4, and there, without having fought a single battle, proclaimed his father James VIII. of Scotland. On a fine horse, and dressed in "a handsome suit of tartan trimmed with gold lace," he was hailed with delight by the people of Perth. In spite of his fine appearance, he had but one guinea in his pocket; but the city of Perth gave him five hundred pounds. Dundee, which surrendered to a Jacobite force, provided more arms and ammunition, and other towns sent various sums of money. Many private families impoverished themselves to keep the Prince supplied throughout the campaign. Nothing that loyalty and self-sacrifice could do was left undone.

The days spent at Perth must have been full of joyful excitement. Daily more chiefs and more clansmen joined the standard. The whole county was in a fever of love and loyalty as the young Prince rode here and there to the houses of his friends. He breakfasted one day

at Gask with Laurence Oliphant, and on riding back towards Perth, eight miles away, he noticed the corn hanging dead ripe for harvest, but no harvesters visible. On asking the cause, he was told that old Gask was so angry with his tenants for not rising in a body to follow the fortunes of the Prince, that he would not allow them to gather in their crops, nor would he even permit the cattle to be fed on it. Charles leaped from the saddle. "This will never do," he said, as he gathered a handful of the ripe corn and gave it to his horse, saying that he had now broken the order of the Laird of Gask, and the farmers might, on his own royal authority, begin to gather in the harvest. It was the kind of part he loved to play, —that of a liberator, one anxious for the general happiness of his people. By such acts he is remembered now in a hundred traditions among the Scottish people.

Two very important friends of the cause joined the Prince at Perth—the Duke of Perth and Lord George Murray, a younger brother of Tullibardine, a man of determined character, and important either as friend or foe: by nature a leader of men and of a most courageous disposition, he had yet a temper which could not bear opposition, and a confidence in his own powers which made him difficult to deal with when a crisis arose.

It is to his counsel, as we shall see, that the enterprise of the '45 owed its failure at last, but meanwhile his presence with the Jacobite troops was a great gain, for he had much experience in wars, and Charles needed the help of such a soldier to train his wild band of mountaineers in military discipline. Though the Prince was everywhere fêted and entertained while at Perth, his chief thought was his army: he rose early every morning to drill the troops, and at night quitted the dance to visit his sentry posts. He had but a few days in which to turn his faithful but undisciplined followers

into trained soldiers, for he left Perth on the 11th of September and marched to Dunblane, and crossed the Forth by the Ford of Frew, himself naturally leading the way across. A glance at the map will show what was the object of the Highland army. Perth is but forty miles north of Edinburgh, and to Edinburgh, the strong city, with its impregnable castle, full of King George's troops, the Highlanders meant to go. Colonel Gardiner, with a body of troops, was sent to stop them. Unfortunately for the Government and for his own reputation, he never managed to confront the enemy, but retreated first from Stirling and then from Linlithgow, whither Charles brought his troops on the 15th. Linlithgow is only sixteen miles from the capital, and yet the Highland army had never had to fight. With Edinburgh almost in sight, it seemed as if the perilous enterprise was to be crowned with success,—though the Prince and his followers expected a stiff resistance before the city should fall into their hands.

Meanwhile the state of feeling in Edinburgh is better imagined than described. When the news of the Prince's landing on the remote island was received, no extreme anxiety was felt, he was so far away, and the Highlands in those days were another and a distant country. The news even of the rising of the clans awoke no special feeling, and with the despatch of General Cope to the north, it was thought that the affair was as good as ended. Then came the Prince's descent upon the Lowlands, and with the news of the crossing of the Ford of Frew came the conviction that the city of Edinburgh was threatened. In Government circles, and amongst the Whigs, the greatest consternation prevailed. Cope and his army, far away to the north, were recalled,—but too late. Gardiner, as we have seen, was despatched, in vain, to stop the invaders. It seemed as if the citizens must

themselves defend the city. The unfortunate Provost of Edinburgh was not equal to the occasion; he shared the frightful confusion into which all classes were thrown. A few old cannons were mounted upon the walls, the various gates were all closed and guarded, and in the absence of regular troops, the volunteers were called out, and it was proposed that they should be sent to join Gardiner's troops at Corstorphine, the village a mile or two from the city, where the Government force was to meet the invaders. Out of the whole volunteer corps—peaceful citizens who had never expected to be asked to do more than attend drill—only 250 were found to consent. The ringing of the fire-bell in the Lawnmarket was to be the signal for the muster, and meanwhile, in order to stir up martial spirit, a body of dragoons were to march through the streets. In due course the fire-bell sounded, the dragoons appeared clashing their swords to encourage the volunteers, who at last mustered, surrounded by weeping relations, who clung to them, imploring them not to face the savage Highlanders. The men were easily dissuaded, for they had no wish to meet the foe. In short, not a single volunteer left the city. Sir Walter Scott tells the story of one stout Whig volunteer,—a writing master,—who, below the cuirass of his uniform, covered his breast with two quires of foolscap writing-paper, to protect him from the Highland claymores, and, in case of accidents, had written upon it in his best flourish, "This is the body of John Maclure: pray, give it Christian burial." He marched with the volunteer corps, but only as far as the door of his own house in the Lawnmarket, into which he disappeared.

The Magistrates and Town Council had set a poor example of courage, having mostly left the city at the approach of the dreaded army: those left in command of affairs had no idea how to deal with the situation

when the Prince sent a letter to the Provost demanding the surrender of the city. After much anxious consultation, the Provost and other authorities agreed to send a deputation to wait on the Prince where he was then quartered, at Gray's Mill, two miles away. No sooner had the deputation started than news came that Cope and his army had arrived off Dunbar, whence he intended to march straight to the relief of Edinburgh. A messenger was promptly sent to recall the deputation, but was unable to overtake them, and the town had to wait to hear the Prince's reply, which was sent back at ten o'clock at night. It was the same summons, to surrender the city, under a promise of safety to the citizens and their property. But it was added that a positive reply must be sent to the Prince before two in the morning. The authorities, knowing of Cope's relieving force at hand, were in despair, and to gain time, sent a second deputation to Gray's Mill to ask for further respite. The members of this second deputation drove thither in a hackney-coach. But they were not successful in getting speech with the Prince; he had spoken his last word on the subject, and the hackney-coach rolled back to the city with a load, doubtless, of very depressed men. That night a party of 900 Highlanders was sent out under Lochiel to seize Edinburgh, in case it had not surrendered by two in the morning. Lochiel and his Camerons marched by Merchiston and Hope Park. They could hear the sentries on the castle call to each other, as they marched in the dark to the big gate that stood then just where the High Street now joins the Canongate. The gate, called the Netherbow Port, was guarded by sentinels. Easily as Lochiel could have forced it, and overpowered the soldiers, he had his orders to take the city, if possible, without bloodshed. Therefore he hid his men in the deep doorways and dark

courts and wynds close to the gate, and disguising one of his men as a servant, he sent him forward to demand admission. The ruse, however, was a failure, for the sentries refused to open the gate, and threatened to fire on the man. Morning began to break, and Murray of Broughton, who was the guide of the party, counselled retreat, but just at that moment a lucky chance befriended them. You remember the Magistrates had sent their second deputation in a hackney-coach to the Prince. This coach having brought them back to Edinburgh, and put them down at their homes, was now proceeding to the stable in the Canongate. The coachman was known to the gate-keepers. Without hesitation they opened the gate to let the coach through. Needless to say, Lochiel seized his opportunity, and rushing it with his 900 Camerons, overpowered the city guard and found himself master of Edinburgh. The castle alone held out, with its few men, who in comparative safety there were not disposed to come out in defence of the citizens.

Wonderful to relate, the capital of Scotland, without a single battle being fought, thus fell into the hands of the adventurous Prince.

On reading now the accounts of this event, one conclusion is clear—Edinburgh must have been very full of Jacobites. No one can believe that, had the *people* themselves been on the side of King George, they would have allowed the capture of the city without striking one blow to defend it. Even the Provost must have had a leaning towards the cause of the Stewarts, and as for the people, their wonderful reception of the Prince shows where their sympathies lay. When he marched by Prestonfield and King's Park into Edinburgh, passing in triumph to the Palace of Holyrood,—the palace of his forefathers,—a tumult of acclamation greeted him. He came on foot at the head of his soldiers, but so great was the crowd,

and so pressing the attentions of his admirers, that he had to mount his charger, and so rode amongst his father's subjects, the Duke of Perth on one hand and Lord Elcho on the other.

As usual, he took all hearts by storm, not only by his lofty bearing and beautiful face, but by the wonderful charm of his personality. We are told he "wore a blue bonnet, bound with gold lace and adorned at the top with a white satin cockade, the well-known badge of his party. He had a short tartan coat, on the breast of which hung the Star of the Order of St Andrew. A blue sash, wrought with gold, came gracefully over his shoulder. He wore small-clothes of red velvet, a pair of military boots, and a silver-hilted broadsword." Loud and long were the shouts and cheers that greeted him, and with a happy heart he must have entered the ancient palace of his dreams. It was all splendid news to write to his father at Rome, surpassing his highest hopes, for had he not accomplished without shedding the blood of his people a feat that he expected only to achieve at a terrible cost of life?

From the open windows of the royal apartments at Holyrood the Prince bowed to the assembled multitude. The great event of the day was still to come, and at noon he came forth again, and proceeded up the Canongate to the cross of Edinburgh, the centre of all great national events. Heralds and pursuivants were there, compelled to fulfil their office, it is said, at the point of Highland claymores. In the midst of a crowd that seemed all loyal,—every window full of ladies' faces, of waving handkerchiefs, the streets one exultant cry,—James VIII. was proclaimed King. Close by the cross, on horseback, a drawn sword in her hand, distributing to the crowds that pressed round the white cockades of the Stewarts, sat Margaret, the beautiful wife of Murray of Broughton.

She was but one of numbers of ladies who eagerly welcomed the young Prince, the daring of whose romantic enterprise took them by storm.

The Prince remained only two days at the palace; the time drew near when at last a blow was to be struck. On the 19th September he joined his army at Duddingston, a village near Edinburgh, and on the 20th marched with them by Musselburgh to Tranent. "He lay all night on the ground without any covering but his plaid." Within reach of luxury, he rather chose to share the hardships of his men.

CHAPTER II.

"Oh! Charlie is my darling,
My darling, my darling,
Oh! Charlie is my darling,
The young Chevalier."

We last heard of Sir John Cope disembarking his men at Dunbar to come to the rescue of Edinburgh. It must be recorded, though to their lasting shame, that Gardiner's dragoons had fled rather than encounter the Highland army outside the city, nor did they pause till they had reached Dunbar. Their flight is called in history the "Canter of Coltbridge," and the story is ludicrous in its abandonment of panic. It is to be supposed that the dragoons were little pleased, on arriving at Dunbar, to find that Cope considered them as *reinforcements*, and meant them to march back with him to face the Highlanders! However, the force was now so large and so well equipped that the outcome of the battle

seemed already decided. How could the handful of the Highland host face such a train of infantry, cavalry, and cannon? The cortége was a mile long as it passed from Dunbar to Haddington. The men were in high spirits, and felt an unaccountable confidence in their general.

On the morning of the 20th of September a lady saw the Highland army pass the village of Easter Duddingston, and in her old age she described what she saw—the Highlanders striding along, in ragged clothes, with every sort of weapon,—probably no two men were armed alike,—rough-looking resolute men with long uncombed hair. She saw the Prince also, riding among his officers in the fields beside the road. She remembered all her long life his gallant air, and the long fair hair on his neck, the tartan coat blowing back so that she saw the star of his Order. Somehow the simple picture brings the reality of it all before us in a moment more clearly than pages of history can do. She added that all the villagers, whether Whigs or Jacobites, wished him well.

The battle of Prestonpans was fought next day. It is an extraordinary story: you will read some day in Scott's 'Tales of a Grandfather' the record of the greatest event in the Prince's life. He knew all that hung on the fortunes of the day, and on placing himself at the head of his men he drew his sword, exclaiming, "Gentlemen, I have flung away the scabbard!" Just at dawn they set out to the attack. The Macdonalds formed the right wing, the Camerons and the Appin Stuarts were on the left, the Duke of Perth's regiment and the Macgregors were in the centre. The Duke commanded the right, and Lord George Murray the left wing. A second line under Lord Nairne consisted of Atholl men, Robertsons, Macdonalds of Glencoe, and Maclachlans. Charles himself was between the two lines. On the lines being formed he said, "Follow me, gentlemen, and by the bless-

ing of God I will this day make you a free and happy people." The Highlanders pulled off their bonnets and answered with a prayer,—the ancient custom of battle.

The rising sun showed the lines of the enemy, the rows of muskets, the cannon, the well-armed men.

Chevalier Johnstone, who fought with the Highlanders, thus describes their way of attack. "They advanced with the utmost rapidity towards the enemy, gave fire when within musket-shot, and then, throwing down their pieces, drew their swords, and, holding a dirk in their left hand along with the target, darted with fury on the enemy through the smoke of their fire. When within reach of the enemy's bayonets, bending their left knee, they contrived to receive the thrust of that weapon on their targets; then, raising their arm and with it the enemy's point, they rushed in upon the soldier, now defenceless, killed him at one blow, and were in a moment within the lines, pushing right and left with sword and dagger, often bringing down two men at once." These were indeed terrible foes to confront.

Cope was riding for the first and last time along his lines to encourage his men, when the clans charged. Through the mists of morning the advancing groups of furious Highlanders struck terror to their foes. Five cannon were fired and one volley of musketry, but there was no effect upon the onrushing and yelling host. As luck would have it, a squadron of those same dragoons that had taken part in the Canter of Coltbridge found themselves about to receive the charge. It need hardly be told that they fled. Colonel Gardiner, himself a brave man, endeavoured to induce another party of dragoons to make a stand, but they only went forward a few steps and then fled. Hamilton's dragoons followed suit. The infantry, completely disorganised on seeing the flight of the cavalry, threw down their arms and ran, or, on their

knees, implored mercy of the Highlanders. In a passion of despair and fury the brave old General Gardiner put himself in command of a handful of men who were inclined to make a stand, and whilst fighting to the last he was mortally wounded, dying afterwards at Tranent. Some other Englishmen there were who showed a desperate courage on that shameful day; but for the chief part of the army the fight only lasted eight minutes,—it was a disgraceful rout. The Highlanders brought in their prisoners in *droves*, but they did not get a chance of prisoners among the dragoons. In their unreasoning and insensate panic they rode far and fast. To his shame it must be said that Cope rode with them. He endeavoured to rally his men two miles from the battlefield, but their panic was beyond control, and he did not himself return to the scene of action. He fled by Coldstream to Berwick, everywhere carrying the news of his own defeat. The Jacobite song about him has kept up the tradition, and poor "Johnnie Cope" must go down through all the ages of history with the brand of a coward.

"Fy, Johnnie! now get up and rin,
The bagpipes mak' an unco din;
It's best to sleep in a hale skin,
For 'twill be a bluidie mornin'!
Then hey! Johnnie Cope, are ye waukin' yet?
Or are your drums a-beatin' yet?
If ye were waukin' I wad wait
To gang to the coals i' the mornin'!"

The royal army might be said to have disappeared, so complete was the victory of the Highlanders,—for what with the numbers that had run away, and those that were killed, wounded, or prisoners, not a remnant of Cope's force remained in fighting trim.

In the midst of his splendid triumph, Charles' first

thought was for the wounded, and foes as well as friends received all possible help from him and his officers. An eyewitness of the battle thus describes the Prince: "I saw the Chevalier, after the battle, standing by his horse, dressed, like an ordinary captain, in a coarse plaid and large blue bonnet, with a narrow plain gold lace about it, his boots and knees much dirtied, the effects of his having fallen in a ditch. He was exceedingly merry, and twice cried out with a hearty laugh, 'My Highlanders have lost their plaids!' But his jollity seemed somewhat damped when he looked upon the seven standards which had been taken from the dragoons: he could not help observing with a sigh, 'We have missed some of them!' After this he refreshed himself upon the field, and with the greatest composure ate a slice of cold beef and drank a glass of wine." No moment of his life could ever equal this hour of his first victory, which made him wellnigh the master of Scotland. That night, at Pinkie House, whither he rode in the evening, he wrote a long letter to his father, in which his exultation is tempered by the sad reflection that those who had fallen on that triumphant day were *his father's subjects*, and the chief anxiety he expresses is for the wounded.

Young Laurence Oliphant of Gask, the Prince's aide-de-camp, when the tide of battle was seen to be on his side, was instantly despatched to carry the news to Edinburgh. He had many adventures on the way, but on a good horse managed to evade several parties of the enemy, and went sounding up the steep Canongate crying his glorious news. The Prince returned to Edinburgh the next day,—his troops had re-entered the city three hours after the battle. As the Highland host marched through the streets, the pipes playing the air of the well-known Jacobite song, "The King shall enjoy his own again," followed by a long train of baggage-carts, prisoners, and

T. Duncan, R.S.A.

PRINCE CHARLES EDWARD ENTERING EDINBURGH.

wounded, the feeling in the city rose to fever-point, and the army was greeted with an outburst of wild applause. The Prince himself was hailed as a demigod. In the midst of so much admiration and worship, he seems to have kept a clear head,—he forbade any outward demonstrations of public rejoicing. Laurence Oliphant tells us one little detail about the Prince's return to Holyrood. "The Prince slept at Pinkie, and next day, when he entered his apartment at Holyrood House, there was laid on his table a Laurel Crown; few people coming in with his R.H., I used the freedom to present him with the Crown: he bowed his head and let me put it on, so that the only Fugitive had the honour to crown ye future King." It was the only crown he was ever destined to wear.

Most of those in authority in Edinburgh, the Whigs, and all the Ministers, had fled. Charles issued a proclamation giving the clergy leave to hold their services as usual, and gave them his royal assurance that whatever opinions they expressed in their sermons no notice would be taken. But none of the clergy would risk returning to their empty pulpits. There is a story that one, Mr Macvicar, did not desert his church and congregation, and that on the Sunday after Prestonpans he offered up this very curious prayer: "Bless the King; Thou knowest which King I mean,—may the crown sit long upon his head. As for the young man that is come among us seeking an earthly crown,—do Thou give him an heavenly one!"

The White Rose had been for generations the badge of the Stewarts—now it became undeniably the favourite flower of Scotland. The fairest and greatest ladies in the land wore the white blossoms with pride, and men drank in toasts that echo yet, "Success to the White Rose and confusion to the White Horse and all its

adherents." All the secret sympathies and hidden hopes that had grown in silence since 1715 came suddenly into the light, for a Stewart had come home—young, gay, gallant, victorious. Scotland was his, and the hearts of his people were his. Holyrood, the brilliant centre of what passionate hopes, what wild ambitions, was filled with the sound of festivities, of laughter, of feasting and dancing. The graceful presence of the Prince awoke a passion of loyalty, and in all the gaieties he bore a gracious part. But his heart was with his army, with the faithful Highlanders encamped at Duddingston,—and he would steal away when the dance was done to spend the night among them. Light-hearted as he seemed with light-hearted companions, his eyes were fixed upon the future. He may well have guessed what struggles, what heart-breaks, what battles awaited him. His six weeks at Holyrood were full of natural pleasure and of triumph, but beyond lay the steep path he must climb, and the thought of the things not yet achieved was with him in his lightest moment. He knew of the preparation now being made by King George to send a large force to oppose his farther progress. An army under Marshal Wade was already on the road; a larger army was to be raised for young William, Duke of Cumberland, King George's second son, who was to have command over all the combined royal forces. To meet such a body of troops the few thousand Highland fighters would need large additions, and Charles, during all the six weeks at Holyrood, was anxiously trying to rouse the enthusiasm of clans not yet upon his side. Lord Lovat, in particular, might have been a most valuable ally; but the old chieftain was too crafty and self-seeking to throw himself entirely on one side or the other. He sent a message to the Prince that he was too ill to take the field. He sent, however, for his son, the young Master of Lovat,

then only a youth, and put him in command of a part of his clan of Frasers, thus hoping to stand well with whichever party should succeed. But many other chiefs were more generous in their adherence to Prince Charlie. He was joined by Lord Ogilvie with 600 men, Gordon of Glenbucket with 400 men, Lord Pitsligo, Lord Kilmarnock, Lord Lewis Gordon, Lord Balmerino, and others, in numbers which brought up the army to 6000.

On the 31st of October the Highland army left Edinburgh on their march to England. The one wish of the Prince was to meet General Wade. It is sad to record that during the march through the Border counties very many of the Highlanders deserted: it must be remembered, however, that they never could be taught that this was a crime. Long before the days of Montrose they had been used to make war in a different way to any other soldiers, always returning to their homes when they saw fit, and this made them really only valuable in Highland warfare. With an ever lessening force, Charles went by Kelso and Jedburgh to the Esk, where all crossed to the English side with exultant shouts. The city of Carlisle was now the object of the march.

You may fancy the astonishment this invasion caused the people of England. It seemed hardly credible that this young man, who had landed in Scotland with only seven companions, had by his personal efforts raised a force large and fierce enough to shake the confidence of the established Government. The fears of England were doubled when Carlisle, the first important town that lay in the path of the invaders, stood a siege of two days and then opened its gates to the Highland army. Prince Charlie entered in triumph, and had his father proclaimed King at the city cross. All the arms of the garrison and 200 horses were secured; but the most important result of the capture was the increase of the Prince's prestige

through all the kingdom, and great were the military preparations to oppose his farther progress. The peasants of England, extremely ignorant about all concerning their countrymen in the Highlands, felt very much afraid of the invaders, with their strange dress and their strange language. The most absurd stories were told of their savage habits, and the news of their coming caused unreasoning terror. On the march south, officers and men were of course quartered in the houses of the villages and towns on the way. One evening the gentle and chivalrous Lochiel entered the house where he was to shelter for the night. He was met on the threshold by a woman, who threw herself at his feet and with tears entreated him to kill her, if he chose, but to spare her two little children. He asked her if she were mad, but she answered that everybody said that Highlanders ate children. The gentle Lochiel having assured her of the mistake, and that he would never dream of injuring her or her children, she looked at him with surprise, and, opening a cupboard, called out, "Come out, children; the gentleman will not eat you!" But it was impossible to persuade the country-folk that the ragged, strangely-armed clansmen were not savages. They were amazed and sometimes amused to see them remove their bonnets before they ate and say grace "as if they had been Christians!" They got no patriotic welcome in the country as they marched from Carlisle to Preston, and thence to Manchester; but at Manchester they were received with bonfires and exultant shouts, while a good display of white cockades caused the Prince to believe that at last the English Jacobites were rallying to his standard. Indeed a whole regiment was raised here, and hopes rose high. The Prince's whole mind was set on marching direct to London. The English capital once in his hands, all the great families of England would flock to the standard,

just as the Scottish chiefs had done at Edinburgh. Such was his hope, and on this the whole success of the enterprise depended. If the English Jacobites did not rise, there was no hope for the Stewarts. The Highlanders had done all that was possible, but it was not possible to overcome such an army as was now mobilised to meet them,—it was not possible to overthrow an established government without help. But so much had been promised in the past by the English friends of his father, that it was hard for Prince Charlie to realise that they had grown satisfied with the changes in the royal line,—that, while professing sympathy with the Stewart cause in words, they would hesitate to risk life and property in supporting it by deeds. This hard lesson he had yet to learn.

Yet there were loyal and unflinching spirits among the English Jacobites, and one story in particular deserves to be told. As the Highland army crossed the Mersey at Stockport, a very old lady was brought near the Prince. Her name was Mrs Skyring. As a child she had, from her mother's arms, witnessed the landing of Charles II. when he returned in triumph to his kingdom at the Restoration. Her parents were entirely devoted to the Stewart cause, and the daughter was brought up to the same traditions of self-sacrificing loyalty. From the moment when the Stewart King, James II., was exiled in 1688, all her thoughts and all her prayers turned to the hope of another Restoration. During her life she had laid aside every year one half of her income, which was sent to the royal exiled family, the name of the giver being always kept secret. When she heard of the approach of Prince Charlie and his men, in the firm belief that at last her prayers were answered, and that a Stewart was once more to be her King, she sold all her jewels and plate, everything of value that she had,

and, putting the money into her purse, laid it at his feet. "Lord, now lettest Thou Thy Servant depart in peace," she said, as she knelt to kiss his hand. The beautiful story of her life of devotion and sacrifice finds a fitting close. She died on hearing the news that the Prince's retreat had begun.

On through the heart of England went the Highland army. The Prince left Manchester with regret—it was the only place in England that gave him a welcome. The darkest doubts as to the faith of the English and Welsh Jacobites began to fill the minds of his officers, and Lord George Murray in particular was not encouraging in his advice. He admitted that it might be possible to proceed as far as Derby, but that, if by the time that city was reached, there was no general rising of the Jacobites, then it would be the rankest folly to march upon London. The whole army held the opinions of Lord George in high esteem. Only the Prince in his eager impetuosity refused to listen. The radiant hope of entering London at last, at the head of his troops, blinded him to all counsels of caution. Forward went the army with the brilliant young leader at the head, and entered Derby on December 4, 1745. No invaders had ever, even in old times, penetrated so far into the heart of England, for they were now within 150 miles of London.

London was in terror. Not until the invading army was close upon them, had the citizens been allowed to realise the danger. Now they acted as if a savage horde were about to overwhelm the city, and there were signs of consternation on all sides. The shops were shut, the houses of the rich were deserted, for whoever had anything to lose fled with it to the country. King George ordered his yachts to be ready at the Tower steps, to sail, if needful, at a moment's notice—a precaution which

did not help to quiet popular fears. The King, however, had announced that he intended to fight in person at the head of his own guards, and this regiment was accordingly marched out of London and quartered on Finchley Common. We do not know what kind of resistance they would have made to a furious Highland charge, for they were destined never to be put to the test. The day that was passed in such fear and consternation, waiting for the news of the Prince's approach, was called *Black Friday*.

Meanwhile the Highlanders were at Derby, as we have seen. Nothing in history is more pathetic than the accounts of all that happened there. The Prince received the joyful news that the promised help from France was at last granted, and French troops, under Lord John Drummond, had landed at Montrose. Ten thousand troops were raised for the purpose of invading England from the south, and Prince Henry Stewart had been brought from Rome to Paris to go with the forces. The old Chevalier had indeed taken leave of his younger son, arranging with him to "dine quietly in London on January 9th." This plan was only given up when news came that Prince Charlie was in retreat from Derby.

A council of war was held at Derby on the morning of December 5. Never had the Prince appeared more full of ardour, more sure of success; he was all impatience to be off on the road to London. His men shared his enthusiasm: they believed that a great struggle was impending, and, longing to meet Cumberland and his army, asked nothing but to be led to immediate battle. Lord George Murray was the man whose counsels were finally followed. He pointed out the very grave danger into which they were leading their small devoted force; he spoke of the three armies with 30,000 men now ready to take the field against them. If help were not to be

relied upon in London, then every man must fall into the hands of the Government. Lord George did not believe in any help from England at all. Perhaps he was right, but all our sympathies are with Prince Charlie in his passionate protestations, his entreaties, his reproaches. "Rather than go back," he said, "I could wish to be twenty feet underground." Yet the Council, held by the iron will of Lord George, kept its resolution, and the retreat began next day.

Two days afterwards came riding into Derby a messenger from the chief Welsh Jacobites, Sir Watkin Wynne and Lord Barrymore, with promises to join the Prince where and when he chose. Many of the Welsh Jacobites were on their way even then to join him. Had the messenger ridden only a little faster, he might have changed the fate of England. But he came too late. The spirits of the Prince, which had hitherto supported him in every hardship and difficulty, as long as he was always *advancing*, underwent a sad change as the army turned back northwards. A bitter resentment at first possessed him against his advisers,—he had felt so certain of success, so confident in his own star. The depth of his disappointment can only be guessed, and during the whole time of his retreat into Scotland he never recovered any measure of hopefulness. There is no space here to tell all the details of the retreat; it is said to have been arranged and carried out with supreme military skill. No important action was fought on the way. Carlisle was reached on December 19 and evacuated next morning, a garrison being left behind chiefly composed of the men of the Manchester Regiment. The very next day the forces of the Duke of Cumberland laid siege to the town, took it, and captured the garrison, many of whom, in spite of royal promises to the contrary, were executed later on.

The Highland army now recrossed the Esk into Scotland. The expedition into England had lasted six weeks, and the poor clansmen, delighted to find themselves once more in their own country, threw themselves gallantly into the swollen river, arm in arm, so that they supported each other. Sir Walter Scott tells a story about the Prince. "He was crossing on horseback below the place where some of his men were fording the river, one or two of whom drifted from the hold of their companions and were carried down the stream in great danger of perishing. As one of them passed, the Chevalier caught him by the hair, called out in Gaelic 'Cohear, cohear!'—that is, 'Help, help!'—supporting the man till he was taken safely from the water."

The army now marched in two divisions. That commanded by the Prince himself went to Dumfries, which was occupied without resistance, and thence by stages to Glasgow, a city that had no means of defending itself. Here Charles remained in state for a week, refitting his army and levying contributions in clothes and money from the unwilling magistrates. He had about 4000 men, all in a most dilapidated condition. They marched away from Glasgow much better equipped than when they came, but no loyal enthusiasm had greeted the army; what was given was given of necessity, and Charles said that nowhere had he found so few friends. He left it on the 3rd of January and went to Bannockburn, the troops occupying various villages round Stirling, which was invested on January 5 and captured two days later.

The Duke of Cumberland had been recalled from Carlisle to the south of England to take charge of the troops who were to oppose the expected French invasion, and the command of the English army in Scotland was given to General Hawley. He marched thither at the head of 8000 men, not all Englishmen, for with him

went the Duke of Argyll and his Campbells, and a regiment raised by the Whigs in Glasgow.

The two armies met at Falkirk, or rather on a hill called Falkirk Moor. The battle resulted in complete victory for the Prince, who again out-generalled the experienced soldiers on the other side. He led his men to a barren hill, whence Hawley's position was easily overlooked. Hawley, 'always under-estimating the strength of the enemy, and over-confident of his own powers, could not be roused to a sense of danger till the Highlanders were actually in motion. He was not even present when his lines were formed. The dragoons were hastily ordered to march to the top of the hill, in order, if possible, to gain that point of vantage before the Highlanders. The dragoons in front, the foot-soldiers after, the artillery last, the train lumbered over ground over which the general had never cast an eye. The artillery was driven by carters engaged at Falkirk only that day,—it is not to be wondered at that they drove the cannon into a swamp, where it remained, hopelessly useless, since the carters cut the horses' traces and fled back to the shelter of the town. A blinding rain beat in the faces of the men as they strove to breast the hill.

On the other side of the moor Charles and his men ascended rapidly,—it was a race between the two forces, and the Highlanders won. The clan Macgregor was the first to reach the top, and kept the post of honour throughout the battle. The slight eminence on which the Prince himself stood is called to this day "Charlie's Hill." The English army was drawn up on a lower level, close to a morass, and at great disadvantage. In the midst of a storm of wind and rain, and in semi-darkness, Hawley ordered the advance of the dragoons. He had formed the mistaken idea that the clans would not stand against a cavalry charge. The dragoons went forward at a trot,

and were met with the fire of the right wing, under Lord George Murray. It seems almost inconceivable that this first fire of the day should have turned back a large force of cavalry; yet such was the terror of the riders that in their rapid retreat they actually *rode over* the regiment of their own foot, as they lay upon their faces on the ground. Colonel Whitney, a brave officer, managed to rally a small party of dragoons, and led them again to the charge; but he was killed at the outset. Inspired by his gallantry, the horsemen still charged on and threw many of the clansmen on the ground; but these, accustomed to fight in any position, stabbed at the horses, and by main force pulling the riders from the saddle, fought hand to hand with dagger and claymore. A few minutes after the first flight of the cavalry the clans on the left wing were charged by the English, but the Highlanders, in one great body, breaking into the charge for which they were famous, bore all down before them. As many of the English as could escape, General Hawley himself among them, fled towards Falkirk, the Highlanders in hot pursuit. This pursuit was, however, checked by three outflanking regiments of the English, which had not been yet engaged, and which fired upon the pursuing clansmen, who retreated.

It was the Prince's wish immediately to enter the town of Falkirk; Lord George Murray was also anxious to be there, as Hawley might possibly have rallied his men and made a stronghold of the place. But it was a risk to let the Prince ride in when possibly every house contained an ambush. Finally the Master of Strathallan and Laurence Oliphant of Gask disguised themselves as peasants, and, entering Falkirk, found that General Hawley had retreated eastward, leaving the town to the victors. Charles was therefore conducted by torchlight to the house of Mrs Graham, a true Jacobite.

Hawley had in his flight abandoned his military stores, a valuable legacy to the Highland army.

Mr Chambers, in his History of the Rebellion, tells us, "Hawley, before leaving Edinburgh, had erected two gibbets whereon to hang the Highlanders who should surrender to him. . . . After he returned in a state so different to that of a conqueror, he had to use these conspicuous monuments of his folly for the execution of some of his own men! He hanged no fewer than four in one day." The same history records that on the news of the defeat at Falkirk being received by King George and his Ministers at the Court in London, every face expressed fear and dismay except that of poor "Johnnie Cope," who was radiant with joy at news which he considered cleared his own honour. "During the whole winter after the battle of Prestonpans he was carried about London in his chair to escape the derision of the mob, till the news of the battle of Falkirk arrived, when he pulled back the curtains, and showed his face and red ribbon to all the world."

Cope and Hawley having both proved themselves unable to out-general the Prince, it was now decided to send the Duke of Cumberland himself to take command of the forces in Scotland. For the deeds of blood which he committed he has earned the name of The Butcher. A young man of extraordinary activity, of great personal courage, of military genius, he was yet unjust, of ungovernable temper, an ungenerous enemy, a cruel conqueror. Armed with all the power his father, King George, could give him, this commander now travelled to Scotland and quartered himself at Holyrood. Here a council of war was held, and it was decided to march the next morning to Stirling, and there retrieve the honour of the English arms, sadly sullied in the recent flight from Falkirk.

Meanwhile the chiefs of the clans had held council at

Falkirk, and came to the conclusion that to retreat northwards to Inverness was the wisest course, and to attack the small force there under Lord Loudon. Charles, who had set his heart on taking the town of Stirling, was in despair when his officers presented their *petition*, which was indeed more like a *command*. "Good God! have I lived to see this!" he exclaimed in a passion of sorrow and rage. Yet all those who advised the retreat were, he knew, faithful to his cause,—he could not afford to shake himself free of their help,—and the retreat began.

Space fails to allow of all the details being here given of the somewhat disorganised march northwards, and we must pass on to the 18th of February, when the Highland forces took possession of Inverness. This they did without the resistance they expected, for Lord Loudon had seen fit to withdraw his men from the town. Fort George, a massive tower near the city, was, however, garrisoned by the clans Grant and Macleod, and some regular troops as well. The fort stood a siege of two days, and then, falling into the Highlanders' hands, was destroyed. The sixteen cannon and the barrels of beef it contained made a useful addition to the stores. Inverness continued to be the headquarters of Prince Charlie's men during the rest of the winter. From this base various parties were sent out to harass the enemy whenever possible. Many are the stories of daring adventure under Lochiel, Lord George Murray, and the Duke of Perth.

The Duke of Cumberland was meanwhile at Aberdeen from February 5 till April 8. On that day he set forth with 9000 men for Banff, then went to Cullen and Elgin, and then to Nairn, which is only sixteen miles from Inverness.

When Charles heard the news that his enemy was so near, with a return of all his old gallant spirit he ordered the drums to be sounded, the pipes to be played, and

walked up and down amongst his men, cheering and encouraging them. He was, as ever, the idol of his army. Mounted on his horse, he presently led them out of the city to the meadows round Culloden House, four miles from the town, where they encamped for the night.

The battle of Culloden was to decide his fate for ever. Unluckily Lord George Murray brought forward a plan of his own, which played a large part in the ensuing tragedy. He proposed a night-march upon the enemy's camp at Nairn. The men were hungry and exhausted. Supplies had then run so low that it was impossible to keep them properly fed, and on this momentous day each man had eaten but one biscuit. The night-march was carried into effect, but no attack was made on the camp. Daylight came before the clansmen reached Nairn. Weary and dispirited, they turned and marched back again the twelve miles to Culloden. It was now impossible to keep the men round the flag,—hunger drove them away to seek food, at any cost, in the villages round.

Two hours after he had returned to Culloden, word was brought to the Prince that the cavalry of the Duke of Cumberland was within two miles. A sudden summons to arms roused the sleeping men, but over two thousand who had yesterday set forth from Inverness were not within bugle-call. But the spirit of the Prince and of his officers rose at the prospect of immediate battle. Charles had good cause to rely on his faithful Highlandmen in the hour of struggle, however undisciplined they might be at other times. He awaited the coming of Cumberland with confidence. He had endured disappointment, hardship, contradiction, and had spent many bitter hours since he landed at Eriskay; but there was a trial he had never been called upon to endure—he had never suffered defeat in battle. Surveying the wide rolling moor of Culloden, he already looked upon it as

the scene of another victory, perhaps the crowning triumph of his perilous adventure.

A fierce cannonade from the Highland army began the fight. The enemy replied by directing their fire into the troop of horse surrounding the Prince; the soldier who led a spare horse by his side was killed. "The great object," says Chambers, "of both parties at the battle of Culloden seems to have been, which should force the other to leave its position and make the attack." Charles was at last obliged to give the order to charge, for Cumberland's cannon-balls were mowing down his men. Before the order could be given all along the lines, the clan Mackintosh, unable any longer to resist the desire to come to close quarters with the enemy, broke from the line, and through the smoke, the snow, the blinding wind, swept impetuously forward, followed by five other clans, headed by the gallant Lord George. A deadly fire was poured into the ranks of the devoted clansmen, yet they rushed headlong forward. Every single man in the front rank fell, but others behind them flung themselves upon the enemy, whose front line wavered and broke. Before the second line was reached, however, a deadly hail of musketry checked the mad rush. The clansmen stopped. Some few tore forward still, to certain death, rather than turn their backs upon the foe.

The clan Macdonald had always hitherto formed the right wing of the Prince's army—the post of honour; and though it might be supposed that one place in the line was as good as another, it seems that the Macdonalds deeply resented the fact that on this occasion the left wing instead of the right was assigned to them. It was considered, besides, an ill omen; and when the great charge was made by the rest of the army, the clan Macdonald did not stir. Alone from their clan charged Keppoch, the chieftain. In an agony of shame and grief

exclaiming, "My God! have the children of my tribe forsaken me?" he advanced on the enemy and met an instant death. Well for him that he did not live to realise the flight of the Macdonalds before Cumberland's dragoons.

Cumberland, anticipating the well-known frantic charge of the Highlander, and supposing that his front line might be overborne, had taken care to make the second line exceptionally strong. It was this precaution that won him the battle, for when the first magnificent charge was at an end the clans had no further resource. The Prince, at the head of Lowland and foreign troops, did his utmost to make a stand; but when the English regiments prepared to charge, the whole army was seized with despair. They knew no more of the art of war than the one courageous and splendid charge; if that failed, they were beaten, and nothing remained but retreat. Some took the road to Inverness, four miles away. The enemy's horse hotly pursuing them, the whole road was strewn with slaughtered men. In the fury of pursuit, the soldiers killed many defenceless citizens of Inverness who had come out to see the battle from a distance.

The battle of Culloden was over in forty minutes. A complete victory to the English army, it was the greatest disaster that could have befallen the cause of the Stewarts —the first and last defeat of the gallant and devoted army. To the rank and file it was a bitter grief and humiliation; to the chieftains and officers, a blow from which they never recovered. But who shall say what it meant to Prince Charlie,—the man who had raised the clans, had made of them an army, had invaded England, had defied his father's enemies in their own strongholds, had won two great battles? To him the sorrow was of the soul. We read that he was with the utmost difficulty persuaded to leave the field when the battle was long over and night had fallen. A thousand of his brave

followers lay there in their last sleep, never to be roused again at the sound of the pipes and the drum. Scattered over the hills and in a hundred valleys, his trusted men were leaving his fallen standard. He stood on the moor of Culloden as a stunned mourner stands by the grave of his best-beloved. It was indeed the grave of his hopes and his ambitions.

The little group of friends who still surrounded him induced him at last to forsake the field: he did not realise that he stood in great personal danger, and that he might at any moment fall into the hands of a pitiless enemy. Stunned by the cruel disaster that had befallen him, full of deep grief for the valiant dead at his feet, he did not care to look forward to any future. It is said that his friend Sheridan, taking the bridle of his horse, turned him by gentle force from the field.

History tells the most terrible details of the actions of the victorious Duke of Cumberland after the battle. It is indeed dreadful to think that only one hundred and sixty years ago, in a land so highly civilised as Britain, such fearful crimes could be committed, by a son of a reigning monarch, in cold blood. The name of "Butcher" was indeed well deserved, nor will it ever be forgotten. We have seen how the flying Highlandmen were pursued and shot down on the road from the field of battle to Inverness, but that of course might be said to have been done in the heat of the fight, though there was really very little excuse for it. But when fighting was over, and the dead and wounded lay thick upon the moor, parties of the English army, commanded by officers, went over the ground, stabbing and murdering all the wounded they could find. We are told that after some time of this revolting work they looked "more like butchers than Christian soldiers." The Duke himself, riding over the field, saw a young wounded Highlander leaning on his

elbow and gazing at him. "To whom do you belong?" inquired the Duke. "To the Prince," replied the soldier. The loyal words were his last. "Shoot that insolent scoundrel," said the Duke to the nearest officer, Major Wolfe, to whose honour it must be said that he refused to obey, as did several other English officers who in turn were asked. A private soldier was at last commanded to commit the murder, and did so.

Having murdered as many of the wounded as could be found at the moment, the soldiers turned to Inverness. Here in their search for the "rebels" they entered houses where some were ill, and killed them in their beds. The next day it was reported to Cumberland that there were still wounded men on Culloden Moor. He instantly despatched soldiers, and about seventy wounded were carried to a little hill and shot. Every house in the neighbourhood was searched, and if any wounded men were found they were dragged forth to death. Nineteen wounded officers discovered in the courtyard of Culloden House were brutally killed. If you should wish to know further about the atrocities committed by Cumberland, you should read the collection of papers called "The Lyon in Mourning," which tells many very dreadful and true stories of all that went on.

Those Highlanders who were killed outright were perhaps more fortunate than those who were taken prisoner by the Butcher. These were driven to the churches and prison of Inverness, and treated with merciless inhumanity —stripped of their clothes, and starved; such of them as were wounded received no help, nor was a doctor allowed to go near them. In a few days many were shipped on board vessels and sent to London. Crowded into the most wretched holes, with no beds, and scarcely any food, they endured the extreme of misery, being kept for months at sea. Out of 157 on board one of these vessels, only

47 were alive at the end of the voyage. Many were sent off to the colonies and sold as slaves.

Dark was the vengeance taken upon the friends of Prince Charlie. The Government, thoroughly alarmed by the whole rising, had little inclination to show mercy on such as fell into their hands.

Tullibardine, who had taken a great part in both the '15 and the '45, and who raised the standard at Glenfinnan, was taken prisoner, and died in the Tower of London in 1746. Lord George Murray, his brother, escaped to France. The two Oliphants of Gask lived for years in exile, forfeiting their estates. Lord Nairn suffered imprisonment and the loss of title and estates. The gentle Lochiel sailed with the Prince to France, and died at last, broken-hearted, in exile. His brother Archibald was caught *years afterwards* and hung at Tyburn. Lord Pitsligo, then an old man, was hunted hither and thither for ten years. Lord Kingsburgh suffered imprisonment. The Duke of Perth died on board the ship that was conveying him to France.

The name of John Murray of Broughton, the Prince's secretary and adviser, is the only one that carries with it associations of dishonour and treachery. Falling into the hands of the Government, he saved his own life by turning king's evidence, and disgraced an ancient name by a wholesale betrayal. His evidence brought to the block Lord Balmerino, who was executed on Tower Hill, and Lord Kilmarnock, who suffered at the same time. Lord Lovat, a very old man, whose craftiness had kept him for long out of reach of the law, was also betrayed by Murray, and executed.

Eighty men were put to death at Carlisle and in other parts of the country, among them Macdonald of Kinlochmoidart, who had been one of the very first to receive the Prince when he landed.

The Highlanders were now disarmed by the Government, and were forbidden under heavy penalties to wear kilts or any articles of their native dress. Everything was done to crush out the distinctive clan sympathies. It is said that houses even in Edinburgh were searched for offending tartan garments. White cockades and white roses were treasured only in secret.

But the sternest measures of repression could not extinguish the flame of loyalty to the cause of the exiled Stewarts. Long, long years were to pass before the hope of a restoration died down in the hearts of the Scottish Jacobites; and even when that hope was quite gone, there yet remained a strong sentiment, a national feeling, which perhaps even to-day shows a spark here and there. While James III. and his sons dragged out their years in exile, hundreds of sympathisers in Britain drank in silence night after night "to the King over the water,"—the custom being, when the toast of "The King" was given, to pass the glass of wine over the finger-glass of water. To the end of their days many staunch Jacobites refused to pray for the Georges; in all the Gask prayer-books their names are pasted over, and those of the Stewarts written in place of them.

The mystery and secrecy in which all Jacobite customs had to be shrouded appealed to the imagination. There were a hundred clever ways of paying tribute to the exiles without going against a distasteful law.

> "God bless the King! God bless the Faith's Defender!
> God bless (no harm in blessing!) the Pretender.
> But who Pretender is, and who the King,
> God bless us all! is quite another thing!"

After Culloden the enthusiasm of the Scottish Jacobites was destined never again to burst into such a flame of love and loyalty. What had been a passion in 1745 was

only a strong and regretful sentiment fifty years later. An inscription on a soldier's grave at Cumbernauld illustrates the pathetic point of view of a clansman:—

> "O hold me not, my Mother earth,
> But raise me with the Duke of Perth,
> With many another loyal lad
> To wear again the White Cockade."

The spirit of such loyalty lingered long, but found its outlet not in battles and deeds of valour, but in song. The songs that have been written about Prince Charlie are part of the national life. Very beautiful, and often very sad, they will keep alive for ever a measure of love for the brave and unfortunate hero of the '45.

> "Better lo'ed ye canna be,—
> Will ye no' come back again?"

The refrain brings back to a thousand hearts the old wild spirit that inspired men to risk all, to dare all, to quit the hearth and the homestead and follow his fortunes.

In the town of Edinburgh, brought back at last from the temporary madness of its enthusiasm for the Prince, there yet lingered in the minds of the populace a secret hankering for the Auld Stewarts back again. Years after the Prince had sailed away from Scotland for ever, this secret sympathy found a curious way of showing itself. Some persons one night decorated the stone lion in Parliament Square with a wig and blue bonnet with white cockade. The scandalised authorities, on seeing these unseemly decorations in the morning, ordered them to be instantly torn down. A large and delighted crowd had collected, which increased both in numbers and enthusiasm when it was seen that the masons sent to remove the offending ornaments could not get them off. In fact, it took so long to undo them that the mob shouted "The

blue bannet has won the day!" Outside a neighbouring tavern was a sign-board with a portrait of the Duke of Cumberland. The same enthusiasts who had decorated the lion had scraped out the eyes of the picture. The saying passed from mouth to mouth, "Cumberland has grutten out baith his een, to see the Lion better buskit than himsel'!"

Meanwhile year by year, as all chance of the Stewarts coming back died away, all the struggles and sacrifices and passionate devotion became a living and beautiful remembrance. "Out in the '45" is still an expression that arrests the attention, as one full of the spirit of high adventure, of a daring more splendid than that with which armies go forward to battle. It meant real sacrifice; it meant loss of lands, of liberty, of life; it meant years of silent endurance; it meant the noble patience that faces defeat without faltering. No wonder, although the cause be dead, that the sentiment lingers. Not all the hatred and ridicule of the time was able to kill it; not all the sad after-life of Charles, to whom remained so many clouded years, could root out of Scottish hearts the thrill of loyalty at the very mention of his name, or lessen the pathetic interest that hallows the places where he trod, the moors and hills where he suffered and triumphed, the houses where he sheltered. "Should the Prince come again, we would rise again," said a Highland cottager not ten years ago; and no urchin playing in the gutters of the Canongate but would know and speak of Bonnie Prince Charlie as if his cause were still alive. He belongs not to the records of history, but to the actual life and thought of a nation.

CHAPTER III.

"It's no' on my breast, nor yet in my hair,
That the emblem dear I venture to wear;
But it blooms in my heart, and its white leaves I weet,
When alane in the gloamin' I wander to greet;
O the White Rose, the White Rose, the White Rose o' June,
And may *he* that should wear it come back again soon."

The battle of Culloden was so decisive a defeat that it brought the campaign to a close. It may therefore be thought that the tale is done, yet, looking back upon the whole of this strange adventure, it appears that the best has yet to be told. The most beautiful part of the story begins just when the fighting ends. From the day of Culloden, April 16, till September 20, when the Prince set sail for France, he was in hiding in the glens and hills of the West Highlands. A price of £30,000 was set upon his head; riches and honour awaited the man who should capture or kill him, and his movements were known to hundreds of the poorest peasants. Yet not one was found to betray him—except a wretched beggar-boy. No soul made any attempt to help the Government in their anxious search for the prize. Every honest Highlander preferred to help the hunted Prince, whom in the midst of frightful hardships and privations they guided from one hiding-place to another.

A poor Highlander, Edward Burke, acted as guide to the Prince and his little party when they disappeared into the Western Highlands after Culloden. The first house that gave them shelter was one of the homes of the Frasers, Gortuleg, where Simon Fraser, Lord Lovat, was then staying. A little girl, ten years old, who lived

at Gortuleg, has described what happened. The Frasers looked for news of victory at Culloden, and a great feast was being prepared in the house to celebrate it. In the midst of a great bustle of preparation the little girl was found to be rather in the way, and was shut up in a tiny room. Rather disconsolate, she was looking out of the window at a marsh in front of the house, which was supposed to be a haunt of *fairies*. You may be sure a little Highland girl in those days believed most firmly in fairies, and while she gazed she saw a party of horsemen ride into the valley. She now felt sure that she was looking at fairies, and believing that these are only visible between the winking of the eyelids, she tried to keep her eyes as widely open as she could! Soon, however, she became aware that the horsemen were real, and indeed the foremost of them was Prince Charlie himself. The dreadful news of the defeat of Culloden changed all the rejoicings at Gortuleg into lamentation.

Lord Lovat, who had never before seen Charles, received him with expressions of loyalty; but as he had from the beginning of the rising shown the greatest anxiety not to risk his person and his property by any action on the Jacobite side, we may conclude that he was not overjoyed at this visit, and indeed it did prove fatal to him, for, as we have seen, he was amongst those betrayed by Murray of Broughton, and was executed in 1747. The little girl said that Lovat was very angry when the Prince expressed his intention of giving up his enterprise. "Remember your great ancestor, Robert Bruce, who lost eleven battles, and won Scotland by the twelfth." The Prince made no reply. He and his little party set out that night towards Fort Augustus: they rode over forty miles, and, reaching a wretched shelter at Invergarry, they stretched them-

selves on the floor and slept till noon. The faithful Burke meanwhile went fishing in the Garry, and they awoke to a better dinner than they expected, for he caught two salmon. At this place the Prince's companions took leave of him: they formed too large a party to move about in safety. He kept with him only O'Sullivan, O'Neal, and Edward Burke, his guide and servant, with whom he now changed clothes. On they went into Lochiel's country, and were now obliged to abandon their horses, for they dared not use the roads, and thenceforth in all their long wanderings they were on foot. Parties of English soldiers scoured the country in every direction, and on the western sea were numerous English vessels watching for any attempt to escape there.

Space fails to tell of all the marvellous escapes and adventures that befell the Prince as he moved hither and thither among his faithful people. He spent some days on a desolate island called Benbecula, where he lived in a cow-house. His food was chiefly oatmeal, his bed of straw. He arrived there in a violent storm, and attempting to leave before the wind had subsided, was driven upon the still smaller island of Glass. Here they had to assume names, for they found themselves among Macleods, who had ever been hostile to the cause; but the Prince was sheltered and protected by a farmer, Donald Campbell. A better boat having been procured, the party sailed for Stornoway, but the wind was contrary, and they had to land twenty miles away and tramp that distance over trackless bogs. The people of Stornoway by some means became aware of the identity of their visitor. They begged that he would leave their country, but no one betrayed him to the authorities. They set sail next morning, and while rowing about sighted four large vessels, and were obliged to run ashore to the small island of Euirn. The "Lyon

in Mourning" gives a long account of all that happened here,—the miserable accommodation in fishermen's hovels, the want of food, the want of the barest necessaries of life. Through all the privations and miseries the Prince never lost his cheerfulness. He it was who made light of every discomfort, who encouraged his poor followers, who made the best of everything. It is generally agreed that in these months of hiding, surrounded by dangers and miseries, Prince Charlie was at his very best. The frightful anxieties of the campaign were over,—he still held the hope that he would be able to raise foreign troops and make another attempt in the future,—but his high and adventurous spirit rose to meet the perils of the moment. The excitement of constant danger was congenial to his nature, and that he bore all hardships in the most manly fashion even his enemies admitted. His few followers adored him in his extremity, as they had done in his hours of triumph.

Captain O'Neal, who was with him all through the first part of his wanderings, tells a story of how he and the Prince came upon a hut and an old woman, at a time when they were both hungry and thirsty. The old woman gave them some eggs and bannock, but had nothing to give them to drink. She advised them to climb a hill after some girls who had just gone to milk some goats. O'Neal was in such a state of exhaustion that he could not keep up with the light steps of his master. The lassies, when overtaken, gave them a drink of goat's milk. O'Neal lay down on the grass, yielding to his overpowering fatigue. The Prince tried to rouse him, but he was at the end of his resources, and either could not or would not rise. At last the Prince, turning from him, said, "Come, my lassies, what would you think to dance a Highland reel with me? We cannot have a bagpipe,

but I shall sing you a Strathspey reel!" The dance went merrily on, and the Prince skipped so nimbly, knacking his thumbs and clapping his hands, that O'Neal was soon surprised, ashamed to remain any longer in the dumps. He was sure the Prince entered into this frolic on his account, "for there could be no dancing at his heart, seeing at that time they knew not where to move one foot."

When, at Glencoridale, Prince Charlie had the good fortune to shoot a deer, and we can fancy that the half-starved little party rejoiced at the cooking of it. A poor boy, evidently starving, came near, and, putting out his hand, tried to get some of the meat. Burke, who happened to be cooking it, hit the boy, but the Prince said, "Ned, you don't remember the Scriptures, which tell us to feed the hungry. You ought rather to give him meat than a stripe." He also gave the boy clothes. The wretched beggar, being fed and warmed, and having the wit to guess who it was who had helped him, went off to the nearest regiment of Campbells and gave information as to the Prince's whereabouts. Luckily no one believed him. This wretched creature seems to have been the only traitor in the district. Over a hundred of the islanders in South Uist knew where the Prince was, and none would betray him. He dared not, however, stay long in one place, and leaving the shelter, was hunted about by ships from one island to another. It seemed indeed miraculous that he escaped day after day the most acute perils. Just at the time when his enemies seemed closing in upon him,—bands of the English militia upon his track and the sea full of pursuing vessels,—there befell the adventure which was to save him.

Prince Charlie had said farewell to all his friends except O'Neal on the 24th of June. Three or four

men had been with him all through his two months of wandering, and it is said they "greeted sore" at the parting. He never saw them again, and we can fancy with what heavy hearts these faithful servants saw him start off on his way, almost alone, to Benbecula. His object was to reach the island of Skye, where he might find friends and shelter. He never would have reached it had it not been for help from an unexpected quarter.

Flora Macdonald lived on the island of Skye with her mother and her step-father, Hugh Macdonald, who was in command of the English militia then engaged in searching for the Prince. It so happened that at this time she was away from home paying a visit to her brother, whose home was in Uist. Ormaclade, the house of her intimate friends the Clanranalds, was only three miles away. A Jacobite to the core, she no doubt had discussed matters with these Jacobite friends, and had formed a scheme for helping the Prince which only the greatest cleverness and courage could have carried out. We do not know by what means Miss Macdonald discovered the day and hour when he was to reach a certain hut in Benbecula, but when he arrived there with O'Neal she was there, and unfolded her plan, the object of which was to convey the Prince to her mother's house on the sea-shore of Skye. She and her servant then set out to cross the water between Benbecula and South Uist, and here befell her first adventure. Having no passport, she was taken prisoner by a party of English militia. She demanded to see the officer in command, and was told he could not be there till next morning, and that his name was Hugh Macdonald, her step-father. Rather than answer any questions she remained all night in the guard-house. Her step-father was greatly astonished to find her in custody when he

came next morning. It is a little surprising to learn that, in spite of his position as an officer of King George, he sympathised with Flora's intentions, and fell in with her plans for saving her Prince. He gave her a passport for herself, her servant, and a *female named Betty Burke*, and also a letter to her mother recommending Betty Burke as an Irish girl who could spin well.

Lady Clanranald now joined Flora, and with the precious passports they returned to Prince Charlie's hut. They were very sad, and are said to have shed tears on finding him engaged in cooking a sheep's heart; but he only remarked that it might be better if all kings had to endure what he now endured. No doubt the dinner was a merry meal after all: he sat between the two ladies, kindly and gracious as ever. They were twice interrupted. One messenger came to say that troops under General Campbell had landed on Benbecula; another followed, and announced that Captain Ferguson with more soldiers had arrived at Ormaclade. This was bad news for Lady Clanranald, and she thought it safest to hurry home to entertain the visitors, and avert suspicion.

On Saturday, June 18, the Prince, having sorrowfully parted with his last companion, the faithful O'Neal, was dressed in the disguise Flora had provided, "a flowered linen gown, a light-coloured quilted petticoat, a white apron, and a mantle of dun cambet made after the Irish fashion with a hood," and the party set forth.

A stormy night at sea in a small boat was an unpleasant experience to begin with, even though the time was beguiled by the cheerful mood of the Prince, who sang songs and told stories. In the morning the mountains of Skye were visible. On drawing near, however, the first thing they saw was a party of the dreaded militiamen on the beach. The rowers pulled instantly away,

but the soldiers fired on the boat, without, however, injuring any one.

Exhausted by her exertions, and by all she had endured, Flora fell asleep in the bottom of the boat as soon as they were fairly out to sea again. The Prince anxiously guarded her slumbers, full of the truest admiration for her courage, and gratitude for her devotion. Northwards went the little boat, till they found a safe place for landing near Mugstat, the home of Sir Alexander Macdonald.

Lady Margaret Macdonald was known by Flora to be an enthusiastic Jacobite, and with the idea of getting help from her she went up to the house, leaving *Betty Burke* sitting on the beach. Arrived there, she found Lady Margaret in company with Lieutenant Macleod, the commander of some militia engaged in searching for the Prince. This officer questioned her closely, but her answers were so simple and straightforward that no thought of suspicion was aroused. Luckily another guest in the house was Alexander Macdonald of Kingsburgh, a Jacobite. Flora at last managed to speak with him alone, and to tell him of her adventure. He then sent for Lady Margaret and told her all. She was very much alarmed, and needed much reasoning from Kingsburgh to convince her that the whole family was not ruined by the proximity of the Prince. Kingsburgh now bore some refreshment to the waiting Prince on the beach, and together they set off for Kingsburgh House. They were followed shortly after by Flora and her servant, and by Mrs Macdonald of Kirkibost with her maid and man. The maid was loud in her comments on the woman with whom Kingsburgh was walking: "I have never seen such a tall, impudent-looking woman in my life! I daresay she's an Irishwoman, or else a man in woman's clothes." Indeed Charles's manly stride caused remarks on all

sides, and it was with true relief that Flora and Kingsburgh brought him safely to Kingsburgh House late at night.

Lady Kingsburgh had gone to bed, and hearing of the arrival of her husband with guests, sent down a civil message to say they were welcome, but must excuse her from coming down to receive them. Her little girl, a child of seven, had the curiosity, however, to get up to see who the late guests might be, and she came running to her mother's bedside to say, "Father has brought home the most odd, muckle ill-shaken-up wife ever I saw, and has brought her into the hall too!" Kingsburgh himself now came up, and begged his wife to dress and come down, but he did not tell her what guest was waiting for her. The little girl, sent to fetch her mother's keys, declared she was afraid to pass through the hall where the "tall woman" was striding to and fro "in a perfectly frightful manner."

Lady Kingsburgh, on being presented to the "ill-shaken-up wife," and saluting her in the usual way, felt the roughness of the cheek, and in an instant knew it was a man. She was very much alarmed, and told her husband, who replied, "My dear, this is the Prince himself." "The Prince!" she exclaimed; "then we'll all be hanged!" "We can only die once," was Kingsburgh's quiet reply. "Could we ever die in a better cause?"

Supper being now served, they all sat down, Flora at the right hand of the Prince. He must greatly have enjoyed a good meal and a good bed, for it was long since he had either. He remained nearly the whole of the next day at Kingsburgh, and had again to be dressed as Betty Burke before departing. Kingsburgh's little girl had the honour and amusement of helping him to dress. "Deil a preen[9] could he put in," she said, and described how much he laughed as the strange

toilet was made. "Oh, miss, you have forgot my apron. Where is my apron? Get me my apron here, for it is a principal part of my dress." He seemed gay and careless, as if dressing up for a frolic.

Lady Kingsburgh asked before he departed for a lock of his hair. He laid his head on Flora's knee, and bade her cut off as much as she would. She cut a lock of the long fair hair; half was given to Lady Kingsburgh and half she kept herself.

With Kingsburgh and Flora the Prince now set out to walk to Portree, about fourteen miles away. As soon as they were quite clear of the neighbourhood of the house the Prince changed his woman's clothes for a Highland suit, and Kingsburgh here took leave of him. Flora also left him, but only to rejoin him at Portree by another road.

Malcolm Macleod and Donald Roy, two faithful Jacobites, joined him also at Portree, and all the party met at a small inn in the village. Rain had come on, and the Prince was wet through. He only expressed anxiety that *our lady*—for so he called Miss Macdonald—should be exposed to so much discomfort. We can fancy that she thought very little of any discomfort with such a purpose as hers in view. Indeed she had now accomplished her object: she had brought the Prince from a position of great danger to one of comparative safety; she had placed him in the hands of friends. The great adventure of her life was over, and the hour had come when she must say farewell. In the dark little room of the Portree inn this beautiful and touching idyl came to an end. The Prince kissed her; we do not know what thanks he may have given her. His last words were, "For all that has happened, I hope, madam, we shall meet in St James's yet."

Flora returned to her home. She kept her secret well,

not even telling her mother of her adventure. Ten days later she was taken prisoner and sent by sea first to Leith and then to London, where she remained in captivity until July 1747. She married, in 1750, Mr Alexander Macdonald, Lord Kingsburgh's son, and died in Skye in 1790.

The Prince's friends now conveyed him to the island of Raasay, which lies between Skye and the mainland. After living there two or three days they returned to Skye, and took up their quarters in a cow-byre. Their wanderings over the mountains from one spot to another, sometimes in disguise, always in the midst of privations, are too long to be written here. Malcolm Macleod, in describing the wretched physical condition of the Prince, says: "He was reduced to the very lowest ebb of misery and distress, and is a certain indication of that greatness of soul which could rise above all misfortune, and bear up, with a cheerfulness not to be equalled in history, under all. He used to say that the fatigues and distresses he underwent signified nothing at all, because he was only a single person; but when he reflected on the many brave fellows who suffered in his cause, *that* did strike him to the heart."

Staunch friends were found in the house of John Mackinnon, which the Prince entered in the disguise of a servant; and the Mackinnons found means to get a boat and send him over to the mainland, for all his advisers were now sure that he would be safer there than among the Islands. He now had to part with a most devoted servant and friend, Malcolm Macleod. Ten days after parting with his master, poor Malcolm fell into the hands of the English, was taken prisoner, and shipped off to London. He was set free at the same time as Flora Macdonald, and she having a carriage to take her back to Scotland, offered to take Malcolm with her. His

quaint saying is ever remembered: "I went to London to be hanged, and returned in a braw post-chaise with Miss Flora Macdonald."

Space fails me to tell of all the Prince's wonderful escapes on the mainland. Long is the list of honoured names of those who helped to hide him, who gave him succour, risking all they had without question. Loyalty on all sides alone prevented his being taken prisoner over and over again. Were it possible, all such noble names and noble deeds should be recorded here. Among countless other adventures, the Prince passed some time in a cave, at the mercy of the *Seven men of Glenmoriston.* Outlaws and desperate men as they were, living by robbery and brigandage, the £30,000 set on their Prince's head never tempted them to betrayal.

Sir Walter Scott tells a fine instance of self-devotion—that of Roderick Mackenzie, the son of an Edinburgh goldsmith, who was hiding in the district of Glenmoriston. Something in his air or his features gave him a likeness to Prince Charlie. Discovered in his hiding-place by some Government soldiers, he was instantly set upon, and, in spite of brave resistance, severely wounded. Whether the soldiers made some exclamation that he was Charles is not known, but the dying Mackenzie conceived the idea of helping his master by personating him. "Ah, villains! you have slain your Prince!" he cried with his last breath. The soldiers cut off his head, and it was sent up to London and received there as the long-desired head of the Prince. The search after him was of course at an end, or much relaxed, before the mistake was discovered, and he was thus enabled to reach a place of greater safety.

It was known that both Lochiel and Macpherson of Cluny were living concealed among the wild mountains of Badenoch, a little to the south of Loch Arkaig, where

the royal fugitive was now hiding. Knowing how fully he could count on the loyalty of these two friends, the Prince was anxious to join them, but all the glens and passes were so closely guarded by the military that to make his way into Badenoch was thought an impossibility. Lochiel, however, contrived to send his two brothers to the hut where the Prince was hidden. One of these brothers thus describes the Prince's appearance: "He was barefooted, had an old black kilt coat on, philibeg and waistcoat, a dirty shirt, and a long red beard, a gun in his hand, a pistol and dirk by his side. He was very cheerful and in good health—fatter than he was at Inverness."

At length the party did manage to get into Badenoch, and on August 20 Lochiel from his mountain hiding-place saw five men approaching. He at first took them for a party of soldiers, and being lame from wounds received in battle, he could not hope to escape, and prepared to sell his liberty as dearly as possible, arming himself with all the pistols available. Luckily before firing he recognised the Prince, and received him with all loyal love. Macpherson of Cluny joined the party two days later, and at a wretched hut in the hills they lived in comparative security for some days, afterwards moving into still more remote regions, to the shelter of Cluny's *Cage*. This was a curious little dwelling situated on the face of a rocky hill, hidden in a thick wood. It must have been more like a gigantic bird's nest than anything else, being partly formed by natural branches of trees, and partly by rough weaving together of heath and birch twigs. It was large enough to hold seven persons. Cluny had made this hiding-place for himself; it now became the shelter of the whole party.

Colonel Warren, a staunch friend of the Stewarts, at the earnest entreaties of the old Chevalier to bring off

his son from the coast of Scotland at any cost, fitted out two vessels, *L'Hereux* and *La Princesse de Conti*. He arrived off the west coast on September 6. Four gentlemen landed from these vessels to search for the Prince. They were met by Macdonald of Glenaladale, who had been long watching for their arrival. Fortunately they chanced to meet with an old woman who knew where the Prince was. It was a lucky chance indeed, for the two ships dared not remain long at their anchorage in a sea beset with English men-of-war. Charles heard of the arrival before September 13, for on that day he was ready at the Cage to start on his journey to Lochnanuagh. On the 16th he reached Auchnacarry, Lochiel's house,—a sad home-coming for Lochiel, for he found his house burned and in ruins. Three days later the little party reached the coast. There lay the two vessels, and there lay safety. A group of the Prince's friends met him here, not to say farewell, but to share in his flight. One hundred and thirty men sailed with him into exile. The Prince went on board *L'Hereux*, with what feelings of passionate regret we cannot know, but perhaps his thoughts still went forward hopefully to new enterprises. Behind him lay the remembrance of eight months of splendid effort, of five months of perilous wanderings; before him lay a future that was to bring him no return of dazzling hope and daring success. The year of the '45 was to remain for him the golden moment of his life, growing brighter in memory as his bitter years went on from grief to grief.

But now the little band of devoted followers, united in one cause, looked back hopefully upon the receding hills of Scotland, as the ship bore them away to France. Even now they did not know that the cause for which they had sacrificed their all was a lost cause. Tears fell, for the struggle had been hard and the exile might be long; but

they dreamed of the day when, with a great army and a noble fleet, they should again descend upon these shores, still with the Prince to lead them, and claim for him in triumph the throne of his fathers.

"Loyalty is still the same
If it win or lose the game;
True as the Dial to the Sun,
Although it be not shined upon."

THE END.

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